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PETER AND SUSAN LESLEY

LIFE AND LETTERS

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LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

PETER AND SUSAN LESLEY

EDITED BY THEIR DAUGHTER

MARY LESLEY AMES

Peter Lesley
From a portrait by his daughter, Margaret L. Bush-Brown. Painted 1886.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
The Knickerbocker Press
1909

J. C. Brauner

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

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MARY LESLEY AMES

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Dedicated to

MY SISTER MARGARET

AND TO

THE TEN GRANDCHILDREN

OF

PETER AND SUSAN LESLEY

PREFACE

It has been my desire in writing this Memoir to give a lifelike impression of my father and mother. They were unusually full of vitality, their interests were varied, and their affections strong and constant. Any account of them which did not show their abundant strength of mind and heart would be of little value.

The most direct and natural way to accomplish this end has seemed to be the use of their own intimate correspondence, since by self-revelation rather than by the description of others is the most vivid impression of personality made. Fortunately we had for use not only the long series of their letters, but also a large number of letters to intimate friends.

It is always difficult to decide how much or how little of a private correspondence it is proper to give to the public in such an undertaking. But, if a true picture is to be shown, family reserve must be thrown aside to some extent, and something more than the mere chronicle of events or the statement of abstract opinions must be included. In preparing these volumes, I have had it constantly in mind that they would be read by many friends for whom everything that related to my father and mother would have interest, and perhaps on that account I have included more than would have been done for an impersonal public.

The method of portraiture by means of letters has the disadvantage of lack of continuity in any particular subject. But what it lacks in that respect it gains in vividness. And, since I have not so much wished to make a full record of the external events of their lives as to give a faithful picture of their personalities, I have felt this method to be best fitted to my purpose.

Where persons are variously occupied, where their lives run in a full, wide stream, their letters naturally pass rapidly

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I

Chapter		Page
I.	Childhood. 1819–1832	1
II.	Youth. 1832–1837	12
III.	First Experience in Geological Work. 1839–1841,	20
IV.	Princeton. Theological School. 1841–1844	39
V.	First Trip to Europe	55
VI.	Switzerland and Germany	102
VII.	Life as a Colporteur. 1845	134
VIII.	First Year in Boston. 1847	142
IX.	First Year of Parish Work, Milton. 1848	162
X.	Engagement. 1848	170
XI.	Marriage, and Milton Life. 1849–1851	213
XII.	Summer of 1851 in Pottsville	238
XIII.	Last Days in Milton. Removal to Philadelphia and a Scientific Career. 1852	262
XIV.	Professional Life. 1853–1858	283
XV.	Eagleswood. Summer of 1858	356
XVI.	Anté-bellum Times. 1858–1861	361
XVII.	War Times. 1861–1863	393
XVIII.	Second Voyage to Europe. 1863–1864	436
XIX.	Last Year of the Civil War. 1864–1865	481
XX.	Lowell Lectures. 1865–1866	504

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

PORTRAIT FROM A PAINTING OF PETER LESLEY BY HIS DAUGHTER MARGARET L. BUSH-BROWN . . . . . *Frontispiece*

PORTRAITS OF PETER LESLEY, SR., AND HIS WIFE ELIZABETH ALLEN LESLEY . . . . . *opposite* 8

SKETCHES OF ST. GEORGE DE BOUCHERVILLE 72, 73

CHURCH OF ST. ÉTIENNE, CAEN 77, 78

DOLMEN NEAR SAUMUR 83, 84

CHÂTEAU NEAR VIC 98

PORTRAIT OF MRS. WARREN DELANO (CATHERINE LYMAN) . . . . . *opposite* 164

PORTRAIT OF JUDGE JOSEPH LYMAN . . . . . *opposite* 171

PORTRAIT OF MRS. ANNE JEAN LYMAN . . . . . *opposite* 173

PORTRAIT OF SUSAN INCHES LYMAN FROM PAINTING BY CHESTER HARDING . . . . . *opposite* 175

PORTRAIT OF SUSAN INCHES LYMAN FROM PAINTING BY SULLY . . . . . *opposite* 181

PORTRAIT OF PETER LESLEY FROM AN OLD DAGUERREOTYPE . . . . . *opposite* 213

PORTRAITS OF SUSAN INCHES LESLEY AND PETER LESLEY FROM OLD DAGUERREOTYPES . . . . . *opposite* 283

PORTRAIT OF PETER LESLEY FROM PAINTING BY WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS . . . . . *opposite* 350

PORTRAIT OF SUSAN INCHES LESLEY FROM OLD DAGUERREOTYPE . . . . . *opposite* 356

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD. 1819–1832

PETER LESLEY was born in Philadelphia on September 17, 1819,—Constitution Day, as he liked to call it. He was the fourth of that name in direct succession.

On the margin of one of the family papers I find these words in my father's handwriting: "Grandfather's name was Peter. His father, the Miller of Fifeshire, was Peter."

This "Miller of Fifeshire" was the first dim forefather of our race. Back of him I find no record and of him only this mention of his name.

His son, Peter the Second, was a carpenter or cabinet-maker from Aberdeenshire, Scotland, who came over to this country, landed in Boston, and (sending his kit of tools round by sea) made his way on foot from there to Philadelphia, where he established himself in a shop, and lived honorably and industriously, raising a family of sons and daughters.

He married twice; lost his first family of children (or most of them); and by his second wife, Catherine Ketler (or Kitler), a Pennsylvania German woman, had five sons, Peter, James, John (who died young), Joseph, and Robert. Two daughters, Ann and Mary, were probably children by his first wife.

In a letter from my father to Professor O. N. Rood* he writes that this grandfather (Peter the Second) "hired and lived all the rest of his life in a wooden house, built on the north line of the city by William Penn for his gardener, which house and lot he afterwards purchased and added to."

In a letter of my father's of July 4, 1865, to his little daughter Margaret, are these words: "89 years ago your

* See Appendix for this letter.

great-grandfather Lesley took his musket to fight for Liberty under General Washington."

These few facts are all that I know of Peter Lesley the Second, my father's grandfather. Five old paper-covered volumes, "Shop-book" records, are his only literary remains, —these and his will, of which his son Peter was the executor.

My grandfather, Peter Lesley the Third, must have been born about 1792, and was the oldest of the five sons mentioned above. He was of half Scotch and half German blood, and a man of vigorous character and strong mind. With him begins the actual family record.

As in most Scotch families, the matter of the education of the children was taken seriously; and my grandfather Peter was intended to be a university man, and was educated towards that end. But, just as he was to enter upon his collegiate career, his father died, leaving his widow Catherine and his daughters and younger sons to the care of this young Peter. There was nothing for him to do but to give up college and take to the shop, and this he cheerfully did. He was but seventeen or eighteen years old, but from that time on he seems to have been recognized as the head of the family, to whom all cares must be brought and by whom all burdens could be borne. He attended to the affairs not only of his mother and young brothers, but of certain cousins, and later, when himself married, to the affairs of his wife's parents and sisters. In the many letters from and to him there is a spirit of cheerful alacrity and warm affection in his dealings with this numerous family connection, which gives one the impression of a noble and gentle character, full both of power and affection. Such was my father's father.

My father's mother was Elizabeth Oswald Allen, daughter of John and Sarah Allen,* of Charlestown, Mass. John Allen was a printer, and, being burnt out in the Charlestown fire, he removed himself and family to Philadelphia, where he again established himself as a printer.

---

* For further genealogy of her family see, in Appendix, letter from Peter Lesley to his daughter Mary, April 23, 1891.

Elizabeth was the eldest, I believe, of three daughters, and a beautiful character. She seems to have been of a serene and cheerful spirit, with a certain sprightliness of mind and a poetic quality, in that her love of beauty in nature was very keen, and that at an early age she was fond of putting her thoughts into verse. She was born about 1790, and was some few years older than my grandfather. They were engaged to each other for a number of years, circumstances forbidding their marriage until the young Peter felt safe to add the cares of a family of his own to those he already carried. The letters between the two young people during these waiting years are interesting only to their descendants, but they show fine character on both sides and a lasting depth of affection. Peter's letters are ardent, sometimes a little impatient, deeply affectionate; Elizabeth's, serene and earnest and equally fond. Both were of a sincerely religious turn of mind; and, although bred up in, and devoted to the Presbyterian faith, they were not bigoted in their belief, nor gloomy in their outlook. The love rather than the fear of God, seems to have filled their thoughts.

Here is a little poem written by Elizabeth when she was about eleven years old:—

On Schuylkill bank I love to stray,
While the last departing ray
Of sober Sol with yellow locks
Slow creeps behind the jutting rocks,
And bids the world good-night.

Now he is gone, and o'er the green
The sparchin sun no more is seen,
But silent, calm, serene, and fair,
The moon takes up her nightly care
And sweetly spreads her light
O'er the soft gliding wave, emblem of death.

E. O. Allen.

Elizabeth had a merry spirit and a quick but gentle tongue, and the family tradition is that she was also very

pretty. She and her two younger sisters kept a small millinery shop at one time, and this little story is told of her: She was sitting one evening after her day's work was done, resting herself on the doorstep, when some young dandies passed along the street. One of them stopped, and, gazing at her earnestly, said in a sentimental tone, "O Frailty, thy name is woman!" Elizabeth, rising, responded with indignation, "O Impudence, thy name is man!" and hastily retired into the house.

In a letter to one of her sisters, written somewhat later, I find these sentences, probably quoted, but showing her broad-minded, religious faith:—

> This is the Sabbath of rest. . . . I must say with William Savery* it is not systems nor opinions, it is neither High Church nor Low Church that I am speaking about now. There is but one true and living church the whole world over. Men may call themselves what they please. The world calls me a Quaker; thee a Dissenter in another form; and thee a member of the Established Church; but what is this? My friends, they are names; they are distinctions among men; but are they distinctions before God? Does He know High Church or Low Church? Does He descend to inquire whether thou art a Methodist or a Presbyterian, thou a Baptist, thou a Roman Catholic? No; but is thy heart right? Art thou sincere in thy desires to know Him and to serve Him? This is the great point,—to know Him and to know thy own self, . . . which may all of us do, for our Redeemer's sake.

The young people in their long period of waiting led very busy lives, and had few times of recreation. Perhaps those few were the more prized. Peter writes in regard to one little excursion which he proposed for a free day, "The romantic scenery of Wissahickon is undoubtedly the preferable, but perhaps the mild serenity of Hamilton will delight more the ever-placid mind of Elizabeth."

My grandfather and grandmother were married about 1816, and their life until her death on August 18, 1832, was

* A Quaker preacher, a tanner by trade. (See Life of Isaac T. Hopper, by Lydia Maria Child, pp. 38 and 446.)

one of complete happiness in each other. They had many cares and small means, but they lacked for nothing essential; and they knew it. As the years passed, many children came, and each new arrival was hailed with joy and gratitude by the parents. But Elizabeth was not strong, and a growing anxiety shadowed Peter's life lest she should be taken from him, and it required all his faith in the goodness of God to live his life cheerfully. She had often to leave home to regain strength. Sometimes she went alone, sometimes she took one or more of the children with her; and it is owing to these absences that we have any record of my father's early days, for his father and mother wrote almost daily to each other, and their letters have been preserved.

My father, Peter the Fourth, was born, as I have said before, September 17, 1819. He was the third child, and five brothers followed him, who lived to grow up. I believe there were ten children in all, but I find record of but eight. His sister Elizabeth was four years older than himself; and there was an Allen, who lived but a few days, born a year before himself. Following Peter were another Allen, Henry, William, Alexander (who lived but two and a half years), and Joseph. A half-brother, Alexander, born years later, completes the tale.

Thus little Peter had the inestimable blessing of being born of a happy marriage, and of being received as a gift of God by grateful parents.

He was an extremely nervous and sensitive child. His mother's words, "O Peter, I wish this child were in Abram's bosom! He has not ceased to cry for two days," tell of much weary tending. But often the baby would be brought into the shop by the busy mother, and seated among shavings in a coffin which the father was fashioning, for in those days cabinet-makers were also in charge of this lugubrious work. There, amused and happy, the little Peter spent many hours, watching the shavings fly and listening to the merry tap-tap of the hammer. His father was an ardent baby-lover, and later the best teacher that the boy had in practical arts and handicrafts. There is constant mention of the child in his father's letters: "Peter is very lively, says many words,—

learning very fast, and cunning as ever." "Peter dancing and capering around the room" (1½ years old). And one letter speaks of him as a very beautiful and engaging child. It is the simple record of fond parents.

As the child grew older, he was often sent up to Lancaster to visit, where lived his mother's sisters, who were as devoted to him as parents, and where there was greater freedom and country life.

As he increased in size and activity and was sent to school, he led the usual life of a healthy boy. He used to tell us of the delight of climbing and running over the long roofs of a vinegar factory which was next door to his father's house; of great snowball battles between the boys of his school and those of a rival educational establishment. Philadelphia in the twenties was a small city, and boys could barricade streets or sidewalks with an impunity unknown to these later days. I was amused to read in one of my grandfather's letters that as late as 1831 there were chains stretched across the streets near the Second Presbyterian Church, to prevent vehicles passing during service time on the "Sabbath." Peter Lesley, the father, at that date writes in great distress to his brother James in Harrisburg, hoping that a bill will not pass the legislature abolishing this useful precaution for silence in the neighboring streets during divine service.

In my father's day there were no "athletics," so called, but there was the usual immemorial cycle of games, and I think he joined in them with zest and enjoyment. He was considered a fine runner, and there was but one boy in the school who could catch him.

One serious disability he had,—he was abnormally near-sighted. This was not discovered until he was six or seven years old, and until then he had the reputation of being a very careless and awkward child, because he was continually knocking things over or tumbling over things himself. One day he was taken to see a "Panorama," and, after sitting patiently half an hour, he pulled his aunt's arm, and asked, "When will it begin?" only to find that it had been going on before his very eyes only a few feet off, and he quite unconscious of it. So he was at once put into power-

ful glasses, an almost unheard-of thing for children in those days; and often, as he passed along the streets, he would be stopped and his little face turned upward, that some friendly or curious passer-by might regard the spectacled child.

In other respects he was a healthy boy, but with a sensitive, nervous temperament and extremely acute senses. His hearing was so keen and the organ so sensitive that until he was a grown man he suffered torture from noises; and sounds which were the delight of other boys gave him anguish. He ran and hid himself if a band passed by. The noise of guns and the crash of thunder were things to dread, because they caused him actual physical pain.

His sense of smell and his sense of touch were also very keen, and he used to say in later life that in certain kinds of mechanical representation, such as relief-map making, etc., the human hand was capable of recognizing the slightest variations of level,—and I believe his was.

Peter was sent to school young, and the family tradition was that he was an apt scholar, but he seldom spoke of his school or lessons in later life. I have only one record of those early school-days. In a copy of "Sanford and Merton," which he gave me on my eleventh birthday, he wrote on the fly-leaf these words: "This book was my delight when a boy. It was given to me as a prize for a successful examination upon Bonnycastle's Algebra, when I was eight or ten years old. It rivalled 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'The Pilgrim's Progress' in my young affections." And I have heard him say that he was considered quick at mathematics. He had a long course in German, probably beginning as a child, and in Latin, but of that he said that he never liked it or made much progress in it. History I am sure he loved, and geography seemed to come to him naturally, for all his life he pored over and delighted in maps; and many were the imaginary journeys which he took over land and sea.

He was indeed a very imaginative child, and this characteristic caused him both joy and misery. While the sun shone, he was a merry creature, fearless, and full of resources: with darkness came terrors. Until a grown man he suffered from this fear of the dark, and he used to say that it came

of his Scotch blood. On the [illegible] he used to imagine pleasures in advance of the [illegible], so vividly, that when [illegible] event occurred which [illegible] so joyously anticipated he no longer cared anything about it. When scarcely more than [illegible] him in "Sunday best" [illegible] he had [illegible] desired. But an hour later, when ready herself, she found Peter no longer wishing to go. "No, Peter, I don't [illegible] you for nothing—you [illegible] go with [illegible]." And he was borne off, weeping [illegible] in later years, when friends had heard him plan in detail, and with the most evident delight, some journey [illegible] in the near future [illegible] when [illegible] came to pass, [illegible] him [illegible] instable of purpose. [illegible] pleasure or [illegible]

Elizabeth Allen Lesley

From an old portrait.

Peter Lesley, Sr.

From an old portrait.

Of [illegible] given to me. [illegible] and simple [illegible] busy [illegible] must [illegible] were [illegible] boys, [illegible] quick [illegible] and the [illegible] from [illegible] ways [illegible] was [illegible] and [illegible] with [illegible] ow- [illegible]

copy that. Then, if they went anywhere, they were expected to tell in detail about what they saw, and he corrected and explained. He taught them the rudiments of architecture, making them observe and draw any architectural detail which he or they thought worthy. He was himself an excellent draughtsman, and usually made use of a pencil in explaining things to his children. The children in turn soon caught the same habit, and in later life I seldom saw my father or my uncles talking together without sooner or later seeing the pencil and paper appear, and any mooted point was made clear by a few strokes. None of these boys became artists by profession, but several of them drew and painted with much talent, and all of them found this early acquired skill in handling art implements of great assistance to them in their various professions, and a constant source of pleasure and recreation throughout life.

My father writes of this home training in his autobiographical letter to Mr. Rood, as follows:—

In fact, I have no "family relations of interest to science," unless it be that I owe all that I am and have been able to do to the early training which I received from a very wise father, and to the artistic nature of my mother. We were all taught perspective drawing, machine drawing, and geographical plotting, in early childhood, between the plates on the breakfast, dinner and supper table; statistics, by reference to the volumes of an encyclopædia kept at hand; archæology, from a fine copy of Calmet; mechanics, from a copy of the "Circle of the Arts"; and language by constant dialectic discussions of the proper meanings of words and exact force of sentences. We were drilled daily in describing events so that they could be understood, and in drawing every kind of object in its true proportions, long before we went to a grammar school. And in our father's workshop we were allowed to become expert in the use of tools, and to try our hand at inventions. I remember making a small steam-engine which puffed across the kitchen floor. In the summer vacations we all had our competitive windmills and watermills. My father was one of the earliest shareholders in the Louisville & Lehigh Canal Companies; was never weary of instructing us boys in the Internal Improvement of the United States; and encouraged our closest inquiries into the anthracite coal trade, and all that con-

cerned mining and transportation. At the same time, he was a lover of the English classics, read aloud to us modern and ancient histories, and was thoroughly versed in theological controversies. Neither our reasoning faculties nor our imaginations were allowed to repose, and no mischievous or silly literature entered the house; but we were given the largest liberty in athletic games; and in frequent long walks he kept our attention awake to the works of nature, as much as to the works of art. We were sent to the best schools, and were not only taught Latin and Greek, but had private teachers in French and German; but, certainly, the instruction which we received from our father was worth more, in a strictly scientific sense, than what we received from all other sources put together; for it laid a deep and broad foundation for original investigation, not merely in one, but in various branches of human knowledge; and started us on our careers equipped for both seeing, thinking and describing, what we felt to be useful and beautiful, as what we believed to be true.

But, when Peter was just under thirteen years old, the home life was sadly broken by the death of his mother, after several years of ill-health.

After the mother's death the family still kept together for a few years. Young Elizabeth, then sixteen years old, did her best to be a mother to the boys, who at this time ranged from the twelve-year-old Peter to little Joseph, a baby only a year old. The next older child, Alexander, a beautiful boy something over two years of age, had died shortly before his mother, and the grandmother, Catherine Lesley, died, also, a few months after Elizabeth, so that 1831 was a sad year for the family. Young Elizabeth was a lovely and lovable character, with her mother's beauty and love of the beautiful, but with an anxious and nervous temperament, which was naturally intensified by the care of such a household at so early an age. Young Peter in his letters home, when absent on visits to the aunts in Lancaster or to his uncle James Lesley in Harrisburg or elsewhere, often speaks of his sister with deep affection, sends her many messages, and begs her to be less anxious over her "blessed charges," the boys.

Three years after his wife's death my grandfather mar-

ried again. This proved not an entirely happy change for the children, although there seems to have been no serious friction in the household. A young half-brother, Alexander, was born, who was received by them all with joy, and tenderly loved until his death as a young man. Elizabeth married, and the boys followed various academic courses. Peter went to the university, and the young life of the family was at an end.

CHAPTER II

YOUTH. 1832–1837

THE earliest letters of my father extant were written from Abington just before his mother's death.

It was the custom of the parents to send the children out of the summer heat of Philadelphia into the country,—sometimes to the aunts in Lancaster, occasionally to some cousins in New Jersey, sometimes boarding them at some nearer farm or country town.

Peter's letters from Abington in the August of 1832 are to his sister Elizabeth and his father, and are full of the ordinary boyish amusements,—fishing, swimming, etc. His younger brothers, Allen, Henry, and William, are there with him; and he writes of their doings and condition with elder brotherly care, and inquires with anxious solicitude about his mother's health and that of the baby, Joseph. It was the year of the cholera, and he is anxious lest those he loves at home should be attacked by it. His letters to his father are manly and affectionate, with much about the younger brothers and inquiries for all at home, including the grandparents, aunts, and uncles. He adds, "Wright's children are well," and "I can swim." These Wright children were the much-loved neighbors of my father and his brothers,—the sons and daughters of Peter Wright, later known in the shipping world as the head of the firm Peter Wright & Sons.

Mr. Wright lived next door to my grandfather, and had an equal number of boys and several daughters, much of the same ages as the Lesley children. The friendship thus early begun continued throughout life.

On March 20, 1834, there is a letter from Peter in Philadelphia to a cousin, giving a vivid description of a monster anti-Jacksonite political meeting:—

I have just come from the great meeting of the Anti-Jacksonites. I will attempt to tell you some little of a sight I never

witnessed before. About half-past three this afternoon I arrived at the south entrance of the Independence Square, at which the different trades were entering. On the south side of the street, and nearly opposite the gate, in the third story of a brick building, stood the ex-secretary Mr. Duane, to whom, whenever a banner passed his house, there were given three cheers. Before I knew who he was, I pitied him, thinking that he was deranged, and that he thought the cheers were to him. After much pressing, I got about thirty feet from the platform erected over the door of the Tower on which the steeple is built. But there I stuck fast and could get no farther, and at some times I believe if I had risen from the ground two or three inches I could not have gained it again for some time. Most of the persons around me had their arms before them on their breasts, and could not look at their feet. I never knew before rightly what a crowd was. When the square was about half filled, I heard one say that there were thirty thousand persons within, and afterwards it was filled entirely, so that I think there must have been at least fifty thousand persons in and about the square. The trees were filled so full that there was danger of breaking down. The roofs were full, and in short every place that could hold a person had its occupant. Three gentlemen spoke; Mr. Peter A. Brown first. He spoke well and boldly, and then read several resolutions, which were adopted unanimously; two or three persons, answering No, were turned out. Mr. Charles Jack spoke next, and lastly Mr. Samuel Rush. One of them, speaking of what Jackson has done for us, said that "it put him in mind of a story that he had heard, about an Irishman and his cow. This cow was the best in the parish, and gave most milk, but as soon as the pail was full, would kick it all over." After the meeting was adjourned, several of the banners were cheered with three cheers, the Constitution with six, and as soon as the stage was taken down (which was to prevent the Jackson party from taking possession of it and undoing all that had been done), three were given to Mr. Duane. And as the Jackson men boasted of the 4th of March, and called it the Glorious Day, so I think we have a right to call this day (about to be inscribed along with the 4th of July, 1776, in the Annals of History, as said Mr. Brown) the Glorious 20th of March, 1834.

A week later he writes to his father from Harrisburg (whither he had gone to visit his uncle James Lesley), de-

scribing a great iron foundry where the "rolls" for Girard College were being made. He is also very emphatic in reprobation of the conduct of a careless clerk in the bank of which his uncle was cashier, which caused "a gentleman to be suspected of theft."

This uncle, James Lesley, was very dear to my father throughout his life, and deserves some mention here. He was the next younger brother of my grandfather, and was a man of very strongly marked characteristics. My grandfather, although of an ardent temperament, was conservative both in regard to religion and politics. Uncle James, more vivacious and with a very active mind, was inclined to be something of a radical—by comparison. He was a man who loved books, and was a good deal of a linguist, and delighted in the classics. He and my grandfather were devoted to each other, and constantly corresponded, their letters being largely on business of the family affairs, interspersed with affectionate inquiries as to family and friends. Uncle James certainly felt both admiration and respect for his older brother, although in opinion they must sometimes have differed much; for instance, in regard to slavery. My grandfather regarded the institution with dislike, but did not consider it a thing to be actively worked against. James, on the other hand, as early as 1836, writes thus to his brother:

> "If any one asks you my sentiments on the exciting question of abolition, just tell him that I abhor and detest slavery in my inmost soul, and that I shall hail with pleasure any measures having a tendency to remove peaceably this national disgrace; but I am not now connected nor do I intend to connect myself with any abolition society."

In later life I believe he was actively a member of the Underground Railroad, and did good service to the cause of freeing the negro.

I remember my uncle James only as an old man, but still full of vivacity and with a certain whimsically affectionate air that caused him to be much loved. He had very bright eyes and a quick manner in speech and action.

My father loved him dearly, and in later life held opinions more akin to his uncle's than to his father's more conservative standards.

My uncle had two sons, Edward and James, who were throughout life near friends of my father and his brothers.

In the August of 1835 my father goes north to visit cousins in the Mohawk Valley, and is charmed with the beauties of the Hudson and Mohawk, has fine times swimming and riding horseback. He finds Amsterdam, where he stayed for some time, too much of a city, and writes, "I love retirement," and rejoices that he is going into greater "solitude" on the farm of another cousin.

The following summer he again goes north. This time his letters are from Schenectady, where he is enchanted with the "beauty and stillness of the place."

He writes to his father:—

How shall I describe midnight on the Hudson! My soul was lifted it seemed higher than ever I felt it before, towards the throne of God. Joy such as the lover of nature's pure romance alone can feel, I felt. It was a glorious sight. Fit for an angel's gaze. Oh, evening on the Hudson! Give it me even before the Mohawk's glorious scenes, whose western sky and rolling mists present a splendid conflagration of a world. Italia's scenes are fair (so travellers say), but give me Hudson's flood at eve of day. Father, you must forgive me, for I never felt so in my life. . . . The Palisades rose high to the left and threw their lengthened shadows over waters on which now and then a pure white sail sped swift adown the flood, and joined the little fleet around the point.

Broad are the hills,
And high the steeps, and deep the shadow'd vales,
At brightest *noon* of Highland scenery;
But broader—higher—deeper stand they forth
To midnight gaze enraptured.

But I must stop or I'll be in the third heaven of romantic enthusiasm.

A fortnight later (August 23, 1836) he writes from Glen (near Amsterdam):—

I dread coming back, to sit a whole year in the impure atmosphere of Philadelphia, with little or no exercise, and in a race with Greg. for the head of the class; and after all the science that I will become master of, and all the advantages that coming out head of the class will make me incident to, what will they do for me, when in a year or two, before I can do the good in the world that talents natural or acquired ought to force a man to do, I will be laid low in the grave "where there is no Wisdom"?

Yet in the same letter he writes: —

What would I not give for an hour or two at home now; I can imagine you seated round the beautiful table, and I can picture to myself all that enlivens, all that instructs, at that to me interesting and instructive time; for, Father, would you believe it, I really think that I have received more benefit and good, wholesome learning at our breakfast meals, than in all the schooling and collegation of ten years.

On February 21, 1837, my grandfather became secretary and treasurer of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Company, and began on his duties on the 22d. This position he held until his death eighteen years later. On April 13 of the same year he married for his second wife Mrs. Susanna Elizabeth Robbins.

All through his life my father suffered keenly from what to less nervously sensitive and imaginative persons would have seemed slight physical ills. So that he was frequently to his own feeling "very ill" at one time in the day, while a few hours later he would declare himself "perfectly well." To strangers this was quite incomprehensible, and he must have seemed whimsical in regard to his health. In youth I suppose that he had the same characteristics, and I find in his almost daily letters to his family at home rapidly alternating reports of fine condition and of complete discomfort. That he was not strong in health was evident. He had grown tall rapidly; and, if he worked then with the intensity and continuity which were habitual in later life, each vacation in the school year must have found him in a state of semi-exhaustion. But then, as later, he had great powers

of recuperation, and a few weeks or even days of rest put him again in working condition.

It is evident, also, that from early youth his active mind found interest in many directions. Nature, art, science, and man interested him deeply. His earliest letters show this. He was never "bored." He could always find refuge from pain or sorrow in some congenial pursuit, in "books or work or healthful play."

July 20, 1837, when he was nearly eighteen years old, he again went into New York State, and writes from Fultonville to his father, again descanting on the beauties of the Hudson and of his admiration of Poughkeepsie, describing its charms and industries. On the boat he had had much conversation with the passengers:—

> On the way I made acquaintance with a half a dozen, and got a little information from each. An old man talked of the Mississippi and the West; another of the South, and told me, among other things, that the only time he travelled in fear was on the S. C. R.R. from Savannah to Augusta, one hundred and thirty-six miles, one hundred and twenty of which was through a swamp (often forty feet above it on stilts) where it was death to remain a night, and the air was so bad that it could be tasted. They went the whole distance in nine hours, and saw multitudes of negroes filling up around and beneath the stilts, working up to their knees in mud and water, and under a sun with the thermometer 102°. . . .

August 22, 1837, he writes to his father from Lysander a long and intimate letter concerning his health, his religious faith, his views of marriage, etc.

It must have been already the intention of his father, and also his own, that Peter should devote himself to the ministry as his life-work, and that as soon as his university course was finished he should go to Princeton for his studies in divinity. His health, however, was very uncertain; and he often expresses the fear that he will not live to undertake this work on which his mind and heart are much set.

September 11, to his stepmother, he quotes Newton (a religious writer?), and is lonely, but cannot be "unhappy

for a half-hour at a time" because he has plenty to do. Throughout life, work was my father's refuge from all woes.

I rode horseback to Elbridge (ten miles south), and lost my dinner, for they would not take my money. So I took Paley's sixth apology for stealing (necessity) and a Dutchman's apples at the same time, and with some crackers made out well.

September 14th, he writes to his father: "I am becoming more happy and contented every day, and feel activity pervade every limb. I have made a couple of bows and practise archery; and moreover my fiddle bow does not hang idle. They teach me husbandry fast. All's well."

He suggests that Allen and Henry write often to him as good practice, it being a great advantage to write with ease; gives varied agricultural information, etc.; advises a book ["a novel," forsooth!], "Harry and Lucy," by Miss Edgeworth, for the boys. "The first part is to the comprehension of Joseph, the end will puzzle Allen. The fact is, it suits in regular gradation each age." And he explains the tides for his brother's benefit.

September 22, shortly before returning home, he writes:—

My dear Father,—Your kind solicitude for me I know not how to return except by a corresponding love. Words are idle and I feel it, but rest assured I feel your kindness most deeply and God grant me to repay it with interest. After much anxiety about the health of those I love at home and who engross so much of my waking and sleeping thoughts, owing to the length of time between your last letters, I received yours of the 13th. Forgive the impatience of my last to you. Oh that I could rest easy as to the future! Will my faith never be stronger? . . . My own Father, I have been very cold and dead to my God, but he has within a few days kindly shown me my wandering, and I hope will lead me again to the fold. Oh for help from His arm alone, and then whatever the result be, all will be well. "Commit thy ways to the Lord and he will direct thy steps." How often have I thought of and tried to act on that promise!

My father's letters at this time show deep religious feeling.

Another half-year of college life ensued, at the end of which his health was in such a broken condition that my grandfather felt greatly concerned as to his future. One day the father and son were walking together in the Philadelphia streets, when they met Dr. Dallas Bache, who was a friend of my grandfather. He inquired after Peter's health, seeing, no doubt, that he looked thin and ill; and, on my grandfather's telling him of his anxieties, he suggested that Peter should take a season of outdoor work on the new geological survey, which was under the direction of Henry D. Rogers.

The upshot of the matter was that shortly after—the appointment of assistant on the survey having been obtained—my father repaired to Pottsville, and entered on a career which was to mean much more to him than either he or his father then suspected.

CHAPTER III

First Experience in Geological Work. 1839–1841

My father in 1876 published in Volume A of the Reports of the Second Geological Survey of Pennsylvania a very complete and interesting historical account of all previous geological explorations in Pennsylvania and other States.

In this report he states how, after four years of unsuccessful endeavors by the Geological Society of Pennsylvania (organized in 1832), the legislature in the spring of 1836 passed a bill creating a survey of Pennsylvania, and intrusted its direction to Professor Henry Darwyn Rogers, who had already in 1835 had charge of the survey of New Jersey.

"The act of Legislature appointing a survey of the State was dated the 29th of March, 1836, and authorized an annual appropriation of expenditure of $6,400 for five years, to pay the salaries of a geologist, two assistants, and a chemist."

"Professor Henry D. Rogers was appointed geologist, Mr. James C. Booth and Mr. John F. Frazer assistants, and Dr. Robert E. Rogers chemist."

The second year of the survey, 1837, the appropriation was enlarged to allow of four assistants and four aids, or sub-assistants. In the third year, 1838, the corps was again increased, and the expenses rose to $12,000. There were nine assistants appointed to as many districts.

My father speaks of the year 1838 as the *training year* of the first survey, adding: "At the end of it the first really good idea of the detailed geographical geology of Pennsylvania was grasped by Mr. Rogers and his assistants. By the end of it three or four excellent field hands had trained themselves for future work." In the following season, 1839, he speaks of himself as "added to the corps" together with Andrew A. Henderson.

The period of my father's work on the first survey lasted from April, 1839, to October, 1841. He spent the summers of those three years in the field. How the winters were spent I do not know, there being no letters while he was at home to draw from. Possibly he used that time for working up his field notes, and for the geological draughting of maps and sections. Undoubtedly, he spent much time in study.

While in the field, he wrote home almost daily, and there is much of interest in his letters, but not in proper form for publication. These are full of descriptions of scenery, details of his daily life both indoors and on the road, much about his companions on the survey, of the books he found time to read even in these busy days, and the expression of religious feeling, and of his hopes for the future, and of his anxious and loving thought for the family, especially for the younger brothers at home. To his father he often gives geological descriptions of the country he is working in. To his brothers he tells of certain mechanical improvements or inventions, and improved methods of farming. He writes sometimes to the old grandmother Allen and to his very dear aunts lovely descriptions of hill and vale, and of the flowers he loves.

One of my father's biographers has said that he did not love society. Only in the narrowest sense was this ever true of him. He was never a "society man," so called, and never could have become so, had he wished. But he was eminently social, and by birth and education a thorough democrat in his feeling for and with all sorts and conditions of men. All through these early letters are the kindliest descriptions of the people he met in the villages and farmhouses, on the road, and on his journeys. His interest was genuine and spontaneous, and he recognized no distinctions of social rank, meeting each on the ground of a common manhood.

This early contact with the common hand laborers of the world was unconsciously a rich education for his mind and heart. It gave him a catholic interest in mankind, confirmed his faith in the human heart, and justified his optimistic hopes for the future. Once late in life, when we had been

listening together to a theoretical sermon by one of our most intellectual Unitarian ministers, he exclaimed with deep feeling, "If that man had but lived one year among the miners of Pennsylvania, he would know more of the heart of man than to preach such a sermon."

That he did not wholly enjoy all the phases of this early geological life is evident. He hated the dark temperamentally, and did not enjoy the underground burrowings necessary to his temporarily accepted profession. He hated also the dirt and the foul air of the mines, and his imagination no doubt added terrors to the dangers and discomforts actually around him. But he had acquired already that moral courage which enabled him throughout life to do without flinching the thing necessary to his work. He told me once that when he was alone in the woods at night, he suffered untold horrors from the vaguely seen shapes around him, and that often he forced himself to walk quietly across a clearing to place his hand upon some stump or stone, in order to dispel the terror which its half-seen form had caused him.

During these earlier days he was also comforted in all troubles by a sense of the personal protection of God; but in later years the theory of "special Providence" was not only impossible to him, but was even an unpleasant thought. These early letters, however, often express religious faith in a special care and protection, and express also a special gratitude. That sense of gratitude remained with him throughout life, but it was a refined and enlarged gratitude impossible to the narrower orthodoxy in which his earlier religious training consisted.

To this period belong a few of the strongest friendships of his life. Chief among these was that with Andrew A. Henderson, who afterwards became a surgeon in the United States Navy. Henderson was like my father in spirit,—a thoughtful, sensitive, warm-hearted, shy enthusiast, as gentle and pure as a woman, but with great strength of mind and a touch of genius. My father loved him like a brother, and I think the affection was fully returned.

Another vivid but less lasting friendship was with Whelp-

ley, an erratic genius, older than himself, brilliant in mind, but not akin in spirit.

A third was James T. Hodge, for whom my father felt warm esteem and hearty affection, and whose friendship he kept until Hodge's sad death by drowning in an accident on one of the Great Lakes many years later.

John Fraser was another whom he greatly prized and with whom in later life he was more constantly in company than with any of the others.

One of my father's letters of 1839, when he was nearly twenty years of age, gives his weight as one hundred and thirty; and, as he had probably reached his full height of six feet and half an inch over, he must at this time have been a tall, thin stripling.

At the end of his first season's work he was taken very ill with a combination of troubles, ending in inflammation of the lungs. He was nursed back to health by his sister; and the few letters of that date tell of his slow convalescence, of his anxiety lest the state of his health should make it imprudent for him to pursue his studies for the ministry, and of his gratitude for the great kindness of his friends at the Mt. Carbon House, Pottsville, during his illness. The winter of 1839–40 was spent in regaining his strength, and in the spring he was again in the field.

In the earlier part of this second season he seems to have been alone, but later was evidently with companions, as he writes of camp life and of "the party."

The first letter of this series is to his father, full of interest in the new life and of geological facts. "Thus you see, dearest Father, I have really commenced my work, and I believe will find little difficulty in doing what is required of me to the satisfaction of Rogers."

Thus begins that career which, with a few years of interruption, was to last throughout his life. Little did he or his father suspect that such was to be the case. Peter was destined for the ministry,—for the Presbyterian ministry. This excursion into science, they thought, was but a short turning aside from his life-work in the interest of health. But in this earliest letter is the hint of what was eventually

to be his most absorbing interest, "structural geology"; and in this alone did I ever hear him claim pre-eminent knowledge. Other things—many other things in science and art and literature—were of deep interest to him, and his friends thought him wise in them; but he modestly rejected any such claim of knowledge. Only in structural geology did he consider himself an expert.

April 26, 1839. To his Grandmother.

I wish you all joy and peace and health till I am mercifully brought to see you again. I love to think about you. . . . My life, short as it has been, is a tissue of mercies and the meshes often so small and delicate that the eye cannot distinguish. All my days are mercies and should be all thanks. . . . I have just returned from a coal mine; the first I ever was in. . . . I felt a great deal of fear at first, but soon discovered that there could be no danger, and I knew that I would be protected even if there was, for I was doing my duty.

Mt. Carbon House [Pottsville], *April* 25, 1839. To his Sister.

This morning, Henderson and I, tired of moping, tried the second time to visit the Delaware mines. They are about three miles from here; so on the way thither (and we didn't go "*à la locomotive*") there was so much to be seen,—(for you must remember, H. is a natural philosopher, tho' by no means a pretty one, I mean his face, for his thoughts and mind are beauty itself) so many toads' spawn to magnify, and newts' backs to examine, and wonder at their golden specks, and spiders "walking the water, like things of life"; so many flowers to cull, and birds to listen to, that I forgot I was a dirty geologist about to seek the lower regions, Ulysses-like, in some one of the muddy Averni, of this Carbonic and almost Sardonic region, in my enthusiasm after Daphnes and water bugs. We found a lovely little violet, and its fragrance made me long to place it in your bosom; the dry strawberry was also in bloom, and its yellow little flowers were strangely contrasted with the mud and coal. The red-eyed vireo sweetly sang from the ugly woods. You can scarcely imagine how beauty and deformity, art and nature, sweetness and filth, sterility and mud, are strangely mixed in this singular place. And you would be still more surprised if you could feel my feelings, and know that it is truly my home. I feel it such

and am uncommonly spirited and happy in it. And yet,—poor mortals ne'er have done repining—I want you and my flute, but I guess both had better stay at home. . . . You know my maxims, "what ought to be, will be" and "what's done, can't be helped." That God, who has made us a happy family, asks only our trust to keep us so. United or separated, it makes small difference, if He be with each one. But I hear them; I go now for a walk, and maybe a ride on the coal cars like this morning. Will you come? You'll only get black, that's all.

PHILADELPHIA, *May* 10, 1839. LETTER FROM PETER LESLEY, SR., TO HIS SON PETER.

. . . How is it with your own mind. Let nothing interfere with that intercourse which it is your right to maintain with your Covenant God and Saviour. I have written "right." I should have said privilege—you understand my meaning. In the family, our prayer is, that your faith fail not. . . .

Your letters are read with great interest. You know that you have the love of all—write frequently though it may be but a few lines at a time—as a matter of course, we must be very solicitous about your health. God bless you.

Yours truly, my dear Boy Peter.

My grandfather was a sincerely religious man, in the personal and spiritual sense of the term; and he was also a "pillar" of his church in all practical ways. His cares and responsibilities must have been many, and as in most church organizations there were times of friction and even dissension among the governing members of the congregation. Peter Lesley was a just and kindly man, a great worker, and without personal ambition; but he was ardent, and not without temper, or, at any rate, he could feel righteous indignation on occasion, and act upon it. I find these words in one of his letters to a brother elder, demanding an explanation of some sort after some church meeting at which he had not been present, and where he had either been spoken ill of, or where his actions had been commented upon unfavorably:—

As I have long since found that Christian Courtesy abounds more among the children of the World than among the professed

followers of Christ, I ask not therefore the explanation from you as a brother in the family of our common Lord—but as a matter which one gentleman has a right to demand of Another.

This is amusing as coming from one sober elder to another, but I fancy may find sympathetic hearing from many an overworked church trustee or deacon in these later days.

POTTSVILLE, *May* 15, 1839. TO HIS STEPMOTHER.

I got a lecture on Geology from W. who complains bitterly that the landscape is ruined to him because he looks down on a valley and can't help saying, there's No. 7—that next hill is No. 6, etc. In fact Geology destroys all poetry and one cannot be an Arcadian, as long as he knows what formation he's standing upon and what one he's looking at.

This reminds one of Darwin's statement that he had lost the satisfaction of reading poetry from too great devotion to scientific pursuits; and my father in later life used to regret that the constant drawing of sections, maps, etc., had destroyed his artistic power to sketch scenery and architecture, at which in youth he had been very apt.

June 4, 1839. TO HIS FATHER.

Whelpley leaves me in a day or two—good and bad!—good, because he has been obtaining by his wonderful powers of thought and mass of information too great an influence over me, which might, if longer continued, be in future wrongly directed. Yet it is hard to part with him, with whom my evenings and part of my days have been most delightfully spent, passing in review literature, arts, and ethics. He leaves me to undertake a tour of the North of Maine, and its magnificent Alpine scenery will be a feast I should like to partake of with him.

In a letter to his grandmother, June 10, he sends messages to his aunt Hall. She had taken the position of matron of the women's ward of the Eastern Penitentiary, a post which she held with honor for many years until age and feebleness obliged her to resign its heavy cares. Peter objects to the "solitary confinement" theory of the institution:—

A prison cell is surely not the scene for holy conversion. True, the spirit of the Almighty can work anywhere, and does work in many uncouth places, but it is, to me, idle to think of putting a man into such a place, and to madden or sullen his mind with solitude, to make him return into the bosom of Society a good (tho' branded) member.

His love of flowers must have been great, as he seldom writes to his sister or aunts without speaking of his "findings" of lovely blossoms in the fields and woods, often enclosing a blossom or a spray in his letters to them. Perhaps his intercourse with young Henderson may have quickened his interest in these things, for Henderson was a botanist *enragé* and a poet, too, at heart.

There seems at this time to have been some uncertainty in Mr. Rogers's mind as to whether my father's health would be sufficient to carry on the work necessary to be done in the Pottsville district. But my father convinced him that he was physically adequate; and in a letter to his father of June 13 he says:—

He [Rogers] left my room apparently satisfied with the confidence which I expressed and now feel of my ability to carry on the whole of the very intricate business required here at my hands. I have received as it were new vigor of body and mind from the fact that from this day forward I have the field clear to myself, and can use my own judgment in all cases after receiving the general plans of operation from him. It will be at my option to leave the mines unvisited through summer and devote some time to them between November and Christmas when the cold weather will make it a comfortable and safe work.

June 18, 1839. To his Sister.

I have just laid by "The Life of Wilberforce" and feel humbled and mortified at the way my life is spent when I think of the good he has done in his time and the love to God and man he ever exhibited. Great without vanity, an orator that perhaps Earth never found his better, meek, modest, bold in and for the right, earnest and sincere in his friendship, a man, a Christian, he stood among the men of his times a strange and beautiful sight. Love flowed from his lips, mirth brightened his

face, and with eyes ever directed to "the gate at the head of the way" he walked among his fellows, with a smile, a prayer, a gift for every one.

Oh that I could be like him! . . .

He is distressed with the condition and low moral standards of the miners, and especially by their constant drinking of strong liquors. He takes much satisfaction in directing his own course of work, and feels that he works better since matters are so left to him.

A little later in the summer Elizabeth went to the Mt. Carbon House to make her brother a visit, and in her letters home gives a pleasant impression of the place, the society in the little hotel, and Peter's friendly relations with it. She speaks of the pleasant assembling of the household in the parlors in the evening, when conversation, games, and music filled the hours before retiring. Peter seems to have shown himself clever in answering in verse some difficult riddles, which gave his sister much pride and satisfaction.

I copy but one of his letters to Professor Rogers, to whom he wrote frequently; but it seems worth while to give this one almost entire, as an evidence of his growing proficiency in geology. (These, and many of his other letters were illustrated by sketches and maps.)

August 24, 1839.

DEAR SIR,—I am disappointed in my plan for obtaining a knowledge of the coal north of Pingrove. One of the party has returned with dysentery and another—Fisher—on whose knowledge of the place I depended, is extremely ill with inflammatory rheumatism. Having, therefore, no prospect of useful inquiry there for the present, and having completed a section across the valley on the line of S. Haven, from data obtained by repeatedly crossing from Mountain to Mountain in several places, I will be at Port Clinton, if nothing occurs to prevent, on Monday. . . .

Do these views clash with your own? If so, I will be glad to receive instructions directed to Port Clinton. I was delighted to-day by discovering, most accidentally, what I feared would not be visible—I mean, the Axis north of Schuylkill Ridge running through S. Haven. I have been led to believe the existence of such, from your conversation and from the position of rock

North and South. I think there can be no error—it is in a right place,—has every appearance of a great axis—is the summit of a hill with ore on each side. The moment I saw it I was convinced that I had found what I have looked so anxiously after. I may yet be totally mistaken. . . .

I am becoming very familiar with the valley so as to know from near objects where I am in any part of it and whither I must go to find my particular object of search. The other sections will therefore be much more rapidly made than this most difficult and centre one.

I feel the want of drawing paper very sensibly and will be much pleased to receive it, as you said in your last.

A reason for the existence of the singular coves in the hill S. of S. Haven struck me forcibly the other day—the rush of water through the South Gap against the Hill and not with sufficient violence to disrupt it entirely—its recurve produced an eddy and the effect followed, to which you remember drawing my attention in the winter—a hill of conical form and "wash" character at the mouth of the cove. . . .

The same is observable at the bend in the river in Summer hill where the tunnel is made. I have remarked another effect of the rush of water—a bending aside of the *strike* of the rocks towards the mouth of the stream.

Yours, dear sir, respectfully.

September 17. To his Brother Allen.

I was thinking as I walked home this afternoon about your speaking this year original addresses. If you will allow me a word of advice, I would say, First choose a theme, which at first you might be inclined to think *too contracted* (such as "the love of Peace," etc., etc.). You can easily *stretch out* a subject, but not so easily *contract one*. The leanest must be fat enough for an eight-minute speech. Second, Think of your theme (after choosing one early) in order to an analysis. *Then, read* a good deal of some of the British orators, without *writing*, and so you will catch their *tone* and *style* without being able to avoid it, and easy imitation (tho' not a slavish one) will follow of course. Let three weeks or more be so spent, then write and re-write. Third, Aim not at a *continued* flow of beauty—eloquence or flower, but by choosing a humble plain style, the bright spots will shine tenfold and lighten the whole piece. An all *rich* piece of composition is often spoiled in the eyes of an audience by one or two "falls."

Sept. 27. TO HIS SISTER.

And now maybe you would like to know how your dear brother spends his time—I mean the "littles," the *minutiæ*. Well, I'll try to tell you. Five is my hour of rising generally, and after reading a chapter in the German, and trying to thank Him to whom all and constant thank is due, and to pray grace and protection for the day, I can mostly find time between the two breakfast bells to write home some part of a letter at least, or in my journal the incidents of the past day. At the table I meet intelligence and vivacity enough to expedite digestion and make the meal hours the pleasantest of the day, perhaps. Would you like a table sketch? The pug-nosed good-humored but sarcastic-eyed man sitting at my left hand is a Mr. ——, and his ever-talking and very conversable little rib sits next him. Opposite her is his brother, a doctor, who hasn't enough science to cure the everlasting cold his own nose has caught,—but that's no argument against his practice on others' noses. Sometimes Whelpley, sometimes John White's son, takes a seat opposite to me,—the one acute, bitter in irony, a little vain, handsome, strait, with a wide sphere of information, tho' too logical and metaphysical always to hit the truth; the other lantern-jaw'd, tall and slim, travelled in Italy, France, Germany, England and Scotland, and of course having much to say, yet never obtruding or mocking the travelled ape, but by prejudice or education, not I think by a narrow mind, showing often narrow views of general questions. That straight-haired, high-shouldered, bent figure beside him is our acute, deep-thinking but hypochondriac natural philosopher Henderson, about twenty-three. Next to this melancholy character sits John White's brother, that man with a hole in his forehead just over individuality, a little hard of hearing, and thinking always of coal, but speaking seldom of anything. Then comes a huge high-headed, dull-eyed Capt. Mrs. Ralston sits at the head to carve and say "yes" or "no." About as communicative is a young man in a jacket at my right, and the one or two between him and the hostess are in "*terra incog.*," for all my attention is drawn the other way, and there is surely no counteracting attraction thitherward. But what, dear Sis, have I been doing? I ought surely to have deferred this till more time had brought more opportunities of knowing my fellow-bipeds. I hope I have injured no one; certainly not wilfully. Carlyle's French Revolution, or Cowper, or a chapter of the Rambler, or a laugh over one of the adventures of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, helps digestion for an hour,

and then—to horse. I then feel something bigger. Life is in every nerve and all my muscles are in play, and my thoughts fly fast as we scamper over the hills. I am becoming so accustomed to the saddle that it gives me all the pleasure without the pain, and will make me as straight-backed as an Indian.

STROUDSBURG, *May* 30. TO HIS AUNT ANNA WILSON.

I have met many (old men) who could talk of the Revolution as a familiar event; when I meet them, I always get them to tell me some anecdote or other of Washington. What satisfaction it gives a man to say, "I remember sitting on his knee and singing to him Amo, Amas, I loved a lass," or "I remember one day going to the city with his old carter, we met the General" (they always call him so), "and he rode along a mile with us talking," and no wonder it pleases *them*, since it pleases us only to *hear* about it, when, if any other man was the subject, we would tire of their tedious commonplaces. But what American says "stop" when Washington is talked of? Not I.

May 11. TO HIS AUNT HALL.

There are two vast seas of mercy, pardon and adoption. The one cancels all debts, removes all fears,—but gives no joys (except that of absence of pain)—the other piles bliss upon bliss, and still, as joy is added to joy, gives the soul strength to sustain the load of blessedness. Oh may we all bear the burden together! Burden? 'Tis the burden that a bird bears—his wings—it bears him up itself instead of sinking him down. Yet if the life is not in the wing, it is an encumbrance, instead of a help—so must God be in the joy or it turns to bitterness. . . .

PETER.

As he approaches the end of the third season's work, his mind is much occupied with the future theological studies. He doubts the expediency of devoting three years to mere theoretical study, and wishes that he might spend at least part of that time in practical work among the poor; and suggests that such a course of "religious action" would be of great use to him.

POTTSVILLE, *June* 18. TO HIS FATHER.

There is a plan, dear Father, that I have thought of, (indeed it was suggested to me by Mr. Tappan of Stroudsburg)

which I would like to know if it be practicable or not. I am informed, and experience in part makes me credit it, that in no place *generally* is *active expressive* religion more hardly retained, more rarely exhibited, than in a Seminary where we expect most to see it. The cause of this is obvious. Religion, in its love and faith, can only be kept bright by *action*. This in a great measure is and cannot but be impracticable in such a place. Now it is my earnest wish (if it can be done without parting with other greater advantages to be had by a seminary course) to have the advantages of practical as well as theoretical lessons in religion. That is, that I may be taught not only to talk in the pulpit, but to speak and act *everywhere*. When I conversed with Dr. Warrington before leaving home this spring and obtained information from him to enable me to study anatomy and physiology next winter, as a valuable assistance to theology, he told me I could *also* have opportunities, if I would embrace them, of taking a course (if I can use the expression) of *religious action*, by becoming connected with a physician or a dispensary or other, and have opportunity thus of attaining at the same time a knowledge of medicine and of the modes of thought, phases of character, modes of influencing mind, etc. Mr. Tappan has described his labors (ministerial entirely) among the destitute in the city; laborious in the extreme and sometimes leading him into uncouth and revolting scenes, but productive of great good both to the miserable and vicious and himself. Now if I could obtain instruction in theology from some clergyman in the city, a comprehensive knowledge of the principles of mind and body as taught by anatomy and physiology, and which I could obtain in one year; and have also an opportunity for *exerting myself* at the same time, how far preferable it would be to shutting myself in a small town and devoting my whole time to the *theory*,—to come out at the end of three years an eloquent orator with a deal of brilliance, but with a flame burning low and flickering of zeal and love. I do not wish either to avoid a seminary course. I might go to Princeton and pass through the two upper classes. There are advantages which can only be obtained at a college and these I am unwilling to lose, but the other plan may do to start on while the seminary may complete.

With regard to the frame of mind I am now most familiar with, you will be pleased to hear me say, "it is that of sweetest peace." [Here follows a religious statement too intimate for publication.]

HARRISBURG, *July* 1. TO HIS SISTER.

Yesterday noon I fell in with an old Prussian who called Napoleon a *Coward*, served under and against him eight years, had two balls and a lance wound; was at Moscow; a prisoner at K.; three years among the ferocious Spaniards and finished his campaigns on the ground at Waterloo. "Buhler," said he, "and we came up between three and four o'clock." I would have enjoyed the old man's talk more, but I could scarcely understand him; for instance, he said, "Napoliu tucht de Knickum de Westfal awah fur Hereome." This was a well-pronounced sentence to most of them. There is a sort of realizing feeling in meeting with an actor, a real actor in the stirring scenes of history. And always, to me, a question seems to arise,—can this man really have swum the Borodino or retreated under the tricolor of Lützen? Is it possible he has gazed on the mischief workers of Europe until he can call the greatest of them a coward for first walking up and down the ranks to be vive-l'empereured, and then perch himself a mile off out of danger like a crow at a tiger fight?

Now although I looked at him with so much surprise and curiosity he didn't seem to think there was much strange in his being one of some millions in the wars of French ambition, most of them destroyed, he one of the few who have lived, and of the still fewer who find listeners among the sons of the land of the free and the home of the brave. The reason is, he was then and there a machine in the fingers of others with higher intellects than his, and now he is a saddler in a Dutch township, one of the brainless *canaille* of a degraded nationality. Yet whose soul is worth more or can be made larger than his? From an expanded state of existence how will this man and such as he look back with amazement on the narrow circle of their present ideas and the feebleness of their present powers. Will we; will the noblest intellect of earth find the change less?

July 17. TO HIS FATHER.

Start this morning for Ebensberg. Fell most unexpectedly and undesirably into a Loco Foco celebration supper for the passage of the Sub Treas'y bill. There was but another Whig at a table of a hundred. I cleared out to bed as soon as I satisfied my hunger. They were a precious set of rowdies. I heard about as much swearing in the time of their assembling as I have in my whole trip from Philadelphia. Met to

celebrate the dagger thrust into the heart of their country's liberty! God forgive us for a poor deluded people.

CAMP SOMERSET FALLS, *August* 29. TO HIS STEPMOTHER.

We have just had visitors. When called to breakfast, we heard voices in the wood in the direction of the cleared field, and presently a party of cherry-cheeked lassies came round the spring and seated themselves on the tree that forms the back-log to one of our fires, to watch our *modus operandi*, to see how much milk went to a cup, how we cut the pork fat, etc. One was an old crony of ours, a jolly Dutch wife about 23, who sends us cream instead of milk, and washes our clothes nicely. So after breakfast she told us the girls had something to say to us; on examination, what could it be but the flute; they had heard its notes the other evening, and sent word the next day that I must come down and play for them while they danced. As I was ungallant enough to decline the honor and they were determined to impose it, they came to me and I had perforce to play for them.

Aug. 31. TO HIS AUNT HALL.

I have met some charming places dear Aunt, where a very little cottage in a very little garden, with a very little orchard behind it, would be just the thing for you. A little spring, a little house over it and two or three little cows to cream it, a little barn, a little stable with a little horse to live in it, a little coop with some little banties and a little shed with some little hives and a great deal of honey in them, some little pigs with a great big mother and a wee dog to bark at them. What more, Aunt? Wouldn't it be delightful, especially if we all had a big house a little way off, and a little church on a little hill with a very little steeple to it could accommodate you with a seat under the sound of a good minister.

One is reminded of Herrick's little Pipkin.

The field season of the survey must soon after this have ended, and he writes to his sister from Harrisburg, February 20, 1841, as follows:—

Rogers goes down I fear to-morrow morning and I remain to read proof for the press. A week or more will see him here again and me at work once more upon the report, writing the last chap-

ter. I hope it will not be a long job. I wish [Father] could lay his hand on a thick pamphlet by Carlyle, called "Chartism." He will find the English rather unpleasant, but the thoughts original and the conclusions correct and interesting to us who think of nations as composed of the lower as well as the upper and middle classes of society. He shows clearly the impossibility that Chartism should not exist and the need and end of it; that it is the stepping-stone to rights.

Did I ever tell you that Rogers had a letter sent by a man to him as the State Geneologist? That was rather better than the bill I got from a blacksmith for mending my wagon, and made out to the debit of the Theological Survey of Pa. Heigh-ho, we are all pretty much alike, every one flounders when the water is a little too deep for him,—the baby in two-feet water, the giant in ten. I would make just as much a fool of myself to talk about astronomy, as the German or the English Metaphysician does when he dives into the sink hole of absolutes and relatives. True wisdom after all is to know and believe we live, must die, and may by the goodness of God through the tender mercy of Christ reach the enjoyment of an eternal expansion of all our faculties and passions in a close imitation of the harmonious attributes of our Heavenly Father. As a widely beautiful valley may be portrayed on a square foot of canvas, condensing its beauties but reflecting its truth; so will the image of the Good and Wise God be painted on the tiny stretch of our souls in faithfulness and beauty.

LUTHERSBURG, *July* 24. TO HIS FATHER.

Prof. Rogers has been very complaisant and kind throughout our correspondence. Every letter is filled with expressions of regard and satisfaction, while he leaves all arrangements, plans and executions in a great measure to me; thus I am neither hampered nor pushed nor blamed; and I have another cause for satisfaction,—the people everywhere treat me well, even kindly. I sometimes feel more grateful than I can express, that my lot has been made so pleasant. . . .

A woman yesterday, on my stopping for a glass of water, seeing the heat I was in, did everything in her power to make me comfortable, and after a long chat bade me good-bye, begging me to take care of myself and not fall sick in these woods. I could readily account for *her* good feeling. The poor woman had left her circle of friends in Portland, Maine, and accompanied her husband to a mill-seat on the South Branch of the Sandy.

They were very comfortable, well off for all things, but longed to resume old habits of intercourse with their fellows, and enjoy again the many pleasures and advantages of *life in a large town.* This woman was not alone in her feelings. I have met a number such who are struggling more with their own habits and recollections than they ever are called to with all the inconveniences of the forest life. One can easily get used to living on poor bread and salt meat, but never to living without friends and books, and the minor luxuries of the *mind.* I say never, because I refer to those who have left such in middle or advanced life.

I will soon be at home and my studies soon commence. I look forward with eagerness to the time. May my strength be equal to my day, and I be honored as an instrument of good. I do not deserve it.

HAZELTON AND WILKESBARRE STATE ROAD, *September* 3.
TO HIS STEPMOTHER.

[After a description of a long tramp in a wild wooded country he says:] I forgot to tell you that I met a bear just as I was getting onto the railroad, but he didn't give me a chance to ask where he lived,—for it was but a grunt and a run, and the next minute he was incog. among the bushes.

In a letter to his sister written from Pottsville October 7 he mentions "Lyell." This was Lyell's first visit to America, and whether my father met him at this time I do not know. Later in life they became well acquainted. He writes:—

DEAR SISTER,—I have been very sorely disappointed, for, while away beyond Pinegrove yesterday, Rogers and Lyell came hither and left again without so much as leaving a letter in the P.O. saying whither their course was directed. I accidentally heard that from Mauch Chunk they were going to Beaver Meadow, and though I rode nine miles this morning while the moon was shining, I would have set off at once and headed them there; but neither the letter from Philadelphia nor Harrisburg containing money has arrived, and so I have to wait till to-night's mail comes in. This will be too late, as they are scampering like the wind from place to place. Lyell is a perfect hurricane. . . .

I wish not to be delayed in Philadelphia any longer than is absolutely necessary, as I am already nearly two months behind

the class. I would be in a pretty fix if the Faculty should refuse me admission.

Evidently, no such unfortunate event occurred, for by October 19, 1841, he writes to his father from Princeton as follows in regard to the welfare and occupations of his brothers Henry and Allen:—

Coming up, I thought much of your connection with that farm. If I can aid you in any way, I cheerfully will. The only plan I could suggest (and it is a mere suggestion) is, that you should put Henry with me, and Allen there. Henry would not suffer much in his studies, for I could direct him in them through the winter. I would be able to study some, and complete what I have to do for [Rogers] through the winter. How such a plan would work, I leave you to decide. I am willing to do anything that will relieve you and benefit the whole. I can be very comfortable here, I find, this winter, but do not let that affect any disposal you may make of my time and strength in this matter.

His father in reply to this letter writes:—

This [referring to pecuniary matters] will afford me present relief so that there need be no interference with your studies at Princeton as you proposed. It would grieve me much to be the cause of hindering your qualifying yourself in the shortest period for the high employment you contemplate.

About this time or soon afterwards Peter Lesley, the father, bought a farm in Delaware, and several of the younger sons went there to study farming, and eventually took charge of this land.

I have quoted more from these early letters than their literary quality deserves, mostly to show the surroundings of my father's life and how he regarded them. A few of the letters I have given almost entire, because they seemed to me very typical of his traits of character throughout life.

His greatest happiness at all times was in the love of those nearest to him, and in the simple joys of home life. His mind was open to a great variety of interests; and these letters of his boyhood show this, as did his later ones. His

love of nature and art, his interest in science now just opening to him, abstract and philosophical discussions as to man and life, and his religious aspirations and beliefs, all held sway over him in these early days. His outlook widened, and his beliefs changed as one experience followed another. But the warm affections of his heart remained the same to the last day of his long life. He was singularly devoid of personal ambition, and was a hearty lover and admirer of his fellow-workers.

At this time he was scarcely more than a boy, just out of the university and home life, and looked at life and men as one so young would; but, while amused at the simplicity and ignorance of most of the people with whom he came in contact, he was never supercilious in his intercourse, and had a growing sympathy with their hardships and trials, joys and sorrows, as his own mind and heart became more mature. I think it may have been his intimate personal knowledge of these poor and ignorant German settlers in Pennsylvania during this summer of 1840 and that following, which turned his thoughts towards them in missionary wise, when his theological courses at Princeton and in Germany were finished. The ignorance and superstition of the Pennsylvania Germans whom he met from time to time seems to have affected him strongly with a desire to help them.

CHAPTER IV

PRINCETON. 1841–1844

WITH the autumn of 1841 begins my father's three years in the divinity school. It was the training for the ministry to which he had from boyhood looked forward, and from which ill-health had withheld him for several years. He entered upon it with the intensity of interest with which always he attacked any work which was before him. I have comparatively few letters of this period to draw from, and have only extracted such portions as seemed most indicative of his interests and development during these years.

Feb. 14, 1842. TO HIS FATHER.

I am well and doing well. Happy as I always am to visit home and spend a few days with you, I am equally happy and more contented by far to return to the studies which must at such a time be necessarily laid aside, and a daily routine, monotonous but good. Nothing agrees with me so well as to have my time well proportioned and its parts of duty strictly kept; and I am sure I am now forming habits of regularity which will be of the highest importance to me through life. So far from time hanging heavily upon my hands, I could welcome days of double length and look forward to the near approach of May with little pleasure.

March 28. TO HIS FATHER.

Moore has been called to Carlisle. Another of my friends here has accepted a temporary call to a very destitute place, the church at *Summit Mine*. He will also missionize through the Orwigsburg Valley. I am delighted to hear this, for I know by experience the wants of that Community.

April 11. TO HIS FATHER.

Mar Johannan, the Nestorian Bishop, came with missionary Perkins of Ovroomiah to hold a talk with us this morning. The Bishop read a little old Syriac—talked a little modern Syriac

and sat before us like a maple-wood statue with a cushion on its head and a cloth cloak around its body. Many questions were asked and answered—some not a little silly, *e.g.* what time the sun rose there, and whether there was much level ground there, etc., etc. We, however, obtained a great deal of such information as neither books nor sermons could afford us. . . . Dr. Miller has promised to introduce me to him this afternoon, that I may obtain some geological information from him. . . .

Sept. 7, 1842. TO HIS FATHER.

[After a fine description of volcanic action as shown in *trap dikes* of different kinds, and several sketches in illustration of the same, he writes:] When Lyell discovered the solution of this problem (which Whelpley laid before him to try his skill), he clapped his hands over his eyes, got up, and wouldn't hear another word on the subject, exclaiming "that's it *exactly*." He was delighted, and so must any one be at so beautiful an exhibition of the ever-varying combinations of the laws of God around us. This, dear Father, is my only apology for troubling you with it. What renders it so pleasing, I suppose to be the combination of unity and diversity, which D'Aubigny says is not only a law of nature, but of religion. If we were to see a bush bearing roses and tulips at once, I don't think it would raise emotions of *delight*, though it might of *wonder*. We love, however, to see roses on one tree, each different from the other, and yet all alike; each on its own stalk and surrounded by its leaves, and yet not two stalks or two leaves exactly the same, yet all alike. Unity and diversity seem to meet in everything which we call pleasant.

September 15. TO HIS STEPMOTHER.

I am quite at home; not pressed in time; and enjoying perfect health; my daily walk is very pleasant. The study of the Greek Testament has attracted me unusually. Dr. Hodge is like a good Refractor through which one may admire the rings of Saturn and the spots of the moon:—the Scripture surface spreads before his pupils' vision, and upon it appears, here a mountain of light and there a dark valley dimly lit by reflected light from neighboring hills, and sometimes caverns of impenetrable dark, the mysteries of God. I never knew there was half so much in the Bible before, or that it was half so plain when understood. The letters of Paul which I have always been disposed to think were a jumbled, ill-connected mass of expostulations,

maxims, revelations and histories, are, under his instruction, seen to be in the general clearly arranged and very natural in their order. . . .

We were much interested a few days ago, at one of our meetings, with the account which Mr. Badeau gave us of his views and feelings on going to Africa. He is just now waiting the determination of the Board of Missions. There is a missionary there all alone, Mr. Sawyer, Alward and Carpard (?) having died. It is so deadly that the Board won't send any one to the Station. Badeau has determined to go and prevent the Mission from being forsaken, which would be a pity now that the natives are so eager to have it established among them. While he was addressing us he stood in the place which Alward and (?) occupied within the last two years. The professors then each one said something, refusing to give advice, but at the same time exhibiting how each one's feelings were moved on the matter. It was a solemn thing to see one of the students as it were offering himself up to almost certain death. For my part, I think if we were to look at the interior of our own states we would find enough sacrifices to make, and fields to occupy. The pines of Jersey; the forests of Pennsylvania; the prairies of the West; the negro villages of the South, cry unceasingly. However, when the spirit calls one and another to go to the ends of the earth, there is no conferring with flesh and blood to be done, but to rise up, leave all and follow the voice.

I intend to give you a sketch of Wallenstein, from Schiller, but if I don't put the letter in to-day (I have been already three days writing it) you will stand a poor chance of receiving it this week. . . .

My father's words as to foreign missions are illustrative of his thought and action throughout life. He always had the deepest interest in and admiration for the work of other men in paths completely different from his own; and especially did he enjoy reading of distant explorations and work among alien peoples. But for himself the work nearest at hand, and most surely his own to do, always commanded his constant allegiance; and he worked at it, whatever it might be, with an intensity and enthusiasm which was at times exhausting. Often for hours he would sit at his desk, bent over his sheet, his pen flying over the pages without pause, until, his idea clearly expressed or his appointed task

completed, he would suddenly straighten himself, with a long-drawn sigh of relief or satisfaction, rise, stretch himself to his full height, and then, with a laugh or a pleased exclamation, take to pacing the room with his hands behind his back; and, if any of his family or any near friend were by, he would begin to talk with a delightful jubilancy,—perhaps of his work or something suggested by it, perhaps of subjects the most at variance to the former trend of his thought, but always with animation and delight.

November 26. TO HIS FATHER.

I find I must be satisfied with my situation here, and I believe my continued good health is mainly due to the walks I have to take daily. I have plenty to do of course, a great deal of writing, but no very hard study, that I can call so at least. . . . "Boz" deserves most of what he gets; and yet we ought to acknowledge that most of what he and others like him say and have said about our manners and customs, is true and proved to be true by their otherwise unaccountable uniformity of descriptive testimony. . . .

Jan. 24, 1843. TO HIS FATHER.

I mailed you last Saturday the first number of D'Aubigny; the other four completing the work, you shall have as soon as I receive them. I am beginning to learn that there is such a thing as being in too much haste to buy. My D'Aubig. cost me *only* $6.75. It is in French—which is good enough for a bibliomaniac, but bad enough for a poor student; but it's foolish to cry for spilt cream.

Feb. 17, 1843. TO HIS STEPMOTHER.

If I were ever witty, I ought to be so now, for I have just finished Pascal's provincial letters with which you are too well acquainted to need a description. Are they not racy and pure, —so gentle, manly and yet their point and the boldness with which he develops the damnable heresies and polluted philosophy and morality of the Jesuits must have driven them to madness. Indeed they did accuse him and Arnault and the Port Royalists of arrant Calvinism while all Europe was laughing them and their doctors, and their efforts to hide their shame, to scorn. What is that within us all which so loves to glory over detected vileness? Surely it alone must prove there

lives above a holy God whose mirror, man, so scratched and blurred as it is, will still reflect his love of *Truth*. In connection with this I have read also the famous *Secreta Monita*, secret laws of the Jesuits and have been shocked beyond expression at the coolness with which all lengths of villany are run, all measures justified, and all that is holy and true scoffed at and thrust aside. I am told that already within but thirty years of the societies' re-establishment (owing to the fright Napoleon gave the Pope) the societies are as strong, as wealthy, and as active as they were at the moment when their suppression was demanded by the prayers and tears of the whole world, and obtained at the expense of the good and noble Ganganelli's life. To one who knows how this fearful engine worked from 1540 to the end of the 18th century, its present activity is of all others the most alarming sign of the times. However, I can't pretend to talk about this, for a hundred topics only watch an opening to rush in and claim their share of regard, High Churchism among the foremost. By the way, mother, I had the honor last night of quaffing Imperial with Bish. Hobart's daughter, wife of the Episcopal clergyman here, Mr. Hare—and with Mrs. Willet up Vine St. So you see if Pascal ought to make me witty, Hobart should give me dignity. But far away such! My moonlight walk afterwards was the thing. My pen should flow with tropes and rhymes, and revel in oceans of Castalias and on whole Andes of Parnassuses. Oh, you can't imagine how beautiful it was, and I'm sure I can't begin to describe it. It was the most charming scamper, all alone, over the ice fields, which anybody without wings could ever have had. The ice cracked at every step and long cracks would run clear across the fields to the opposite fences, making noises like pistol firing. The air was delightfully still and the moon had just risen, and shone aslant the hill through every little spire of ice, (for all the longer grass-blades came up through the crust, all with icy jackcoats on), and through the icy branches of the trees, which glanced the light most beautifully. What with an obstinate little fight with bronchitis and toothache, I had been rather down in the mouth for a day or two, but I made up for it last night. The way I scampered like a hunted—or hunting ghost down the slopes and round the deserted tan-house and through the orchard and by the quarry, was a caution to citizens and seminarians.

I nicknamed all my old friends in the Zodiac and round the Pole, and made fun of my guide, the tip end star in the tail of the Great Bear (which was standing straight up for my own

private amusement), and set the dogs barking for three miles round till the distant echo of the farthest cur came lingering over the fields from Kingston, while the great round red moon lay her head on one side and laughed to see a great-coated, thick-booted son of the clods so merry at nothing, as far as she could see. It was a regular frolic, mother, I assure you, and all the better for being alone. For you know one must keep up one's dignity in company, and people are very angry with us if we play the fool, or think that they play the fool any time but when no one else is by. But after all it won't do to dissipate. It's bad policy to get drunk on either whiskey, poetry or moonlight, so I had a numbing headache when I got home, and as I might have known, missed a figure in the morning, and slept so late that there was but half an hour left to do my regular two hours *ante* breakfast studying in. But here am I at the end of my sheet and have told you nothing after all.

March 2. TO HIS AUNTS.

There is no use in my sitting and hooking up ideas out of the ink-pot any longer, for I have vanity enough to suppose that anything *I* say will come not amiss. There's the precious fruits of your partiality and praises in bygone times. Ah, it's a sad thing to let one know you love him! Never do it! Never; for he's sure to put on airs. But I have another reason for setting my pen agoing at once,—when one *begins*, the worst of any work is over as to difficulty, and words when once let loose, especially to those we love, rush, like the letting out of water widening the breach, and with ever-increasing tumult and force. I do wonder where all our thoughts lie packed away; or whether they are all "made to order." If they are, the manufactory is of the completest kind that ever was. However, that is no wonder when we remember who put it up. We are indeed fearfully and wonderfully made, and a part of a universe fearfully and wonderfully made. But I want to talk just now a little about our ewe lamb that we can't keep in the pasture. What do you think of her leaving us?* But what a rate my pen is running this morning! it must be because it took such a good start. I had my fire going at half-past four. *There's* industry! there's soberness!

* Elizabeth Lesley was married soon after this to Mr. Elias Stilwell, and went into the Mohawk Valley to live for a number of years, returning later to Philadelphia with her husband and four children, where she lived for the remainder of her long life.

there's energy for you! and now I have three long recitations before me to-day, and my brain by supper time will be in a state of conglomerated aberration quite pitiable and alarming. It always is on Friday.

March 13. TO HIS FATHER.

I thank you for your letter, and the pens enclosed,—they will answer for some time,—and still more for your prayers: none ever needed them more. As my services will always be of little account, so their springs within have oftentimes but little strength:—and yet "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." To be a Zwingli or a Luther I hope you never expect me, for you will surely be disappointed.* To be an honored and admired preacher, after whom people will run and say, "Let us go to-day: *he* preaches"—you must not expect me, I have tried prayerfully to know my own powers and they are small. My mind is naturally of no great strength, and often filled with many absurd crotchets and quite unfit to be the tenement of robust, lordly thoughts, and therefore I never can hope to be a Luther, or Zwingli, an Edwards or a Whitefield; but thanks be to God his meanest creature may carry wood and draw water for his temple,—may love him and employ his little talents to their full extent in his service,—may say a word in his name or suffer to the death for his Son. That I may do this, in his strength, dear Father, still continue to pray; and so look forward to my appearance in the public ministry as not to be disappointed at finding me come "in weakness and in fear and in much trembling with my speech and my preaching, not with the enticing words of man's wisdom." God grant it may be yet "in the demonstration of the spirit and of power." It gives me unbounded satisfaction, dear Father, that I have your love and approbation in the life I now lead and that which is before me. Had you opposed my wish to study and preach, it would have been an endless fountain of bitter waters to me. But it is only one of the innumerable kindnesses for which I am debtor to the love of God;—one of the Chief nevertheless. . . .

Have you seen the comet? Of course you have. Isn't it a great thing? How quietly, solemn and majestic it hangs like a drawn sword in the hand of Uriel, the Angel of the Sun. It

* His father had written in a letter of March 7 these words: "To be a Zwingli or a Luther is in my opinion to be more highly honored than if you were to be possessed of all the honors which man could possibly heap on you."

makes one feel something of the *reality* of the Universe. We are apt to think the Solar System, etc., as pretty stories—true—oh, of course true—but very surprising nevertheless when anything new proves them true. Some have taken it for the Zodiacal light, but they forget that that points along the Zodiac; *this*, if you will observe, lies with its head (which by the by nobody that I can hear of has yet got a glimpse of) in the Zodiac and pointing 20° South, right at Sirius. Beautiful! A great finger by which one great sun points at another great sun, its nearest neighbor. On Saturday we had a fair view of it. Prof. S. Alexander says it will be in sight two months. When the moon goes down east, how brightly it will blaze in the Zenith! He thinks it is a comet which recurs every 106 years. . . .

In the summer of 1843 my father visited his sister, newly married, in Fort Plain, N.Y. His impression of New York at that period I copy from a letter of August 24 to his father:

At New York I spent Saturday and Sunday nights, and saw everything. I will never again, until the remembrance of what I saw has faded, run a tilt for Phil'a. One may as well attempt to compare London with Liverpool, or the Blue Mountain with Barren Hill, as New York with Phil'a. The magnificence of its buildings, public and private—the throng of its streets—the beauty of the fountains—the multitude of its ships—give it as just a claim as any city ever had to the name Metropolis. Its churches are superb. The Trinity still unfinished in its tower (which is to be 275 feet high with a stone spire 100 feet more) satisfied me that I at last had an *accurate* idea of the smaller Cathedrals of Europe. Its elaborate ornament cannot be described in any way but by painting. The effect upon my mind was one of wonder and a sense of beauty—but not of sublimity.

The college with us [Girard College] is as far superior to any building I have yet seen in New York as one building can be to another; but all our others wane in the light of them. Wall Street is a fair levee of Architectures. The façade of the Exchange is superb, and the Custom House has the face of our U.S. Bank, with a nobler flank—yet it wants somehow the quiet repose of our house, due perhaps to its size and proximity to the curb. But how shall I express my delight and wonder at the exquisite grace of the florid gothic University Chapel—or young Bedell's new gothic church above Washington Square,

or that gem, excelling everything else—the French Romish Church in Canal Street, with its nave running into a noble dome, frescoed and painted gloriously! I was in raptures with it. I never was in a house which gave me such feelings of entire satisfaction. A priest in white was teaching fifty boys the French Catechism while listeners were scattered here and there in the pews.

This is but the prelude to a lifelong delight in travel, and especially of joy in architectural beauty. Peter Lesley, the father, had trained his boys from childhood to notice and understand architectural forms; and my father fully proved the value of such instruction. As long as he lived, his eyes were keen to see beauty of form and color wherever it could be found. The lintel of a door, the gable end of some building, the curve of a bridge arch, the capital of a pillar,—everything worthy of notice delighted him. And he much preferred to admire than to criticise, or to compare unfavorably, although he could do both when truth demanded it of him. A very favorite quotation with him was Dogberry's "comparisons are odorous."

In a letter written November 8 from Princeton to his father is an intimation that his thoughts have turned toward a trip to Europe.

McKinley writes me that Rogers goes to Boston in a few days, and at his return will go up to Harrisburg to give bonds and draw the funds—probably about New Year. I feel thankful that Providence has thus provided me means for the future, especially as it gives me for the first time solid expectations of travelling in Europe; and not less because it will free me from distressing anticipations of being burdensome to my dear Father.

The survey payments to assistants, coming from State funds, were always uncertain as to time; and many were the periods of anxiety, and many the practical straits to which the youthful surveyors and geologists were put while waiting for their hard-earned wage. My father seems to have partly, perhaps chiefly, paid for his theological course out of his three summers of work on the State Survey, and the trip

to Europe was also accomplished by the same means. My grandfather seemed always ready to help with money whenever he suspected the least need for it; but he had a large family of younger children, and it was but natural that Peter, the oldest son, should dislike to be a burden to his already overworked, and most generous of fathers.

In this same letter he speaks of "communing" with the different sects in Princeton,—Episcopalian, Methodist, Congregational, and Dutch Reform,—adding, "And would like to complete the circle of Christian evangelical liberty with our good brethren the Baptists, but fear there is no hope of that unless I go under the wave and put on the coat of thorns." The Puseyites he seriously objects to, but has the highest admiration for Dr. Hare, the Episcopal clergyman.

PRINCETON, *Dec.* 1, 1843. TO HIS STEPMOTHER.

Messrs. Baird and Santell have been with us this morning and enlightened us, as they all do, on the subject of European affairs. To tell you all Mr. Baird told us exceeds my powers both of memory and patience; but a few things it will be pleasant for you to hear. Last evening he gave us sketches of the character of the Duchess of Orleans and Count Gasparin. The former you know was queen heir apparent, and now by the death of her husband is mother of the young heir apparent. She is a pious Protestant and still is allowed to keep the management of the education of her two boys. The latter is a young man of the most brilliant talents and eloquence, and the most ardent piety. Last winter he first took his seat in the Chamber of Deputies, *the only pious man among five hundred*, and spoke repeatedly for the cause of Christ and Liberty with the greatest boldness. You know that Napoleon's revolution of 1802–03 established Protestantism on equal footing with Romanism and Judaism. The Papists never forgave Bonaparte, but were awed by his despotism and popularity.

During the reign of the two brother Bourbons, Louis XVIII. and Charles X., they obtained most of their lost power, *and to crush the newly regained* power of the Papists was the chief object of the Revolution of 1830 under Lafayette, Lafitte, and other infidels and some few Protestants. They succeeded after a three days' battle. Lafayette on his way to the Chamber on the morning of the Choice of a Constitution, stopped and spent an hour

with our Reeves of Va. to ask his advice. Reeves advised him to put up a Constitutional King. Lafayette was for a Republic though he was pretty well convinced that the French nation was not fit for one, "for," said he, "if we set up a King, what will our friends in America say?" (He always considered himself one-half an American, and considered this country the first one on earth.) Reeves told him all the good and wise knew the state of the case and would praise him. Lafayette went, and though they were all ready to make him president of a republic, perhaps for life, in one hour's time Louis Philippe was King of France.

No one has any idea of the immense genius, profound practical knowledge of men and letters, and energy of character which Louis had before he was raised to a throne. He was considered also a friend to constitutional liberty. But in two weeks' time Lafayette had reason to suspect him and in twelve months left him altogether. In 1835 Lafayette said publicly that had he known the King would have so blasted the hopes of the friends of Liberty, he would have died before making him King. The first year, 1831, he [Louis Philippe] tried to get Paris fortified for his own security, as he distrusted the affection of the Protestants, yet they were the very ones who held him on the throne and the Papists were his worst enemies. The Archbishop of Paris wouldn't go near him. When in 1840 France was all in a blaze of indignation at England's interference in the Levant, an army of 500,000 men was raised and 80,000 horses imported and Louis Philippe cunningly took advantage of it to fortify Paris and Lyons, the two cities hardest to govern. Fourteen forts are nearly completed around the latter and Paris will have 2000 cannon on its walls in two years. The anger of the Protestants and Liberals at being deceived excited them to secret societies, to attempts on the King's life, and a total rupture with him. Louis turned round and wooed the Papists. A young talented friend of his from the lower clergy was (according to Nap's celebrated concordat with the Pope) made Archbishop of Paris, and now 1000 or 1500 Jesuits (who are forbidden the soil by law) are in France without disguise. The late dreadful blows in private and public have had some effect upon the King's mind and much upon the Queen's, and been taken advantage of by the priests (who point to them as judgments of heaven) to instigate L. P. to decided measures for Rome. A law forbidding more than twenty to meet without permission of a magistrate, passed with an express limitation (unhappily *unengrossed*) to political meet-

ings, is brought to bear on Protestant missionary labor, and Guizot doesn't hesitate to say in the chamber, that the Government thinks it due to past times and present affairs, that France should become defender of the faith and do for Papist missionary stations abroad what England does for Protestant.

When the cannons are on the walls, L. Ph. may cast by the constitution, annul the Protestant establishment Charter, and persecute the Protestants, who look for the worst. Then a revolution returns as a matter of course. So stands the case now in France.

Washington Irving and other men now in France think that the result of the revolution in Spain will be a kind of confederated republic, as no monarch can be got to suit all parts of Spain. Europe presents a most remarkable spectacle. Twenty-five years of peace have not removed the scars of twenty-five previous years of war, and *therefore* 1,500,000 men trained in war and ready for war, are living without war, and without a prospect of it for long time to come. To show how anxiously their fear (?) is upheld Mr. B. told us an anecdote: when in Paris three years ago, a friend (envoy of some German State) called on him and said he had just been with the prime minister (Thiers) whom he found greatly agitated with the news of a quarrel between England and Naples about the sulphur trade. Expressing his astonishment, Thiers replied, "Don't you see, if England sends a fleet upon Naples, there will be an insurrection all through the kingdom at once—which will spread throughout Italy (for Italy is like a sleeping volcano) and then Austria will march an army to precipitate it. Italy, and of course France, will march one to meet hers, and all Europe will be at once embroiled." . . . Much more Mr. B. told us which I would like to rehearse to you, but cannot. I know with what interest Father receives any hint, however slight, which goes to throw light on the affairs of Europe.

When I go over next fall, I hope to be able to transmit you more extensive though not half so correct a budget as that which Mr. B. has given us.

Later in this letter he mentions *Trumbull*, whom I suppose to have been the David Trumbull, a fellow-student in the seminary, who was throughout life a very dear friend, although they only met at intervals of many years. David, after leaving the seminary, married and settled in Valpa-

raiso, where he spent the remainder of a long life in missionary labors in that distant field.

Jan. 9, 1844. To his Stepmother.

I have just given threepence for a gold pen, so you may calculate the amount of gold upon it. I intend to dedicate it to you in a grave epistle upon Grahamites, Campbellites, and Father's misdemeanors, throwing in a conundrum for the boys, for good measure.... I am as busy as a bee, but find time for eating and sleeping as usual, both which I execute in a masterful manner. Poor fellows; had the students at Lane eschewed Graham and obeyed nature, which, by filling the North with game and the South with fruit, prompts and enables us in temperate climes to partake reasonably of both, we would not have had such sad news brought us. I suppose you have heard through the papers that seven or eight students of Lane Seminary have died of Typhus Fever. Only one of those attacked escaped, and he was known to have occasionally eaten a little meat. Fevers of typhoid character are usual in institutions of learning, I am told. Indeed most of the deaths are by them. The constitution runs down, and poverty or a mistaken economy, or even a perverted sense of duty, induces low living, and the students become victims to the first severe fever which attacks them.

You have perhaps heard also of the important discussion at Lexington, Kent'y, between Mr. Rice and Alex Campbell, the old and celebrated father of the Campbellites. The discussion has excited the greatest interest, and done, no doubt of it, much good. It lasted sixteen days. Six questions were alternately affirmed and denied by the combatants, who spoke four hours each day, and three hours on four nights.

The large church was crowded most of the time although the weather was bad. Campbell was confident of victory, and preached his arguments from elaborately written papers. The subjects were Baptism, and the work of the Holy Spirit.... [A description of Campbell's teaching and his defeat in this argumentative battle with Mr. Rice follows.]

But I must leave a little room for Father's annihilation. It is in vain for him to expect to do anything quietly. *He was seen to take notes in a certain church in 7th St.!* Doctor Hare was told that Mr. Lesley was among his audience and *took notes. Horribile dictu!*—Dr. Hare didn't exactly make use of that expression, but he laughed, and said it was an unfortunate Ser-

mon, but consoled himself that there was nothing in it which offended charity. . . . But I would humbly advise that Father give Mr. Hare notice forehand next time, or else when sermon begins *hold up his lead-pencil*. . . .

My pen doesn't work well, but I must give the boys the conundrum. I won't vouch for the poetry as it comes second-hand and by memory.

"When to this world I first appeared,
My clothing it was red:
And what may seem more stranger still,
I was born without a head.

My parents were by nature hard,
For pity they had none.
They left me without hand to feed,
And without feet to run.

In thickness I am but a straw,
And not a finger's length.
Yet I defy the stoutest man
To equal me in strength.

Before I changed my robes of red,
And put on one of black,
You could not by yourself alone
Have raised me from my back.

But since unto my slender frame
United is my head,
My weight does not come up by far
Unto an ounce of lead."

Very decent backwoods poetry, isn't it, Father, as you're the family judge. Now, boys, do your "Yallerest" as the hunters told me when I tried their rifles . . .

I am awaiting a letter from Rogers to determine me when to see you again. Only four months remain of the Term. Had anybody told me ten years ago when I commenced study, that I should be only so far up the hill, I would have "squatted" at its foot in despair. But Luther didn't know when he scolded Tetzel that the end would be to blaspheme the Pope.

February 5. To his Father.

But the chief matter of interest among us now is the revival of religion which has been sent among us. The Lord of hearts is moving many, and I hope a great many. . . .

February 7. To his Aunt Anna Wilson.

A revival has commenced and is going on in Princeton, and I watch it with the more interest because I never before was where I could see the movements of such a time both external and internal. . . . It began with the unexpected conversion of a storekeeper by means of Dr. Hodge's "Way of Life," left open on the mantel-piece at his house. . . . It is not only a happy time, but a solemn one; in fact it seems to me as if people almost feared to talk aloud about it, and had a kind of dread on them; as if some great thing had happened or was about to happen. And it is a great thing indeed. . . . But it can't be that our Saviour only does good to his church by starts; surely his eye is on us always, and on you and me and all his children, each one by himself.

During the spring he was in great uncertainty as to his summer plans. Professor Rogers wrote urging him to again join the Geological Survey Corps, and he seems at one time to have very nearly decided to do so. But evidently his desire for foreign travel and for theological studies in Germany prevailed, and he writes from New York on May 17, 1844, the following letter to his father just before setting sail for Europe:—

I write from George's table [a cousin George Ball perhaps] with the children around. I received your two packets of letters—one to Edinburgh and two to London and Paris; for which I thank you; also the $10 enclosed. . . . Dr. Baird gave me this afternoon twenty-one letters to persons in various directions, among others to Monod, D'Aubigny, Tholuck, and Neander. He says some to Italy shall be ready for me to-morrow. I am thankful I hope to all such good friends for sending me off under so favorable auspices, and most of all to you, dear Father, for training me up in the way I should go, causing me to make such friends, and making and assuring others by your own character. . . .

This is a good boat with a clean Captain (so G. says), and has but three passengers in the 2nd cabin, and thirty-three in all.

I expect to sail to-morrow noon—if it don't rain. Went to-day to see Col. Voorhees. Found his works—the great Atlantic Docks progressing rapidly, and the foundations of several stores 22 by 20 (walls three feet thick) laid. The piers are 150 feet wide and the stores in the middle, leaving a street on each front. I am told that the Great Britain Steamer stands on the stocks, because forsooth the opening of the docks is too small for her egress! Robinson Crusoe must be her owner's favorite author, one would suppose. Two plans remain—one to carry her *over* the dock piers—the other to widen the opening at the risk of flooding the cellars of all the warehouses round the dock.... New York is already and will in a few years be pre-eminently the Gothic City. I know nothing which will afford you a richer treat than going round its circle of fine churches, comparing them with each other and with the unsightly results of the false architectural taste of the last and beginning of the present century, as exhibited in our public buildings—in England and America. But although the variety, richness and beauty of their Gothic Structures is very great, none that I have yet seen equals that which I met within Brooklyn this afternoon (Dr. Stone's). Its architecture is perfect. I did not detect a flaw in it. It is absolutely a perfect and a very beautiful specimen of that style.—But—I am not yet a traveller, and must not begin the long yarns which are fated to put your patience to so severe a test. Everybody talks of the riots—nobody understands them. Here, their military organization is perfect. The Colonel of the Regiment of National Guards is sheriff. Their Mayor is a good-natured, decided, courageous man. When they had their violent meetings some time ago—nobody said nay to them, but it always happened that the volunteers were parading on those days, until at their last meeting one furious speaker complained publicly and bitterly that the gleam of muskets was always within view of their meetings. The consequence was there was no trouble and can be none. At seven taps of the city bell the troops of the whole city are under arms and marching to Rendezvous.

Sat. morning, Wind E., received still another package from Prof. Henry—passage paid, and all ready....

Very affectionately, dear Father,

Yours, PETER.

CHAPTER V

First Trip to Europe

In 1844 a trip to Europe was no such slight matter as it is in these days, when ocean steamers by the dozen cross and recross the water daily. To a young man of my father's ardent and imaginative type it was a great event; and his previous life had well fitted him to enjoy its pleasures and advantages to the full. He returned to his native country at the end of a year with his mind filled with beautiful images and his intellectual views of life widened by contact with foreign peoples and intercourse with several of the finest philosophical minds of the time. I believe that his intention in going abroad was not only to profit by foreign travel in general, but more especially to fit himself by a thorough study of German for preaching to the poor and ignorant "Pennsylvania Dutch" of the regions through which his geological work in the previous summers had led him.

To this end he had wished to travel to Europe in the steerage of a sailing ship, but his careful father, more practically wise and free from this particular enthusiasm, persuaded him to be content with the second cabin. The ship was laden with cotton and turpentine, and the second cabin was a space some fourteen or fifteen feet square, taken out from among the cotton bales (which thus formed its side walls), and lined with wooden bunks. This cabin was reached by a hatchway, and must have been entirely without other light than that from above. If the second cabin was like this, it is hard to imagine the steerage accommodations. In this little space were gathered a small but miscellaneous company. My father used to tell us that his nearest companions were a good-natured old Irishwoman in the bunk below his, and a lame boy in that next his feet. This cabin he found on trial to be a quite sufficient experience of humble life to satisfy his democratic convictions;

and he returned a year later as "first-class" as possible, but with unimpaired determination for his chosen career in the service of the poor and ignorant.

He brought back with him seven closely written manuscript volumes, giving a minute and careful account of his daily journeyings and experiences; and, as much of this travelling was done on foot and off the beaten track, and as he interspersed among his written accounts delightful sketches of scenery and architecture and of geological and topographical views, these volumes form an unusually interesting record of a year's travel before railroads and steamboats had done away with tranquil and unhurried sight-seeing.

I shall try to extract from these volumes only such portions as seem unhackneyed, and also such as show his own particular penchants or traits of character.

The first part of his foreign stay was spent in England and France, whence he passed through Switzerland into Germany. There in the autumn he established himself for a few months at Halle, to study German and to listen to the lectures of some of the great German Protestant theologians. It is to be remembered that at this period of his life my father was a theologian in fact and in intention, and had no thought but to follow his chosen profession through life. In his travelling on foot through France, he takes much note of the French Protestant faith, and, whenever he can attend the services of its pastors, he does so. No doubt, unconsciously to himself, the daily contact with Catholicism was modifying his Protestant Orthodoxy, but many words here and there written in his journal bespeak the ardent Protestant abhorring the things of Rome and deploring her supremacy.

Running parallel with this theological interest is his already keen intelligence concerning scientific (especially geological) facts, and his ever-present delight in architecture. We find sketched there a bit of moulding or the capital of a pillar, and there an outcrop or profile of some hillside; here the span of a stone bridge, and there an item of topography; and the next page may be half-covered with out-

landish peasant caps and hats, or some queer cart or wagon; here a "Druid barrow," and there a bit of ruin overhanging a fertile river valley. I would that it were possible to reproduce these sketches as they stand, and much more of the text than will be now appropriate.

My father seems to have sent parts of this journal to the *Presbyterian*, published in New York and Philadelphia, for I find thirteen articles written to that paper pasted into the back of the said journal.

I have thought best to skip the descriptions of the long voyage, and of his few weeks in England, and begin with the most noteworthy parts of his stay on the Continent.

The month which he spent in Paris was of great interest to him. Paris was at that time, as he used to tell us, one of the quaintest cities in Europe, full of narrow and crooked streets and old buildings. What he most enjoyed was to walk through parts of the town least frequented by fashion and the ordinary line of travellers, where he could observe the native population, their occupations and methods of living. He loved to cross the bridges at morn and eve with the crowd of *ouvriers* coming to and returning from their work; to sit on the quays and watch the life on the river; to haunt the second-hand book-stalls and the markets; to watch the children at play in the parks; to wander again and again through the churches, seeing each time more beauty in the whole, and new loveliness in the details; to listen to lectures in the various courses on science and art, for which Paris is famous,—in short, to go everywhere where the people congregated, observing, meditating, dreaming, philosophizing, and also sympathizing with the joys and sorrows of the workers everywhere. He had his youthful prejudices, and at this time saw dangers and wickedness in things which in later life seemed to him innocent enough, and sometimes even admirable.

I think this month in Paris gave him a love for the place which returned again in later life with renewed force, when he spent other months there with his daughters.

He also made use of this period to study French actively, and by the time he started out on his travels through

the country he was able to speak and understand sufficiently well, though he never was able to express himself in French with the fluency which he acquired in German.

Foreign Journal

Wednesday, July 10, 1844.—In Paris everybody does what he likes. It is a place of the most perfect sansculottian liberty. The laborer goes along in the morning, loaf in hand, munching his breakfast to save his time. The gentleman fills his hands with cherries or gooseberries and sits on a post beside the canal to eat them while he rests. You enter a church and tho' mass be saying, you see strangers or citizens walking about with perfect nonchalance, gazing at the vaults or examining the pictures. You go into the Palais Royal or the gardens and see parties taking tea in the midst and under the surveillance of a crowd, without heeding it a bit. You enter a restaurant or café, and it is filled with ladies dining in public and calling for what they want upon the garçons in waiting. Young ladies without bonnets will guide you along a square if you are in search of a boarding-house under their direction.

Seeing all this in daily operation, one soon learns to do likewise, nor wonders any more at the ease with which a people move and act and speak in foreign lands who live so completely in public when at home. . . .

. . . I mentioned Breguet's name. I called on him on Tuesday. He showed me some beautiful little machines, and invited me to dine with him on Friday,—the only such invitation I have had from any one in Europe. I breakfasted with Professor Graham. We had much difficulty in conversing, as he spoke worse English than I do French, which is venturing to say a great deal.

The three machines which I saw were these. First his metallic spiral thermometer, which dotted down every hour on a silver plate the exact temperature at the moment (and another experimental one in which he has tried to combine with this a thermopile to dot down the simultaneous temperature of the aërial vapors —*i.e.* to get the dew point). Another was one for determining the question whether light was emanation or an oscillation. . . . The other machine interested me very much because of its striking resemblance to one described by Professor Henry to the Centennial of the Phil. Soc. at Philadelphia last spring. It is to mark

the velocity of a projectile (sent through successive screens) at the various points on its course. [These machines are described at much length, and with many sketches and diagrams.]

. . . It seems to be an object of government to make all the French, soldiers. Hence the multitudes of public military evolutions. I found ten or fifteen squads of soldiers, embracing from three to thirty men each, going through a course of drilling and *sacré*ing, under as many officers. The drill seemed to be pretty severe and the performance (altho' it called for tremendous vociferation and spring freshets of French) admirable. Yet I had an opportunity of seeing some on a march yesterday. I met them outside the fortifications. They were in double file winding along the road running along the outside of the lines. And they went very free and easy in a hop, skip and jump sort of way, as different as could be from the stiff formal tread of our volunteer troops. I liked it. It looked like a piece of that part of the French character which I admire so much—their *naturalness*. . . .

Sabbath, July 14, 1844.—The best I have spent since leaving America. In the morning I walked along the Rue St. Honoré to the Wesleyan Chapel. It was not open yet and I stepped into the Madeleine where a splendid service had collected an immense crowd. Each paid something to men at the railing before going into that part of the church where they were seated. . . . A splendid female voice rose and fell in luxurious modulations amid the roar of a great choir and a powerful organ.

From all this I turned away and entered the little room, in a hurry, near by, where fifty or sixty people soon collected to worship God "in spirit and in truth." It is by such contrasts one comes to realize the state of things in Papist lands. When I go into a great church, I see at a glance that all the *wealth* of the nation is devoted to the Papal idolatry; when I wait there and see a never-ceasing stream of comers and goers, the rich and the poor, at all hours of the day and in all weather, and watch them bow and cross themselves, even men in whose countenances of open manliness, intelligence shines too clearly to be mistaken—I wonder indeed at the strange perversion of the intellect,—but I must also confess that the nation's *heart* is devoted to the Papal idolatry. The Lord further the good reformation which they say is in progress in France!

I heard Mr. Touse (?) preach in English. The service of the Wesleyans is that of the Church of England, but I find here

they sing a verse or a hymn before the opening exhortation "Dearly beloved brethren," etc. . . .

The sermon was excellent, full of strength and warm with piety. He too, like the preacher of the last Sabbath, dwelt much on the general love of the brethren without distinction of sect. Ah, soldiers of different regiments, in the same army, do not care much to learn each other's number when they are fighting together side by side in the heart of the enemy's camp. At the close a collection was taken up for the ministry of the Society in France and among the Alps (in other words, as I guessed the matter, for colporteurs, etc.). . . .

. . . As I was too early and knew not where to go, I kept on to the Arc d'Étoile and sat on one of its plinths. I thought of its object and its hero, its architect and its admirers. I could almost fancy myself in bloody Rome, going forth like a she-wolf at evening and returning to store up the bones of her gnawed victims in her den. How many half unintelligible thoughts follow one another at such times and places—mostly painful. I cannot take enthusiastic pleasure in these "monuments.". . .

. . . Here is this great structure: art is lavished upon it to make it beautiful; but it is made hideous by having engraved upon every stone within and without the name of some hero who has killed his thousands, or some place where thousands were killed. Its numerous statues are all of war; its reliefs all speak of war; war made the man who raised it great, and every stroke of the hammers lifted upon its countless stones was only the commemorating and recording echo of some groan from the countless victims of his enormous crimes. Crimes too in which the nation partakes, because to their glory they have raised this arch, and when they pass under it they read with exultation and delight the recital it yields of their magnitude and atrocity.

Monday, July 15, 1844.— . . . It is bad enough walking along the streets of Paris on any day, but when it rains it is an abominable job. The *pavés* are so narrow that one soon learns the practical meaning of the old phrase "to give the wall"; in almost every instance it is to take the street. . . . In fact the whole street arrangement of every part of Paris, except in the newer parts, to the West and North, is one for riders and not for walkers. It scarcely consults the convenience of the latter class in the least, and leaves them to protect their own persons as they may. If they are hurt, there are houses with signs over the door in many quarters of the city, where *Secours pour les Blessés* can be had,

at the public expense I believe. They are connected in some way with the guard-houses of the *Gendarmerie.*

The explanation of this state of things is at hand in the past history of France and indeed of all Europe. Those who rode were lords in silken hose; those who walked were slaves in wooden shoes or hobnail boots. In a village we passed through on the road from Amiens, I saw a woman climb into a window to escape being crushed by the side of the diligence, and here in Paris I have been alarmed more than once at my peril in turning corners where the narrow *trottoir* ceased and gave place to a large stone set upright against the corner to keep off the broad cart-wheels from coming in contact with its brick edge. . . .

Wednesday, July 17, 1844.—Yesterday morning after my old gentleman [his French teacher] had made his bow, I went through the rain to attend the lecture on Chimie at the Jardin des Plantes. It rained steadily. There were scarce a dozen there, seated at the bottom of the great amphitheatre lecture-room. M. C. lectured.

. . . 12 ocl. approached, we made for that noble *dernier ressort*, the Musée Royal. When I went into its immense suite of rooms, hung with a vista of splendid pictures, and looked and walked for hours, I conceived that I knew somewhat of the greatness and glories of the Louvre. Afterwards I met a friend who asked me if I had seen the statuary. I told him no, and went again, and saw a second suite of rooms as vast and splendid as the first, and then I thought I had exhausted the Louvre. . . .

. . . No! not yet. The corner room was filled like the rest with paintings and designs of the masters, and in its centre stood an enormous globe with massive brass mountings; but turning once more to the left we saw yet another vista—more rooms filled all like the rest with inexhaustible—inestimable treasures. . . .

. . . Such is Paris to the stranger: a Louvre inexhaustible; where new objects are ever unexpectedly arising to excite his wonder or gratify his taste. Such is the Musée Royal—a place the like of which I could not have believed the world contained. The British Museum is wonderful, but this is more wonderful. . . .

July 18.—Boon came at eleven o'clock, and we sallied out, —visited the museum of Dupuytren, and that of the École de Médecine, both filled with anatomical preparations, instruments and imitations of diseased parts of the frame. I never would

have believed that flesh was heir to so dreadful, complicated and numerous ills. . . .

Nothing is more striking to a foreigner in Paris (and I am told it is still more so further east) than the fact that the streets are filled with a crowd, whose exact rank in society it is the easiest matter to determine. With us every one is a gentleman; and if a man or boy is seen shabbily dressed in the streets, we say at once, oh, he is *at work*. Here the people generally are not only at work, but wear a garb habitually which determines them to be working-men—the working class. Yet they do not seem to do one-half as much as our citizens; they seem to be an amusement-loving, labor-hating people; loungers by nature first and second. They will lie down in the open streets and sleep like negroes in the sun. On the contrary the women seem to be active and industrious beyond their sex. The streets teem with them; they carry burdens, drag carts, drive donkeys, sit in the stores, rule in cafés, and in short are everywhere doing everything and exhibiting a powerful, well-made, large and good-looking frame, an indomitable spirit and a patient endurance which has often impressed me with the odd desire to see them make an assault upon and drive to their homes the gray-coated ranks of whipper-snappers, whose muskets and big swords play such a conspicuous part in the panorama of every street and every garden in this braggadocio Paris. . . .

. . . We went on to Notre Dame, which Boon had never entered before. Every time I open the doors and find myself under those immense arches, between those immense reeded tower piers an awe descends upon my spirit and I move forward into the nave and look up and around, and it all looks vaster, nobler, more awful than the time before. One needs to return, again and again, to those great churches and become accustomed to them. New objects are detected and absorbed again within the whole at every visit, and the idea becomes gradually perfect.

Saturday, July 20, 1844.—[Here we see the Paris of the days before Baron Haussmann.] The neighborhood of the École de Médecine is a very quiet old neighborhood, full of alleys and courts and "*Impasses*," from the sides of which rise stalks of tall houses of a gray or drab color, bent and curved and angular, standing in all relations to the streets and to each other, and sometimes speaking very intelligibly of the olden time. But these kinds of houses are not confined to the neighborhood. In the direction of St. Sulpice and St. Germain des Prés, and in the

direction opposite that of the Pantheon and St. Médard, many such are to be seen. The strangeness of the houses is not so apparent until one looks upward towards the roof. Some of them indeed have great doorways and barred windows below, and some have lanterns at the corners like the poops of ancient ships, and some of these display much taste and deserve to be called even beautiful. I saw one to-day which hung in the most picturesque manner to the corner of a large castle-like house in the Rue Jacob. It was square, and its bases supported by highly ornamented and sculptured corbels or brackets. . . .

July 23.— . . . Returning I stopped to see some more Murillos and found one gem, a little boy stooping on the seashore with a shell in his hand, but looking up with the most artless, natural expression in the world, in the face of a mitred man who seems to be wondering at something the child has done or said. If I were called upon to point out the paintings which please me most in the Musée Royal, I would say first Raphael's head, sometimes called "the student"; second the child in this picture of Murillo; third Raphael's St. — on the dragon's fin; fourth Vernet's sea scene; fifth the great painting of Napoleon at Eylau. Then came a hundred—and then a thousand—and after that two or three thousand and so on.

July 24, 1844.—The idlers I saw yesterday, riding about the Invalides in their *voitures*, and sitting under the trees in the Luxembourg; the "*ouvriers*" I saw to-day passing in a thick, incessant procession across the bridge at Notre Dame, from their homes in the S. E. parts of the old city, over across the Isle de la Cité, into the business thoroughfares north of the Seine. It was a pretty and curious sight. Hundreds and hundreds of them came thronging on, along the quay walks from as far up the river as I could see, while others emerging from the various streets abutting on the river, were also bending their steps toward the bridge—one by which they could cross free. Men with coats half on and bread under their arms or carrying implements of labor;—women with willow corbs behind their backs, or with brooms in their hands or baskets; porters with their frames between their shoulders; girls and boys—all trudging along in squads and lines, talking and laughing as they went, passed over and round the front of the great church as it stood in the gray subdued light of the early clouded sky, seemingly quite regardless that these were they who filled its immense aisles on their solemn

festivals. It rather seemed intent upon its own higher things and thoughts, as it reached aloft its double head and gazed abroad over the yet half-sleeping city.

I know not a more interesting walk than to go about 4.30 or 5 o'clock along some thoroughfare of Paris until you reach the Seine, and then stand upon one of the bridges—say Pont Neuf—and watch the young sunlight lighting up with sidelong rays the Eastern front of the Louvre, and the more open and bolder face of the palace on the Quai Conti, with its central pediment and screen of columns, gleaming from the glass on the summit of the dome of the Institute, while the long line of Tuileries is yet in shade, and the wonderful Arc d'Étoile afar off stands like a thought just taking substance and a visible form in the misty air of the West. Then to go along the quais of the Isle de la Cité, and be charmed anew with the phantom of that solitary Tower of the vanished church across the river, and pass on from bridge to bridge, standing awhile under the round and ancient towers of the Palais de Justice, or opposite the tall square tower at its end—and stopping to admire the rejuvenized beauty of the Hôtel de Ville and the tall roof of the church of St. Antoine looking down upon it from the East: and so going round past the suspension bridge of Louis Philippe with its large central pier on the point of the Isle de St. Louis, and the elegant little Gothic suspension bridge a hundred steps beyond—until Notre Dame rises before you on the right, with its beautiful arches and majestic buttresses, lying like a sleeping lion in the greatness of its might. . . .

. . . Paris is full of wonders—at least such as are wonders to one of the Savages from the United States of America. . . . Afterwards I took my hat and went to the Bibliothèque Mazarin where I saw some fine busts and vases. As I approached a bust in a dark corner, at the first glance I exclaimed mentally "that's old Benny." Sure enough; there was no mistaking the great phiz. It was delightful to see the head of our philosopher in a library of Paris. Among others I observed one of Azara who, if his bust be a portrait indeed, must have been one of the handsomest men that ever lived. There is also here an immense globe seven or eight feet through. There is some satisfaction in studying geography or planning a tour on such a map.

But the great attraction here is a large collection of finely executed models of the principal Cyclopean or Pelasgian structures of southern Europe. Such as the arch at Arpinum, now Arpino,

The port or gate of the Acropolis at Tarentum, exhibiting the successive styles of different ages. . . .

. . . On my way to the observatory I saw a crowd under one of the rows of trees between the Luxembourg gardens and the Observatoire Gate, and stepping up to it I soon learned the meaning of the appellation Boulevards. The game had two sides, apparently, like cricket, and began with rolling *le petit boule* off in any direction. When it stopped, the large balls (three inches through and ornamented with spots or stars all over) were rolled after or towards it by the players, each rolling two balls and the sides taking turns. The point was gained, as in quoits, by the side whose ball or balls lay in next the *petit boule.* Some of the players seemed to like a particular kind of game best, and to take it for theirs; it consisted in "*frappant*" any of the opposite balls which lay so close in as to threaten to take the game, and they would, instead of rolling their ball, pitch it through the air on top of the ball which would otherwise have won the game, but now, if struck fair, would be driven to a great distance. The rolling balls were quite numerous—perhaps twenty in number. When the last ball was rolled and the point declared, the players all adjourned to the place where the little ball lay, and one of them taking it up would roll it off again in any direction and the game would continue. It was quite exciting, for the ground of course was uneven, and it required a nice eye and a steady hand to make the *boules* take any given direction with precision. . . .

Thursday, July 25, 1844.—Requested my French teacher to come in future every day. We had a long talk about the places he has been in as professor, or botanist, or visitor. . . .

There is a show of simple-hearted affection among all classes of the French population which impresses a stranger with very favorable ideas of their domestic life. The Americans are so afraid of exhibiting emotion, that its repression in public by them must injure its tone in private. Here freedom is in nothing more apparent than in this. Men and women kiss in public, yet not publicly. It is accomplished so delicately and dexterously, with a complete absence of all the loud-laughing and bonnet-crushing of boarding-school girls in America and England, at stage-coach doors, etc., that if noticed at all it is but to be admired:—Boon described to me a sight he enjoyed in the Champs Élysées before one of the pavilion cafés on the Northern side of the avenue, and did it as if his own feelings mingled with those which he

described. A gentleman and lady—"they were lovers," said he, "I *know* they were lovers"—were seated like hundreds of others at one of the little tables under the trees; music came from the balcony; lemonade stood beside them on the table; the seated crowd talked and laughed and drank around them, but they had no eyes nor ears but for each other. The lady was in grief—the gentleman was soothing her, taking her hands from her face, and now and then whispering words of soft import to assuage the poignancy of her emotions, whatever they might be. "It was charming—charming"—he exclaimed. "And was no notice taken of it by others?" "Oh, no; everybody was drinking their own lemonade and talking to their own wives and children." Such is Parisian life in the evening. . . . I went to the Palais Royal; a crowd filled the upper part of the gardens in front of the pavilion. . . .

. . . But my evening's search was for the children, nor was a protracted search needful. There they were in a ring, a crowd of delighted seniors among them, playing at a game, in which one chased another alternately in and out of the circle. Their ingenuous, artless countenances flushed with pleasure and exercise, their ladylike manners and perfect decorum, with the unrestrained vivacity which, as the offspring of this pleasure-loving, pleasure-seeking people, they had to inherit, were delightful to behold. I stood a half-hour watching the play of soul under those pretty young masks, and smiling with unalloyed pleasure, as a hundred others were doing also, at the happiness so unequivocally enjoyed by these little ones. The French children are as generally pretty and interesting as their mothers are the contrary. Tho' their complexions are seldom quite clear and often are very sallow, yet their benignity, cheerfulness and openness supply the absence of all defects and render them exceedingly agreeable.

When the little circle broke and scattered with the impromptu rapidity with which everything is here done—for in matters of amusement a French crowd seems actuated by a common instinct, or at least by that telegraphic intelligence with which long habits of crowding have provided them—I took a seat and employed the rest of the evening observing the children's movements when playing alone, or by two and three around the garden—with balls and tops and hoops—winding undisturbed and unobtruding thro' all the interstices of the crowds of older people, and paying an extraordinary degree of attention to the wants and rights of one another. There were also little ones in arms—or standing

by chairs, munching away at a kind of light cake rolled into a cone, which seemed to be in great demand. . . .

Saturday, July 27, 1844.—First day of the *fête des trois jours.* The bells of all the churches are going and high mass is saying for the service of the victims of 1830. . . .

Monday, July 29, 1844.—The last great day of the *Fête* opened at 6 o'clock with the firing of cannon at the Invalides. At 1 o'clock Boon came for me and we went thither. . . .

. . . But the King came at last, a short fat man in uniform and not a voice or hand was raised, for the people are offended with him for not redeeming his promises. And the Queen was at his right, and Adelaide his sister at his left. Behind stood the Ducs de Nemours and Montpensier, and the king of the Belgians, Leopold, Louis Philippe's brother-in-law. . . .

Tuesday, July 30, 1844.—Began business, running round to shop and after my passport, which I reclaimed at the office of the Prefecture of Police, and was directed to take a mile or two off to the Hôtel des Princes, where the bureau of our minister, King, is at present. A gentlemanly young man, black, opened the door and said Mr. King was just going out—and that the passport hours (12–2) had expired.

What a sight for Frenchmen! Whether this man is a slave or not, it makes little difference. Here comes to the Court of Louis Philippe, to the City which is called the centre of the world's civilization, an honorable ambassador for the United States of America, the great and glorious Republic—the land of Freedom. And when men enter his doors to greet him and pay his country thro' him the honors it demands, the first object they behold is the ambassador's *slave.* Even if he has freed him, no matter, the lesson is the same. It *might have been* a slave without libelling the American government. And yet since the whites of the states are represented by a white Ambassador it seems proper enough that the three millions of slaves should be also represented in foreign courts, if for no other purpose than to guarantee a perpetual tribute of reproach to our beloved country from less highly favored lands. If slavery cannot be removed from our own soil, at least let us not send forth men who must thrust it under the very noses of foreign states. . . .

July 31*st.*—. . . Went this morning to M. Monod, who had but five minutes to spare, and told me to get my trunk wrapped

in straw and sent by a "*roulage*"—a slow wagon (20–30 days on the road) to Geneva. He gave me a note which I afterward delivered at the office of the Society, and received a copy of the instructions given to colporteurs and two memoranda by which I can see the men *à l'œuvre*. Their object is to have two men in every one of the 86 departments of France—some departments are divided into 700 cantons. What a labor! I saw one of their atlases in which is a separate map of every department, and all its villages down—under each of which has been visited (*i.e.*, every house in it) is drawn a red line; and then each man makes his monthly report by mail of the cantons visited, number of Bibles and Testaments sold, etc.

I went also and got my passport signed by Mr. Martin, Secretary of Legation, but heard nothing of the letter I left yesterday for Mr. King. I then took my passport to Meurice's Hotel, as I was aware I would have much labor and many annoyances if I attempted to get myself the signatures of the Ambassadors of all the European states I mean to travel in. To do this is best, since if they be not obtained here all at once, they must elsewhere in many different places. I left my passport at the bureau of the Hotel with a list of countries pinned on it, and am to call for it on Friday afternoon. Two days at least are required. *Commissionaires* are to be found in the streets, but I was determined the thing should be done right, and give me as little trouble and anxiety in future as possible.

Thursday, August 1.—Made all my arrangements and packed up; bought a trunk for 32 francs, etc. Evening, went and called upon Élie de Beaumont, who received me politely in the cheerless office of his distillery (as I took it to be) behind the Invalides,—but didn't invite me into his house. . . . He has a ragged, wear and tear look. How our ungrounded anticipations of men and things are deceived, when they come into presence! I handed him the trace-paper draft of the Bear Gap Section which I received last spring from Harrisburg. He handed it back when he had looked at it, but when I half uttered an offer of it for his acceptance, he drew in his hand with a rapidity which showed he had been very desirous to retain it. He said it was very interesting. He talks English very well for a Frenchman in Paris, but I have remarked how purely *Saxon* they all talk. It is easily accounted for, since all our monosyllables and most of the necessary subjects of every-day conversation belong to that section of our language. . . .

Friday, August 2.— . . . It was my intention to have left to-morrow for Rouen, but Boon is in great trouble about not receiving answers from London to his letter to his agent there, and I put it off till Monday.

At three o'clock I went, by appointment with M. Élie de Beaumont, to the School of Mines, and saw his large and very beautiful geological map of France. He then lent me four sections of its duplicate to take with me home to take notes from,—a mark of confidence sufficiently strong, seeing he didn't know even where I stayed in Paris.

I bought to-day a knapsack and a blouse, the first for 18, the latter for 15 francs. The blouse is a fine dress, warm, pleasant and picturesque (before it gets dirty and slouchy) and is confined by a leather "*ceinture*" in folds to the waist. It is nothing more or less than a hempen shirt, tight all round the skirt and finished with two little pockets on the breasts. Some wear a girdle of leather, double, with openings for purses as in the East, looking and buckling very much like the circingle of a horse. *Genteel* blouses are gray, and *fashionable* ones are frilled and girt when made, like a woman's frock body.

My intention is to wear in very hot days only the blouse; in morning and evening walks, my tweed coat with the blouse above; and in cold weather, I carry a linen frock coat, which I put underneath both.

"Antiquaries greatly regret the loss of a statue of the goddess Isis which had been allowed to remain standing over the principal door of the Church of St. Germain des Prés, on account of its antiquity. In 1514 a good woman having taken this figure for that of the Virgin Mary and being about to burn before it a bunch of candles, the Abbé in a pious rage had it broken to pieces to prevent future idolatry, and they placed in its stead a great cross which remains there yet." If Papacy be not idolatry, why was this woman's mistake productive of such mischief to the poor image? If she burned candles to the Virgin Mary and not to her image—then one stone figure, in the shape of a woman, would have answered her purpose just as well as another. No! Rome allows no worship to be rendered to any gods but those she herself makes. . . .

Aug. 4.—I look forward to the opening of my journey on to-morrow with unusual irresolution and distrust. I seem to be letting go of my last hold upon civilization and of home, on letting go of Paris. I have not enjoyed Paris as many do—

yet it has been to me a temporary home, and my habits have long been such that a spot where I reside for a week becomes dear to me as a scene of rest and a place of recollections.

And now I depart into the wilderness. Alone:—a stranger in a strange land, to make my way against many obstacles, to submit to many inconveniences, impositions and mishaps,—yet, I hope, also to prove in many a new way the goodness of the Lord to one of his most unworthy servants. I commit myself to his long suffrance, guiding care and watchful protection, and committing my ways unto the Lord, I hope in his promise to direct my steps. . . .

Aug. 5.—From Paris to Gaillon I came in one of these third-class open cars. . . .

. . . There was a laughable book printed 50 or 60 years ago and very well received at Paris, entitled "A voyage from Paris to St. Cloud by sea, and a voyage from St. Cloud to Paris by land"; and the noted places of the world were laughably introduced as located by the voyager, in his ignorance of any world but Paris, in its immediate vicinity.

I left this poor fellow's world, *pour parcourir le monde*, with a feeling of sincere satisfaction, and scarcely gave a parting look at the noble columns of the Madeleine as I passed. Knapsack and blouse on back, and umbrella in hand, I felt that I was once again a free man; and I stepped under my burden with the elasticity of hope and the firmness of determination. With all my care, articles accumulated, and the knapsack is not a very light one, twelve pounds—although a veteran guide would laugh it to scorn. . . .

My father found a charming reminder of this trip down the Seine in a little volume entitled "Our Autumn Journey on French Rivers," which he read many years later with great delight.

The scenery of the Seine bears much resemblance to that of the Mohawk, and from the same cause; a wide valley of denudation; excavated in a rolling country of nearly horizontal dip; and filled and flattened by diluvial and alluvial deposits. Sometimes the ranges of hills on each side—*i.e.*, the escarpments of the upland, were regularly grooved and fluted, and strikingly like the Orwigsburg valley hills of F. VIII. (?) The material

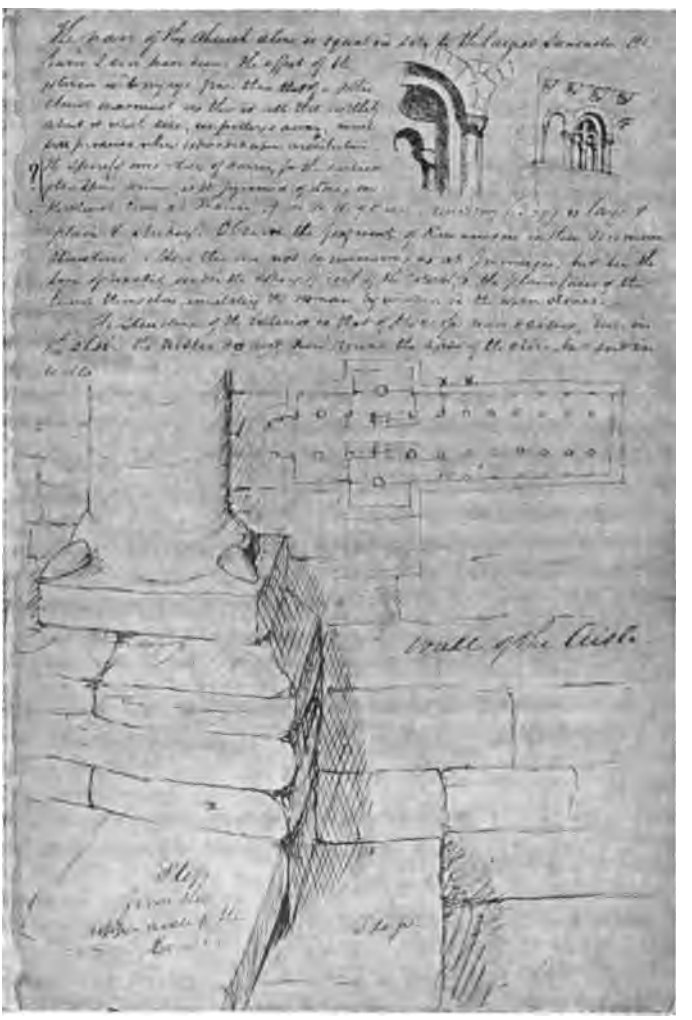
in both cases is soft; here a chalk, there a compact slate; and in both homogeneous and slightly inclined.

The severity of the rain however, forbade much extensive examination, until after having passed numerous villages, and through a two-mile (2480 Yards) tunnel, which seemed as though it had no other end, I got out at the station for Gaillon, and shouldering my sack, walked down to the ferry. A large punt came over for us, for quite a party had collected on the bank. It was propelled by the force of the stream against its side, while it was held in an oblique position, by a large rope extended from side to side of the river and working over wooden pulleys, on the gunwale.

Four miles brought me to the object of my excursion, Richard's pet castle of Normandy—Château Gaillard or the saucy fortress, and which he built in one year, in spite of the promise he had given his rival Philip Augustus, not to fortify Andelys. I was highly delighted with it. Before reaching it however, I had sketched it, while still on the road over what seemed to be a cultivated commons.

While making my rude sketch two peasants passed me whom I afterwards overtook and held in conversation along the road until, passing through a street of huts, filled with cows and women leading them, and men going to labor, after their dinner hour had passed,—and so under the chalk cliffs on which the mouldering walls of the old castle still stand—we entered the little valley of Pet. Andelys....

Wednesday, August 7, 1844.—I am more and more of the opinion that the Norman houses were built by artists who came from the East and South, or at least that they had followed the knights in the crusades, or the pilgrims in the pilgrimages to Palestine. No one who looks down upon the two splendid towers of Jumièges Abbey but will be struck with their complete Roman appearance. One might suppose himself gazing at two of Herod's towers. Running up plain and massive, as though they were to bear a mountain, to the height of a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet, and then in stories with Roman arch windows, a hundred feet more, ending in octagonal tops—they are the perfection of architectural grandeur and beauty. I am only too discontented with myself that I did not draw them, but I thought I would find them in print shops elsewhere. Had they their ancient spires on, they would look more Gothic and less Roman, it is very true, but as they stand they are irre-



St. Georges de Boucherville
Aug. 7, 1844

ST. GEORGES DE BOUCHERVILLE
AUG. 7, 1844

fragable evidences to the Roman parentage of the Norman Architecture.

It must have been 11 o'clock when I resumed my knapsack and trudged back through other streets of the little village and along the main road again towards Duclair. . . . At one time I stopped and stared in amazement at what I supposed to be the remains of an immense dilapidated castle, but on going round it I saw that it was but a "pulpit rock" left by the denudation, and composed of the horizontal and evenly stratified layers of chalk and flint. Sloops were tacking against the stray North-west wind, down the river, and a brig was anchoring front of a large chalk quarry, where the chalk was so pure and soft that it seemed scarcely to need refining. Then I came to where the face of the promontories had been cut down straight, either by water or the hand of man, and in them were doors and windows; and their sides were smoked, and chimneys projected from their angles or ran up the wall of rock. I had come to the abodes of the Troglodytes of France. . . .

Afterwards I sat and wrote until two diligences rolled by and reminded me I had a long way yet to walk. Just before I entered the house I saw a steamboat go puffing down the river, and soon after a band of music struck up some martial air on board, and the tones floated charmingly over the waters.

Between St. Georges and Duclair, as I said, the road and scenery was charming. . . .

Thus I walked under the trees, occasionally plucking some of the innumerable varieties of wild flowers, and vainly wishing that she I loved was enjoying the charms of all this with me, my dear sister, until I again emerged on the open road and passed the château, or country house, such as we are used to seeing everywhere near our cities in the spots of the landscape which are most attractive to a refined taste and generous heart. Most of these châteaux may be described as large "double" houses, two windows on each side of the door and two stories high. Sometimes additions are made to them (perhaps from time to time) of other buildings on each side, the whole very neat, but not displaying any magnificence, or much true taste—(a thing, by the by, which seems to have been only recently imported into France). Up to these châteaux there generally leads a stiff avenue of great elms, happy if left in virgin loveliness, but frequently most barbarously trimmed of their fair proportions, and presenting to foreign eyes pictures of distress. In the court or lawn before one of these minor châteaux, I saw a poor box-tree which had been

metamorphosed into a chanticleer, and seemed to be choking with grief in an ineffectual attempt to crow its expostulations towards the sitting-room windows of its cruel master. . . .

. . . Leaving Duclair, I again toiled up the escarpment, to cross the next peninsula, and when within a very short distance of the little village of Yainville I turned again to the left to seek the abbey ruin of Jumièges two miles distant. . . .

. . . Leaving the abbey with regret, I was forced to hurry on, tired as I was, to attempt to reach Caudebec by night. It was six o'clock, and at seven, as I ascended the long hill beyond letrain [*sic*], . . . I listened with delight to the high tones of the church bell of Jumièges, floating in long cadences down the valley, and I thought of the song of the convent bell and how it was when the bell hung in the abbey church tower and died away in its sonorous cadences long before it reached the ears of the outermost peasantry of the lord abbot.

Reaching the top of the hill, in a hard shower (for I seem to be as unfortunate in France as I was favored in England), I waited there till an omnibus came up into which I got and rode until it turned aside at the la Maillerie ferry. I never knew rightly what I paid the man, for I gave him a five-franc piece and he handed me back a handful of change amounting as I thought to its full equivalent. I am not yet quite up to the coin. Continuing along the road "over the shoulders of the hills" and scarcely able to move from fatigue, night fell before I reached the little village of Caudebec. . . .

Aug. 8. . . . The next morning I was away as usual about six o'clock, and reached Lillebonne by eleven, and Bolbec by noon, where I dined on some fine cold veal and potatoes (hot), and at two o'clock took the diligence to Havre, being completely used up about the lower extremities. My knapsack is nothing to carry, indeed it feels rather comfortable than otherwise; but my feet became painfully blistered and I lay at Havre late in bed and wrote all the morning of Friday, until it was time to take the boat at two-thirty P.M. for Caen.

Before leaving Caudebec, I went to the church and admired its very beautiful tower and spire, standing at the side of the church. I can only recall these churches to mind by fixing their locality, and to do that some occurrence must be remembered. For this I can remember it by recollecting how I stopped and looked over a wall, to sketch the remarkable dorsal fin which the architect had lost his wits enough to affix to it. The effect of the immense

towers to these village churches is quite indescribable, giving to them an air of peculiar grandeur, and casting a spirit of poetry around the localities where they stand. A village is so dignified by one such splendid steeple, massive with stone, yet rich and light with tracery of Gothic arches, pinnacles, buttresses, and galleries, that one enters it with respect and leaves it with regret....

The road to Lillebonne was very tiresome, yet very pretty through the Pays des Caux (Caletes—Celts?) a high table-land, "fertile, but rather arid." The scenery was of course flat, but very pretty. The descent upon Lillebonne very pleasing. Here I caught sight of the round tower of the castle of William, where he opened to his barons the scheme of invading England. I saw no more of it than I give in the sketch a page back. A little further on, I came to the Roman Amphitheatre, almost the only one in the north of Europe. . . .

The ride in the front seat, with the French lady and child, behind the fat jolly fellow in the night-cap and the two drivers, was quite pleasant. Our descent upon Harfleur was charming, and our ride to Havre interesting. . . .

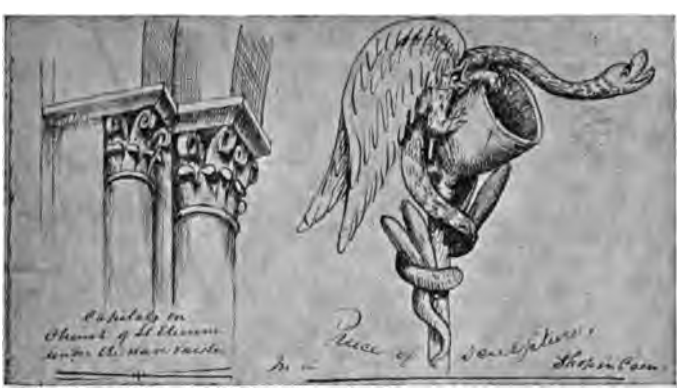
Friday, August 9, 1844.—I took a forward passage to Caen in the rain, for five francs (cabin six francs), and had rather a forlorn time of it, until we reached still water and the mouth of the funny little Orne, its mouth bent with shoals and rocks, and the rest of its way a broad canal, the steamboat (which only drew three and one-half feet of water) almost filling it up from side to side. . . .

Saturday, August 10, 1844 (Caen).—Took a walk, altho' it rained hard all day, to see some of the churches. The most interesting are St. Pierre and St. Étienne or Abbaye aux Hommes, built by William the Conqueror and where he was buried. At the other end of the town I visited its twin sister, Abbaye aux Dames, built by Matilda his wife, and now a hospital as the other is a college. . . .

Nothing could be nobler than this severely plain front—unless it be the front of Jumièges. The immense size of these structures cannot be exhibited in a picture. . . .

Alas, the evidences are drawn in broad lines that this is a land of darkness, where superstition reigns. The Sabbath is broken almost by the whole population. The market is fuller than on Saturday. I saw a man cross himself in church as I approached him, not in his prayers, but because a heretic was by. The people are also excessively poor, and the poor are more

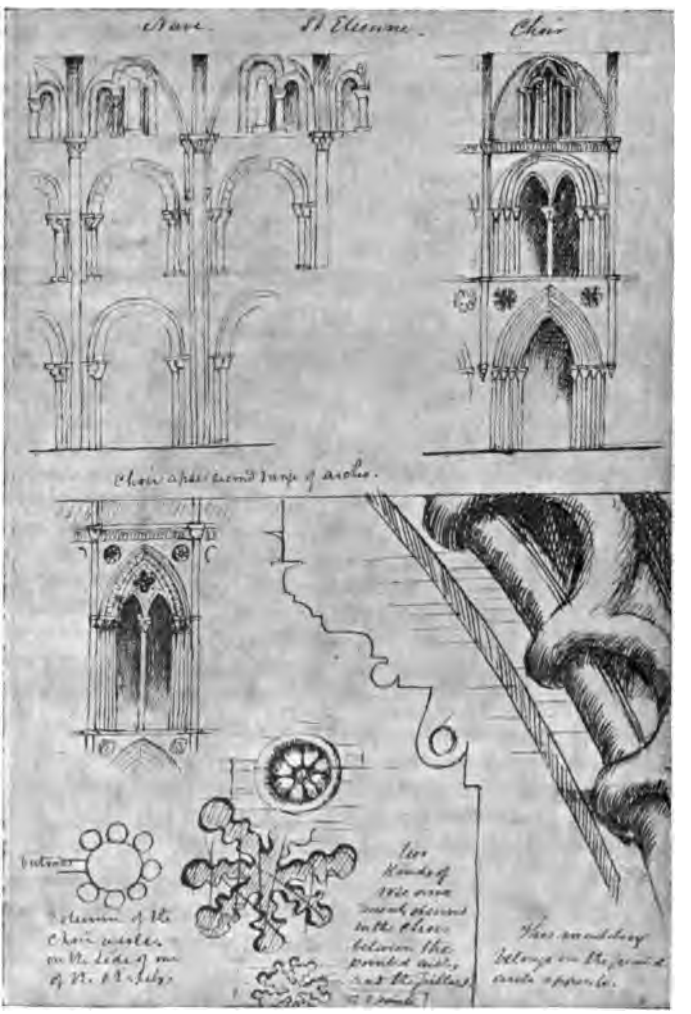
umerous here than I have seen them yet anywhere. The whole f the *bas peuple*—forming the mass of the population, wear the spect of extreme poverty and beg without blushing. It was urious too that they would beg of me when I had no blouse on nd my tweed coat appeared, but did scarcely trouble me when ıy blouse covered the tweed. This morning I saw a crowd f beggars—old men and women—haggard—dirty—decrepit—et all making some attempt at a show of decency, as far as I ould see, were receiving sous and centimes from the hand of a oung man at the street door of one of the stores near the church. made inquiry and found it was a custom for the poor, after eceiving tickets of authenticity from the Mayor, to make the



CHURCH OF ST. ÉTIENNE, CAEN

our of the city, and receive at various houses the pittances doled ut to them. It was, as the man said, *très bien*. It looked good, nd no doubt promoted greatly good feeling between the various lasses, as well as being a considerable help to those who are orced to live daily upon a few sous. Ah, if we had the heart o give, we might soon learn that the wants of the world that *as not*, would soon drain the resources of the world that *has*. . . .

Sabbath, August 11, 1844 (Caen).—Attended Mr. Hardy's 'rench service in the Protestant chapel (Temple, as it is called ı France, to distinguish it from the church of the Papists) and 'as delighted with its Presbyterian simplicity, and with the pious, olemn earnestness of his manner. . . .



CHURCH OF ST. ÉTIENNE, CAEN

The churches are better attended here, it seems to me, than elsewhere I have been; yet I have had but little facility for judging. Generalizations are easily made, but less easily maintained when made. . . .

Left Caen at 4.30 o'clock by the highroad to Bayeux, and past the gray towers of St. Étienne. . . .

The houses in Normandy all seem to be dreading an enemy—all clothed in mail. You enter a village, and instead of passing between rows of happy cottages with gardens in front or at least open windows and doors at the *pavé*, you walk a narrow paved street, under high blank stone walls with here and there a window up towards the roof, buttressed, and heavily gated where there is a gate—all things speaking of border raids and baronial feuds, and plundered villages, and people living in constant terror of their lives. A multitude of picturesque affairs grow of this indeed. You see stone set up and stone carved and stone falling down and stone defaced, in all their infinite varieties of place. Houses approached in all ways and built in all fashions and often with little touches of taste and nicety where one would least expect to find them, as if the rough-fisted necessity of the times that built them had now and then stopped awhile to recreate and amuse itself in tasty trifles. This is indeed a characteristic of all buildings here. Ornament sticks to them in byways, and is as capricious as nature.

The morning sun broke gloriously. The air was pure from the ocean; great masses of gray clouds came from the East; the lark fluttered up, up, up, singing all the while as if its little throat would burst with melody, and descending, only ceased its song when it dropped into the grain. I took out my testament and read; suddenly I raised my eyes and there, spanning the wide heavens, standing like an angel suddenly and unexpectedly made visible, glowed a glorious rainbow in the west and then, its mission completed, gradually faded away. Troops of laborers were in advance of me, in their blue frocks, singing as merrily, but not quite so sweetly as the larks had done. Coming up with them, I entered into conversation with one, and learned that they were all conscripts, going to Cherbourg for the Marine.

Tuesday, August 13, 1844 (Bayeux).—I set off on foot for St. Lo. 21 miles. I was weak and had sore feet. The morning was warm, but the country very pretty. . . .

The cathedral at St. Lo has a commanding position, but I did not and could not examine it. That at Coutances, where I

arrived at 6 o'clock, is remarkably beautiful and well proportioned, altho' not so large as the first-rate cathedrals of the North-east. . . .

Coutances is the most curious, quaint-looking town I have yet fallen in with. Seated on a conical hill, its streets are all up and down, and so narrow that, to prove it, I went along with my arms outspread and touched both sides at once. At first I hesitated to traverse them, thinking they were private thoroughfares belonging to a squad of houses. Of course little light and air could be expected from such. Hence they are built up with high walls of hard stone—long, dreary, winding walls, with house walls and roofs rising up behind them, announcing that they are but mere enclosures to gardens and house lots within. This gives a very remarkable air to the whole place. The main route, and one or two other streets pretty wide traverse the hill, but all the rest are these little lanes. . . .

Wednesday, August 13, 1844 (Coutances—Avranches).— . . . I left Granville afoot for Avranches, distant 26 kil. (16–17 miles), and reached the latter about 7 o'clock. I find I cannot count upon more than 15 miles a day walking—nor expect to make it at a gait faster on the average than 3 miles an hour. I walked 5 hours without stopping (except for 5 minutes at a "*belle vue*" —a hillside, down which I looked upon a charming little vale, adorned with woods and fields half hidden, half revealed, two mills, a bridge, and an old man gathering sheaves of tall French clover and carrying them up the steep slope to his cart. I felt like giving up Avranches for the night and helping him. . . .

The wind was strong and helped me up the hills vastly. The country is rolling—on account of the parallel ridges of primary rock—and hedges and orchards abound, thus assimilating NW. Normandy with England. Some church towers would now and then peep up at a distance; but as many a flower is born to blush unseen, so the tourist in Normandy must imagine there are many beautiful spots and picturesque remains which he is never to see—which live only for those who love them and have a right to love them by birthright.

Thursday, August 14, 1844 (Avranches—St. Michel).—Diligence to Précy, a little village, where I turned off to the right to St. Michel on foot (6 or 7 miles). On my way conversed with a French sportsman who thirsted for war with England, and said all the French did,—and the guard and the *conducteur* grinned and showed too plainly they joined him. Why? I

asked,—war has produced immense misery in France hitherto. *Et voici, coup de gloire aussi* was his reply, as quick as lightning, and he took off his cap and showed his bald head and flashing eyes. Glory, said I. Glory is nothing—*rien—rien*. . . . *Oui—et dieu aussi et dieu aussi*, said he, putting his face close to mine. Glory is the god of France. *Un dieu faux*, was my sorrowful reply, and he readily assented that it was. Yes—a false god whom they worship with wonderful ardor. Ah, said he—we have many things against England, and we want nothing more than to come to battle with her. Well, said I, England some day or other must fall together by her own weight and be destroyed by herself. *Oui, oui, oui*, said he, and we French will just give her one little poke in the side, *pour le faire plus vite—plus vite*, and he grew nervous with desire at the thought. Ah, Louis Philippe and Queen Victoria, Lord Palmerston and Guizot—and all good men—may labor in vain to preserve peace between two nations, each unknown man and boy of whom thirsts for war, and shows his fowling-piece to strangers with a smile—as if it were a *mousquet*. No, no, said the guard—not that—cannon—cannon.

His visit to the Mont St. Michel was a notable one, which he often described. He went across from the mainland alone, and at that date there was no causeway across to the castle. At low tide the sands were bare, but so infested with quicksands that only those acquainted with the spot could safely venture over. My father got over with sufficient ease, taking note with a surveyor's instinct that the spot from which he had started was marked by a white house. When he set out on his return, however (the tide having begun to rise), he found to his dismay that there were a number of white houses on the mainland along the water front, and he could not tell which one of them was his intended guiding point. He ran, therefore, at full speed, tacking about from side to side to keep on solid ground, and reached the mainland at last, wet to the knees and in a state of exhaustion.

Friday, August 15, 1844 (Pontorson—Dinan).—My walk of 19 kil. (11½ m.) to Dol was charming. . . .

Then there were old granite houses and barns, built as if

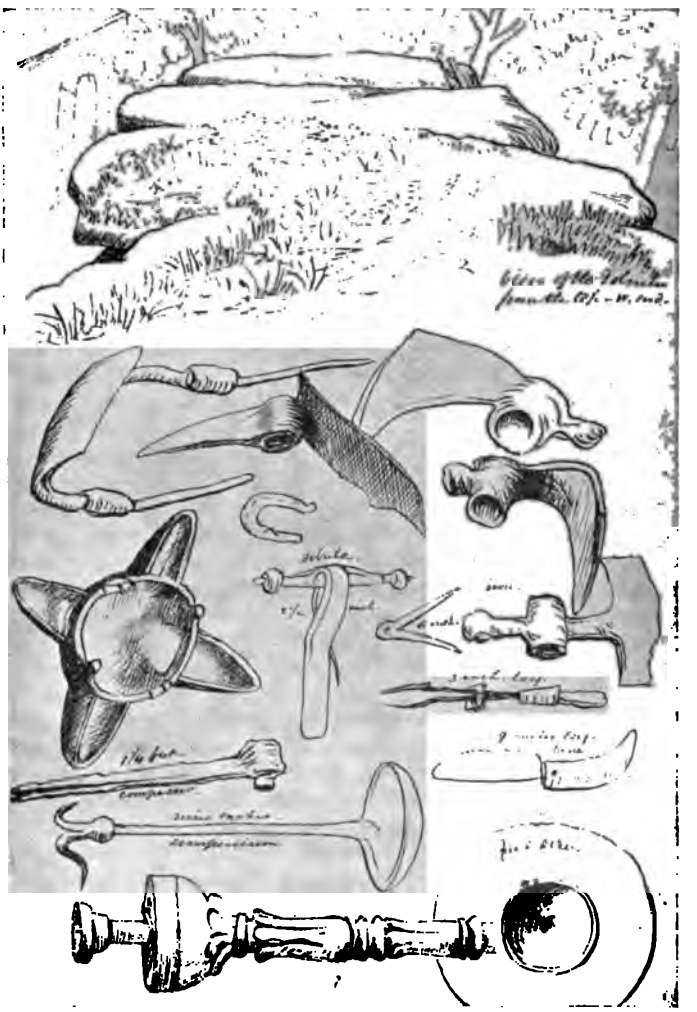
to stand forever. . . . And the by-roads, deep grooved into the earth by the wheel-wear of centuries, no wider than a single cart, and enclosed by thick hedges and rows of trees on the top of their high banks—all was curious and very beautiful, for the fertility of the soil and the vast abundance of isolated and grouped trees would have rendered a less picturesque country most interesting to the pedestrian.

Aug. 16 — . . . I have lost much of my enthusiasm already, and seldom go much out of my way for anything not very curious. I look principally for the hearts of the towns, to see their ancient modes of building, and would if I could take many a sketch of these, but they are generally too full of people, and my foreign dress attracts too much attention. . . .

My ride to Rennes in the morning from nine to two was rather pleasant. The country was as usual flat, but descended occasionally into valleys. I rode between the driver and guard, and had with the latter much conversation, in very laughable attempts at bad French. I explained to him how America was not a little island, but two great continents and had diverse governments, of many religions, and multitudes of people, cities, etc., all which astonished him beyond measure. He thought it was an island dependent upon England. The conversation turned upon religion, and when I told him I was also a Protestant (in answer to his question) he looked on me with greater curiosity. I took out my testament and told him how I valued it; and when he asked me if I was not much attached to my religion, I told him I would die for it;—I supposed—I added—he would for his. He smiled and pointed to the horses, and said—his religion was like theirs. I asked him if he hadn't a soul—*je ne sais pas*—was his answer—I can't feel it—I don't know—it is like the horses there. You believe there is a God?—*je suppose;—peut-être; je ne sais pas.* "Why," I asked, "who made those trees, and these horses and all things?" He shrugged his shoulders and said—Of course there was a God. "And you think then," was his next question, "that when you die you will go to heaven?" I told him I had hope of it, through Jesus Christ my Saviour. He said he knew that when he died he would be put into the ground, but didn't know whether there would be any more after that.

We then talked of the priests. He asked if there were any in America. I told him how the sects stood there, and what we Protestants thought of our priests—that they were wise men, but only men—they read the Bible and so did we—they were

DOLMEN NEAR SAUMUR ON THE LOIRE



TOP OF DOLMEN NEAR SAUMUR, AND IMPLEMENTS FOUND WITHIN IT

our instructors, guides to heaven, nothing more. We didn't confess to them, but to God and one another. He seemed to think that excellent, and said he didn't perform the *pratique* of his religion very much. I spoke then of the way of life, and how it could only be got from the Bible, and advised him to get one in French and read it. But from the very great difficulty he had in spelling out a little French sentence I wanted him to explain the meaning of to me, I doubt that he could do much with the written word if he had it. It needs there be preachers sent among this poor people. They are very religious—they crowd the churches—they listen with attention to their preachers (as I saw on Sunday evening in the Cathedral at Nantes—at a sermon on virtue, its difficulty and facility)—and they sadly need the true light which lighteth all men that cometh into the world.

From Rennes he went by way of Nantes to Angers, where he made sketches of the castle with "its 17 towers as round as buttons," and thence to Saumur, where he was greatly interested in the famous Dolmen (see sketches adjoining, which are two of four pages of sketches taken of this spot), and describes as follows:—

Aug. 22nd.—At a little cottage—built, as all the rest in this beautiful region, of neatly squared tufa stone and ornamented with mouldings—I got the key of the Dolmen and a ladder, and after looking at it within and on top and drawing it from two positions, returned to Saumur and ascended the hill behind the Castle. . . .

After dinner at Sorgiais [or Longrais?] and after having written awhile and seen a post-chaise off with two travellers, who changed their post horses before the door, I went my way three miles to St. Mars. As I left Sorgiais I unexpectedly came upon the flanking towers and then the front of a castle—right down at the side of the street, and in the village (or town as it deserves to be called for its size), and soon after a noble church spire. The latter I couldn't get admission to; the castle was uncommonly beautiful, and inhabited. Repairs and new constructions of trifling importance were going on, but the old towers looked down from the upper air most majestically. It seems to me that the art of building castles has been lost. No modern structure that ever I saw, approached in beauty and the picturesque, these ancient castles. Perhaps it is because they were built *under*

rule, [?] *in defiance of regularity;* because they rose like trees, one part after another—capriciously shooting forth a limb here and a limb there, each beautiful and similar, but not the same with the rest. Harmony without uniformity is their chief charm. A harmony hardly obtained by similarity of form as much as by similarity of idea. A violin is said to be all the better the oftener it is broken, patched and glued. A castle may also be said to be all the more picturesque the more it has been shattered and renewed in various ages and by different hands. . . .

I then set off again for Luynes, and had not my feet hurt me so dreadfully (I don't know what I am to do with them)—I would have been delighted. A continued village of Troglodytes lines the road on the land side. The strangest confusion prevails. Some people's lanes are on top of other people's walls; some people's front yards are on other people's roofs:—some people's chimneys shoot up along other people's front doors,—and such climbing and winding and manœuvring to arrange dwellings and courtyards and alleys and wells—it is curious to see. I could have spent a whole day in sketching had I had the time. . . .

How much the efforts of a stranger in a foreign tongue resemble the constructions of Art in her gradations through the ages! The man at first in sheer defiance of all its rules of grammar, makes use of single words of great force—constructing a whole wall of thoughts with half a dozen such cyclopean, pelasgian rocks:—soon wearied with the labor requisite for such, he builds but little and only for his necessities. By and by he acquires greater facility in the language—he begins to break his great words and cement them with the smaller rubble of articles and conjunctions:—then he comes to square his blocks by rule and compass, causes them to diminish in detail while his structures rise in magnitude and become diversified for use—until at length—with myriads of lingual bricks, handled each one with marvellous celerity and fitting each with the other with admirable precision, he builds whole cities whose inhabitants are thoughts,—and sometimes castles and cathedrals whose majesty and beauty astonish his fellow-men.

From Tours he went by diligence to Bourges (August 22). At Bourges on Sunday, August 25, he happened into a Protestant church where the sermon and the manner of the preacher so much attracted him, that after the service he

took the opportunity to talk with him. As it chanced that this was the beginning of a lifelong friendship, I copy my father's account of the occurrence:—

Sabbath, August 25, 1844 (Bourges).—To my chagrin it was ten o'clock when I awoke and dressed in haste and breakfasted at the table d'hôte. Inquiring my way, I reached the Protestant chapel in the Rue St. Ambroise, and occupied a few minutes before service in copying the chart affixed to the inner door of the church, to this effect. "Le trésor des pauvres"—a Bible in wood-cut—underneath, two columns of scripture. . . .

Over the church door was Oratoire—and on the pediment "Nous prêchons Christ le seigneur. II. Corinth. iv. v. 5."

The congregation was small, perhaps twenty. He spoke at some length on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew (which was yesterday in date) and spoke of seeing himself the coin struck in glory of it—now at Rome. I could understand but little of the sermon, his pronunciation was rather thick. But it was remarkable for its familiar manner, even interlarded with expressions in common use of surprise, indignation, etc., etc.—such as *chut—ah—oh—et bien*—shrugging the shoulders—spreading the arms in French method—smiling—throwing up the eyebrows—and all in so perfectly natural and easy a manner that it added greatly to the effect without causing a disagreeable feeling.

After service I remained and addressed him, to know if he had another service,—he said yes, three miles distant at Asnières and asking me if I was a stranger, offered me a seat in his mule *voiture*, which I at once accepted. After gearing up the mule (the straps not running back to a swingletree, but hooked on by another strap to the shafts far forward), and receiving two boys one on each shaft and soon after a young man in a blouse—we rode on together over a very miry and rather rolling road to the village. On the way I taught him how to stop his stubborn beast with whom he had much trouble in that respect and it afforded him much amusement and some laughable imitations. Arriving at his house, his little sons met us, and going in we found his wife and daughter; the latter a mature and very pretty young lady—with rich full black eyes and lively expression—about eighteen. We dined and went to church, through an entry and door in the same house. It was a plain chapel room filled with men on one side in Sunday embroidered blue blouses—and women in the centre and on the other side, in white caps and kerchiefs—mostly with bare arms to the elbow where a little

white edge of the under linen came out from beneath the gray or snuff-colored, tight frock sleeve. In front sat three men, perhaps elders, and on the side of the pulpit the children of the parish (of 300 Protestants). Then he called by name to see who were absent and gave some severe rebukes—which were received by a general smile through the church—a smile not of mocking—nor of contempt—but an animal smile, such as dogs might give. Ah, said he afterwards to me, the people were mere "*Animaux*"—beasts—slow beasts—no love—no hate—passionless and ignorant, sending for a surgeon immediately when their cows were sick, but saying their children would soon get well without—refusing to take medicine if it was at all "bad" —and as stubborn as mules. They never run except when their cattle are in danger. (And yet that is instinct—on them depends their living and they know it.) To get them to come to church in time, he had at last to resort to the plan of locking the laggards out. They sleep very generally in church even when they are singing. Ah, how my heart leaped at the well-remembered notes of the old tune which they first sung! It took me back into the old church at the corner of Arch St., and revived vigorously my desires for home. The music here was much more like music than in other churches I have been in in France; better formed in stanzas—and not a mere continuity of notes without design.

After church M. Bost took me into his study and left me alone until seven o'clock, while he attended to his duties, and while his daughter instructed thirty or forty women for one and a half hours in the church—their singing coming delightfully soothing through the casement of the little bedroom at the end of the study. I enjoyed a good season here for a couple of hours, and then was called to a supper of milk and fruit.

Here we talked much of the ignorance of the people and of the plainness, sternness and patience necessary to deal with them. They are much like our German population, I have no doubt, and I obtained a glimpse into the future through the ministry of this man of God—first-fruit of the great revival at Geneva commencing 1802 and bursting gloriously forth in 1816. For a long time there were only five or six of them, and they longed to go to England to find Christians, but every Christian traveller warned them against such a step. At last Mr. —— of the Scotch Church came and instructed them more fully in the Scriptures, and in the liberty of Christians, and that they could separate lawfully from the established church, which they did; and then

persecution arising, a noise was made—attention attracted and the work went on. Mr. Bost was prosecuted for attacking too violently the other clergy, and was in danger of six months' imprisonment and 2000 francs' fine; but the Lord preserved him.

The people over whom he has now been settled for sixteen months and among whom he says he can perceive a gentle movement of intelligence and good wishes—are as ignorant as beasts. Even the few whose hearts are no doubt right in the sight of God are exceedingly deficient in Christian intelligence. For the rest, they are besotted:—"I doubt sometimes," said he, "whether they have souls." I was amazed and no doubt looked my amazement at such an expression from a Christian minister, but he continued—no doubt they have the seeds of souls—but undeveloped. Their intelligence is all animal—instinctive. (What he meant by the seeds of souls undeveloped I'm sure I can't tell.) What is to be done with such a people, I asked. Speak to them like thunder—said he. . . .

And he told his daughter . . . a long story in French how he had asked them what God was (or something like that, I did not understand his story very well), and they answered that they didn't know, they thought *the sun* was God! "Yes," said he, turning to me, "a good many of them think the sun is God,—ah, they are heathens—heathens!"

These kind people, Pastor Bost and his family, insisted on my father's staying with them over night, and made him so much at home among them that he ever after felt the warmest affection for any one of the name of Bost, and the friendship has continued until the present day between our two families. They were a very musical household. The lovely daughter was a beautiful musician. I continue to copy a little more from the description of this unexpected visit among strangers in a strange land:—

It is peculiarly delightful thus to make a home in a strange land. After supper the father and daughter sat down and played one several four-handed pieces of Thalberg and Czerny—enthusiastically expressing their delight at some of their charming passages—especially those of the march which I first heard from the trumpet of Gambatti in New York,—ten years ago. They concluded with Rossini's storm in "William Tell" and the sweet Ranz des Vaches. The feeling with which all entered into the

music and especially into the Swiss songs—imitating with the utmost vivacity the notes of the horn and joining in low chorus in the words—and the soul energy of the father, a master on the piano, and a composer himself,—whose music is now sung by the heathens in S. Africa—was charming. At parting he gave me a copy of his Cantiques de l'Apocalypse.

They pressed me to stay again the night with them, but I declined—they however urged me and assured me I should not be too late in the morning. So we all sat down around the table, on which lay a kind of reprint of the penny magazine—the only periodical they take—and talked and laughed till ten o'clock, when bread and butter were brought in for the father who said he must always eat after an idle evening. I love to recall the little things that made the visit so delightful. An artist must paint leaves, or his trees will be lumps of mud or blocks of stone.

We amused ourselves greatly at his expense, over his enthusiasm about the North Pole. "Oh," said he, "how I would love to be at the North Pole for a while! Not to turn when all the world turns. To have the North Star right over one's head:—to dwell in the bosom of eternal solitude. Oh, it would be glorious. I do love solitude, so much! And they say," he added, "that it is not colder at the pole than within a certain distance of it—rather warm if anything." This last I demurred to, and tried to explain why the former should be true, from the size of the angles of the sun's rays subtended by chords of various lengths. And he again and again broke out—"but, oh, how I would like to be at the North Pole!" He said laughingly that he had thought of writing a volume of reflections upon such a situation (and I have no doubt it would have been rich in thought and racy with poetry), but he had never done so. I told him, he might obtain his desires more readily by ascending in a balloon; but he shrugged his shoulders and exclaimed—"it is not solid—it is not solid." He caught the idea of the concave perspective in an instant and was pleased with it. "Ah," said he, "it must be frightful to feel yourself standing still in the air, and the great earth rushing down, away from under you—as they say it seems to do!"

Conversation again turned upon the wretched state of the people. He said he had been accustomed to preach against two sorts of avarice—the avarice of the rich and the avarice of the poor. When a widow refuses to give her mite—she's avaricious. "I tell the people, if you won't give to God—God won't give to you";—and then he repeated the Hebrew saying, that when a

man gives his handful to God—God returns him His own hand full;—beautiful!—"Ah, my dear—my dear—you lose time"—he will say to the peasants when they work on the Sabbath;—"and they are beginning"—he added—"to understand what I mean by it." . . .

With how much regret did I take leave of this interesting family! receiving their blessing and good wishes and the address of their son in Geneva. To Timothy I gave my little double lens—which I thought he would prize because it had been my companion in 8,000 or 10,000 miles of travel in America since 1838.

After leaving these new friends, who had made for him a social oasis in a solitary tour, he went by diligence toward Clermont. He notes the changing type of the scenery and the geological indications. Sometimes he descends from the coach and walks long distances, especially after leaving Mont Luçon and coming into a more mountainous region does he often take short cuts on foot, observing and studying the geology and topography as he goes.

Arrived at Clermont and visiting the cathedral, he there falls into conversation with a young curé, "for I am fortunate with the priests," he remarks in another place.

It was on top of the tower I met the young curé, who told me afterwards he had studied theology two years. Our conversation turned at first, as usual, upon the languages and I told him of the various pronunciations of *ough* in English. We then walked out, and finding to his great surprise that I had studied theology also, he asked me if it was my sincere conviction that my religion was the true one. One thing led on to another. After coming out of the garden where are the limestone rock and house for petrifying, and cabinet of beautiful little baskets of flowers and nuts and husks and burrs and birds, etc., of which I bought a medal,—we found ourselves sitting on a pile of stones in a narrow walled up lane, vulgate in hand, and earnestly disputing for the faith on the passage *hoc est corpus meum.* I had infinite difficulty to understand him, for he talked very fast and straddled over me, in his eagerness to convert me, putting me in mind of Apollyon and the pilgrim; but I wrong him by the comparison (and no doubt myself too)—for he was a gentle little fellow and very kind, tho' very zealous. I referred to Corin-

thians where it says also *the cup is the testament*, which taken literally is quite absurd. Then we got upon the four marks of a true church,—and finding it late returned hurriedly to the Archevêché, where he was joined by a brother curé, still younger, whom he kissed. The latter lisped a little. After I had dined I found them both on the hotel pavement and the lisper pressed me warmly and told me he hoped to see me the next day after my return from the Puy de Dôme. I told the other candidly that there was but one way of accounting for the ignorance and superstition and wickedness of the people in Catholic countries. Their religion leads down to hell and is idolatry. "Oh," he exclaimed.

I select a few portions of the descriptions of his mountain climbing in the Puy de Dôme region:—

Aug. 29.—I am getting very tired of travelling; it is hard work and very little pay. I am not however to-day in a very unprejudiced state to judge, for the ascent of a mountain of lava six miles off, all the way on foot there and all the way back, is no light excursion. I started this morning at six o'clock, getting a bowl of milk in a back street as I went, and putting a roll of bread in my pocket in case of need. Inquiring the route, I was directed to leave the city by a succession of lanes flanked with stone walls without windows—from five and six to twelve and thirteen feet high, and enclosing the gardens of the environs. . . .

The ranges which I had seen from the Cathedral and could see no law for them, now arranged themselves into spurs of the table-land of basalt and lava around the cones, and were nothing but the remains of the extension of that table-land into the plain of the Limagne. . . .

I thought that with two eyes—two mountains and a guide book, I shouldn't need a guide to ascend a cone naked as my hand and smooth as a house roof, not a mile distant. But I was mistaken. The whole plateau is covered with a number of roads and cow-tracks, for it is one grand ploughing and pasturing field without an enclosure of any kind upon it, after leaving the hamlet, a little distance. . . .

I passed on and was soon obliged to stretch myself at length on the bluebell turf, the pain in my left chest having come on me, which afterwards increased to so great and strange excess, that I feared I would have to be carried home. Stopping to rest only seemed to make it worse—yet I struggled up the ridge. . . .

A boy came to me as I sat—leaving his cows on the other side, and begged charity; he said he had neither father, mother, brothers nor sisters—and kept the cows on the mountains in summer, but went into the villages in winter "*pour demander son pain*"—to beg—poor fellow. I gave him my pocket full of sous and made him sit down to talk; asked him if he ever prayed, could read, etc., and made him promise to repeat every day the prayer of Mr. Bost's poor fellow—"*O Dieu, donne-moi ton saint esprit.*" He could read, but never had heard of the Bible. . . .

. . . I asked him, in reply to his question where he could get one, if he had never seen a man in a blue blouse, with a pack of books on his back. He said, yes; I told him to apply the next time to him for one and my last words as we parted on the *chaussée*, were, probably in as bad French as his own—"*obtiens l'un et le lisez.*" Poor creatures. . . .

It must not be supposed, though I speak of lava, that one would ever suspect he was looking down upon lava—were he not informed of the fact. The country is one of singular features indeed —but still so sheeted and shrouded in common nature that the imagination has much work to do in uncovering and investigating by occult signs the mysteries within. Guide books and geologists talk of craters and cones, scoria, basalt, lava plains, waves and currents and all that; but to an ordinary spectator nothing more appears than rather steep and isolated mountains—and a wide plain covered with flowery furze and ploughed like any other—with its black soil manured from carts slow moving over the surface, drawn by oxen attended by broad-hatted peasants. He sees irregularities in this plain, and that it falls off towards the east down deep parallel gorges between its arms, which are extended like ordinary ranges of hills, and he looks beyond with delight upon the great plain deep sunk below and called, as he knows, the Limagne of Auvergne. "But where are all these lava currents they talk about?" he cries:—"I don't see any of them. They tell me these cones have once been volcanoes:—but there is only one which has anything like a crater, and that looks very much like an ordinary punch-bowl hollow valley,—rather odd, it is true—and more so because on top of a mountain—but yet not so very astonishing. They say one can trace lava currents up to the tops of these craters and cones:—but I see nothing of the kind. They talk about one great current—stopped by a granite island and divided into two currents, flowing one one way, the other another, down two lateral valleys. But

here is a plain, and there a low ridge, and that is all I can make out." And so he goes on—wholly at a loss to understand the great events which he knows have taken place; and obliged painfully and slowly to construct out of the ambiguous data before him everything—by mere force of conception. He sees Auvergne with his bodily eyes—but he sees its geology and its history only with the eyes of his imagination. In nothing is a traveller more disappointed than in this. There are here no roaring flames and leaping rocks—no rivers of fire desolating the fertile valley and spreading abroad terror and magnificence upon the face of night. The exhibition is over. He looks on a still-life picture. The battlefield remains silent with the carcasses of the dead alone upon it, and he must painfully reconstruct the scene, and revivify it for himself. It shall never live again. . . .

Saturday, August 31, 1844 (Massiac à Murat).—The patois of the people in the mountains I cannot understand. It has all the characteristics of the Welsh, except the *ll*. It is spread over and round the tongue in the same way and sounds so much like it that, were I not in Auvergne, I would say it was Welsh which I listened to. It has the two sounds *th* and *ch* (*finals* German) so foreign to the French, and like the English of the Elizabethan and earlier ages ending its words with the now mute *e*—as *grand-e; un-e;* etc. It is then a refinement of languages to suppress the vowels? It certainly shortens discourse.

At eight o'clock on Friday morning I was seated in the straw in the seatless *banquette* of the great diligence now running to St. Flour. The diligence to Murat on the direct (geological and picturesque) route to Aurillac going at night, I would not take it. At six o'clock in the afternoon I was set down before the *Auberge* at the entrance of Massiac. Until twelve o'clock when the heat became very oppressive, the wind coming along with us, it was a delightful ride up the broad Limagne and the valley of the Allier. I never saw a more beautiful agricultural country and the ranges of basaltic-capped fresh water hills with the primary (?) ridge in the distant east made it amply picturesque. . . .

But the chief charm was given to the landscape by the tall cliffs and peaks projecting from the table-land and capped by horizontal masses of basaltic lava all jagged and toothed by time, until they stood up a forest of rocky pinnacles, and on their summit often stood some old half-ruined castle, and round its walls a village. The habits of the feudal ages are retained

under the reign of the King of the French. The villages that fled to the mountain tops, to the castle walls of their seigneurs for protection, have not yet all come down. Ten or twenty such shine distinctly from the summits and at the tops of the slopes of the Auvergnian mountains, along this single valley—and some of them seem large enough to have 20,000 inhabitants. And in this one day's ride and one day's walk—of 60 miles, I have seen as many castles as in all my journey—I believe,—through France together. . . .

I can obtain by personal inspection very little information of the geology of a country so extended as France. It is like taking up an interesting book, indeed, to read five lines on every tenth page. I catch the general style of the earth's great Author in this one of his works,—the subject at least of which he treats; —it is useful:—but it is not half so pleasant as one's imagination and thirst for the evidence of the senses have anticipated. Yet very accurate ideas of a few good types may be obtained—and what is far better, those vague, enormous, monstrous imaginings may be reduced and unclouded, and a way be prepared for a happier and more successful return to the books which treat in detail of the geology of the various parts. . . .

Descending the zigzags to Massiac, we met also many groups —men and women in carts—women on ass-back, astraddle, between the panniers;—men and their red-cheeked wives on one horse—old fashion;—and many groups and strings of girls with baskets in their hands and crimson in their faces, some of them exceedingly pretty and coquettish withal—to whom our driver had for every one a word and a nod. But after the many-colored dresses they wore and the little flocks of sheep and pigs which they drove before them—what invested the scene with its chief singularity was the remarkable and very ludicrous kind of bonnet worn by the women. It is straw, often with a ribbon or a string about it, and just stuck on the head and let fly as straw will in the most absurd *deshabille* imaginable. But the young girls all had theirs trimmed around the edge with black ribbon pleated and sewed round. . . .

On the way just after I had sketched the above, the musician with his cornemuse or bagpipe joined me and I had much religious conversation with him. He had travelled as far as Madrid and Milan, playing for dances, etc., in the winter taking his ass and becoming a merchant of handkerchiefs from village to village, except for the two months of the most rigorous weather. He could therefore not only speak the patois (and indeed acted the

interpreter for me in several cases, especially with the old women where I ate my second breakfast), but he could also talk pretty good French, so that I had little difficulty in understanding him. He said he confessed only once a year perhaps—and smiled when he said it. Pointing to a little church down by the side of the water, 200 feet below us, he said *there* was a famous place of devotion and many miracles were wrought there. It was built by the English, he said, when they had possession of the country. I told him I did not believe in modern miracles, but he assured me he knew one young man whose arm had been useless twenty years, who had had it restored "whole like the other" by one day's devotion in the little church. I shrugged my shoulders and was silent, simply saying "*les prêtres sont très sages.*" He seemed to understand and acquiesce in all the charges I brought against them, and to apprehend also my definition of a true Christian, *soit il Catholique, soit il Protestant*, and said our religion was *bonne, très bonne.*

Other similar talks with fellow-travellers follow, ending with the remark:—

There is a great charm to me in such conversations. I fathom an unknown sea,—I geologize in the souls of my fellowmen, I read universal laws by multitudes of divine phenomena. . . .

I say France has two engagements at present—Religion and War. The Jesuits have returned and openly operate. M. Bost gave me a little pamphlet in which he answers a calumnious piece in the papers—occasioned by the preacher of Lent's refusal to give him an opportunity in a public conference, to support the truth of the Protestant belief, which the preacher had a month before in his Lenten sermon vehemently attacked.

But war! The papers are crowded with news, speculations and what not from the seat of war in Morocco. The late victory at Isly (or some such name) by which the army of the emperor was routed and all his cannon taken is glorified day after day as if it were a Marengo or an Austerlitz. No one in America can understand or conceive of the language used in the war papers (*i.e.* the opposition papers) about the war. This is a little matter, as to French policy, altho' it makes the Christian shudder and sigh to see such blindness fall upon a nation. A people whom I believe to be as cowardly except in moments of enthusiasm,

as they are bloodthirsty in moments of rage, present the singular spectacle of a people bragging over and challenging the whole world. . . .

But how is this now apparent? They hate England. No one can conceive of the extent and the rancor of their irritation against England—who has not gone amongst them. One might suppose the papers were full of it for political purposes merely—but let him travel in France and he will find, whatever be the personal designs of the editors of *La Siècle*—their language answers, word for thought, with the cherished malice and deadly enmity of the whole population towards their nobler neighbors. And he will find too, that, as in America, the backwoodsman grasps his rifle and says "let the British come; we'll give it to them," so it is in the interior that the thirst *se battre les anglais*, reaches its acme. Surely it is because they are not known: because ignorance sleeps heavily on all the souls of middle France. Surely it is because the priests of Rome hate and fear the missionaries of London. Surely it is because French peasants are brutes. I am amazed—and can no longer restrain my fear that, let Louis Philippe and M. Guizot, Lord Aberdeen and Sir Robt. Peel do what they will to keep the peace,—war is inevitable in Europe, and—O God, what then? Thou knowest.

Italy and Greece are in great, invisible emotion. Spain is yet quivering in all her members. France thirsts for war—and burns to wipe out the fancied disgrace of Waterloo, by crushing her best friend (if she did but know it). Ireland only waits and pants for war between England and France, to massacre her Saxon oppressors and establish a parliament (a King?) in College Green. In the Hungarian diet a seigneur speaks openly of revolt if Austria continues her exactions. Russia winters her fleet, not as usual at Cronstadt, but at Elsinne, ready for the first breath of spring. Holland and Belgium are two spiders in a bottle, and poor Germany is a bunch of grapes in the centre of a circle of foxes. What is coming?

After a long description of an ascent of the Puy de Guion, he continues:—

Sabbath, September 2, 1844 (Murat to Vic).— . . . As I went on towards Thiézac the road became more and more beautiful, and continued a succession of cliffs above, precipices below, fantastically shaped rocks of all sizes, slopes of pasture, groves,

ravines, bridges, terraces, villages and châteaux, in a series which ended only to expand upon the richer and wider portion of the valley below the town of Vic, where I spent the night. Here for the first time in my life I struck a billiard ball. . . .

Sept. 3.—A few miles below Vic I sketched the picturesque château of Polmistac [opposite leaf], but very unsuccessfully. As an amateur I select scenes rich and heavy in foliage, but as an artist these are just the ones I should avoid, and fix upon wide scenes, naked slopes, sharp peaks, etc. Still these rude

CHÂTEAU ONE MILE BELOW VIC

sketches may fall into the hands of some one who can work up the outlines of beautiful thoughts, and give light and shade to all the foliage.

At Montauban he visited the Protestant pastor M. Monod, and was received cordially by him and his household.

Thursday, Sept. 5, 1844.—Before taking the diligence for Toulouse, I called again on Mr. Félice and his family, and was most affectionately received and dismissed. He accompanied me to the outer gate and wished me the favor and presence of the Lord, and then made me kiss him on both cheeks according

to the fashion of the country. He gave me also a letter to the two or three brothers, Courtois of Toulouse, head of the little Protestant communion there; and also the address of Mrs. F.'s father's family at Lausanne. . . .

. . . A ride of four hours over the almost dead level of the diluvial valley brought us into Toulouse.

. . . I then after going for a while into the immense, Norman Church of St. Servin, made my way along for half a mile through the dark streets to the rue de la Dolbad (pronounced as in Welsh dolbath, and as in modern Greek) where I found a reunion or meeting of Protestant Christians in a lower room (fitted up as a plain chapel) of the house of MM. Courtois. I stood outside for some time talking French (?) with two women about the Abbé Muret (Maurette), one of whom told me she had been a Catholic 10 or 15 years back and had talked with M. Malan of Geneva. She was an exceedingly interesting woman about thirty (?) and seemed to be very proud of her recollections of the great and good "*chrétien*" M. Malan. . . .

After a service of an hour, during which a bench full of boys troubled us a good deal, sitting right before me and loving to torment us,—and after a hymn and prayer and pretty long address by M. Courtois and a short but home-thrust address and prayer by M. ——, a large man, I gave my letter and was invited upstairs to tea. . . .

I conversed with the two brothers on the affairs of the French Church and then on the dangers of German philosophy (with which he says many of their theological students have been injured) until ten o'clock.

The troubles of the Protestants are most serious. Not one of them knows how long he will be out of prison, since the plan now is to prosecute for the books they publish. The Abbé M. is now in prison for twelve months for his little work against the Catholics—condemned for "attacking one of the established religions of the state." Yet a Papist may say what he will against them. Reverend M. Roussel with whom is connected that interesting conversion of a whole parish near Limoges of 800 people, and which has driven the clergy mad, is now prosecuted for publishing Middleton's (?) "Pagan Rome." Yet it is the *tenth* edition. Still the law is that each edition is liable to attack for the first six months of its appearance—after that it is free. Yet the next edition, of which two copies are again sent to the bureau, is open to the same process.

And much more about the condition of religion in France.

The peculiarity of Toulousan architecture, I take to be, an inordinate love of the arch—the round arch. It occurs everywhere. Private houses have their doors and windows included in arcades sunk in the front, and running from the ground where the second-story window leads. Above the façades—in many houses along the quais below the bridge, I saw upper little stories like fly-traps—and standing separately like dormant windows on the houses. Very odd.

After leaving the region of the volcanic mountains of Auvergne, he had continued south-eastward to the Pyrenees by way of Montauban, Toulouse, and Tarbes to Bagnères-de-Bigorre. His memory of the beauty of this country and the wonderful views of the mountains remained with him always, and he often referred to those few days of climbing their sides. The climax of this part of his journey was an expedition to the Lac d'Oo, a little lake situated high up in the mountains, surrounded by precipices,—a most romantic spot. But his minute description of this ascent, which he accomplished alone and on foot, is too long to print. Speaking of it at the time, he writes:—

Sept. 9, '44.—I have passed through, in this two days' walk, the finest parts of the Pyrenees, and seen a variety of their aspects. The beautifully pastoral vale of the Adour, the magnificent panorama of the Col d'Aspin, the narrow head of the Vallée de Loudun, the gorge, the precipice, the lakes and the mountain peaks of Oo, and the remarkable traverse of the Arboust Valley down to Luchon. To describe it in detail would demand a dozen pages.

Of the people he says:—

As I approached the Pyrenees I remarked a great change for the better in the aspect of the people. They are here a noble race;—men and women have the very finest features—often very handsome, but rather too strongly marked to be called beautiful. Erect—robust—quick-eyed—their eyes bright, full and black—

rich curly hair—and often swarthy—they put me strongly in the faith of their Visigoth origin and Spanish amalgamation. Yet ascending the valley I also saw many wretched specimens of humanity. The *bas peuple* here seem as everywhere else in France to be stunted, shrunken, shrivelled, blackened and crippled. While the young have all the elasticity and beauty befitting youth, the aged exhibit the evidences of a hard life of constant and destructive toil and deep, lifelong poverty.

From the Lac d'Oo he went by way of Toulouse, Carcassonne, Montpellier, Nîmes, Alais, Arles, Avignon, Valence, and Grenoble to Geneva, where he remained some days.

CHAPTER VI

SWITZERLAND AND GERMANY

THEOLOGICAL STUDIES

DURING his short stay in Geneva he was much occupied with hearing lectures and talking with several notable Swiss divines, chief among these Cæsar Malan and Merle d'Aubigny.* They received him kindly, and M. Malan made him much at home among his family.

Geneva, Oct. 6.— . . . I went at two o'clock to the Oratoire in the upper town. It seemed to be a new building. Here I met the theological class of perhaps twenty students:—with the preparatory class, they make about forty or forty-five. We waited half an hour for M. Gaussen (who looks exactly like his portraits) during which there was all sorts of innocent fun going on, and all the liveliness of French conversation in full play. I felt much at home among them, and seemed to recognize some familiar face whichever way I turned. I could perceive no difference between them and those I had left at Princeton. The same variety of expression of apparent intellect—of apparent disposition; and neither—on the whole—better nor worse.

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* César Henri Abraham Malan, D.D., clergyman and author, born at Geneva, Switzerland, July 7, 1787, of French Protestant descent; was bred a Socinian, and ordained in 1810; became a Trinitarian under the guidance of Robert Haldane and of Rev. Dr. John M. Mason of New York, and was (1820–63) the pastor of an independent church at Geneva. His sect was called Momiers (Comedians) by the people. He was the author of many religious works. His hymns, *Les Chants de Sion* (1826, with original music 1841) and *Les Grains de Sénevé* (1846), are noteworthy. Many of his works have been translated into English. Died in Geneva May 18, 1864. See his life by his son César (Geneva, 1869). (*From the Universal Cyclopedia.*)

Jean Henri Merle d'Aubigny. Born at Eaux-Vives, near Geneva, August 16, 1794; died at Geneva October 20, 1872. A celebrated Swiss Protestant church historian, after 1830 professor of historical theology at the École de Théologie Évangélique at Geneva. He wrote "Histoire de la réformation," continued in "Histoire de la réformation au temps de Calvin," etc. (*From Century Cyclopedia.*)

After M. Gaussen had lectured half an hour on Theopneusty he was interrupted by the calling of somebody up the stairs to say that M. Merle waited.

M. Merle d'Aubigny—far from being a pleasant-looking or pleasant-spoken man—with a long face and heavy eyebrows, and dark in visage and commanding in form—gave an opening lecture on Homiletics, describing the difference between Christian oratory and Demosthenic and Forensic.

I did not address either professor, but a student offered me his conduct to-morrow evening to M. Merle.

At seven I waited at Dr. Malan's—he was visiting the sick and Mrs. M. entertained me for a while. . . .

As before, the supper table was charming, and the conversation almost wholly in English (one of the sons is at present in Plymouth for his health—spending a few weeks). But my time came afterwards. The Dr., on rising, drew me into a corner on the sofa and began, as he expressed it, to hunt the fox—and expurge the Arminianism—the American venom as he loved to call it —which he had been sure was in me. In three minutes he wound me up completely, and I didn't know what to say. His plan was to stick his finger just under my sore rib—what is faith? and he showed how Arminian I was—*I* the ultra-Calvinist—the fatalist whilom. And thus you think you will go to heaven! Why? Because Christ died. For whom? for all believers. Bah!—There is your Arminian:—it's not true. . . . Christ did not die for believers, but for sinners.

Oct. 10.—Leaving the church, I went out to call on Prof. Merle, and we had a half-hour's chat together. He said I had better see Tholuck at Halle, because he would be interested in my object, and might effect for me a good location in Berlin in a family. He also gave me the names of some places on my route thither, of interest. . . . And some detail of the religious operations of Schleiermacher, who tho' approaching nearest Hegel twenty years ago, was nevertheless the deadly enemy and executioner of the vulgar Rationalism of Germany. Before that the cry was, Christianity is contrary to Reason. He advanced a step by saying it was all from reason. I told him about Campbellism, and he concluded it was much the same with the Socinianism of Geneva. The people here say, it is enough to lead a moral life and believe that Jesus is the Son of God. Some are Arians, some Semi-Arians, some Socinians,—all hate creeds (as do the Campbellites); and so strong is this hatred among them

that it has issued from them and affected even Christians who come also to dislike creeds, altho' in all other respects they think prudently and well. . . .

Leaving Geneva October 12, he went by way of Vevey and Berne to Basle, where he visited the schools.

Tuesday, October 15, 1844 (Basle).— . . . I chanced to go into the school-room opposite the church, and soon had my hands full, and business for three hours, for a little fellow was sent to take me to the gymnasium or public school next door, and the rector handed me over to a teacher who spoke English fluently. From nine to ten, I went from room to room, from the first or smallest class to the sixth or most advanced—both those of humanists and those of realists. The humanists are boys who study classics—the realists do not. . . .

The principle is that the younger classes shall commit much to memory, and the elder reason much. Again—that the authority of the masters shall not be acquired by conflict, but be established by law. This is a point much overlooked in America, where democracy has reduced to a level master and pupils—and what power he has over them he has obtained by the force of his own character. Here authority is acknowledged—established—firm; and so the master may descend to his lowest pupil without fear, and may, as they do, call upon the scholars to observe and signify mistakes committed by them, that they may obtain redress. Hence the most perfect subordination obtains; and also confidence, for confidence is reposed in them. Nothing delighted me more than to see the perfect freedom and carelessness with which at recess time the scholars clustered round the teacher's desk, ran about the room, up and down stairs, making just what noise they pleased—for they were a goodly number—and exhibiting all that security which a child feels in the presence of a loving parent. . . .

My informant gave several little errands to the boys, and said that they loved dearly to oblige their teachers in any way and would study harder and more cheerfully after it.

He then had me to a distant part of the city, to the mission house, which I so much desired to see. He was master there; one of three masters. . . .

He went from Basle by way of Strasburg, Frankfort-on-Main, and Eisenach to Gotha. He visits the chamber of Luther, and, after describing it, adds:—

But what interested me more than anything in the room was a picture of Luther's mother, on one side of the wall, and a picture of his father on the other side. Both as ugly as if the earth was to be peopled with ogres. But the father's forehead and determined look and strong shrivelled chin told of young Luther's in a way not to be mistaken. Yet I have seen just such ugly little obstinate-looking, half-cunning, half-confiding Dutchmen more than once. What became of their young Luthers? Ah —it is not the 16th Century. God does not need just such for just such purposes now. Wait till the circle returns—there will be another old Luther and another young one. . . .

He went by Weimar and Leipsic to Halle, which he reached October 24, and after consultation with Professor Tholuck he decided here to remain to prosecute his theological studies and perfect his German. The five or six months which he spent at Halle were a notable part of his life, and I shall quote more at length from this portion of the journal.

Evening, Oct. 24.—Five o'clock called on Prof. Tholuck.* A most ungainly, awkward man. He came into the room, with his elbows out sideways behind, and stuck his face into mine as if he were scared to death by an apparition and wanted instantly to relieve himself by discovering its nature. This arose, as I soon learned, from his excessive near-sightedness, but it exhibits itself also—his awkwardness—in ways not so easily explained. For instance he sits and talks with one, swaying his

* Friedrich August Gotttreu Tholuck. Born at Breslau, Prussia, March 30, 1799: died at Halle, Prussia, June 10, 1877. A German Protestant theologian and preacher, professor of theology at Halle from 1826. He was educated at Breslau and Berlin, where he was appointed professor (extraordinary) in 1823. His works include "Die Lehre vom Sünder und Versöhner" ("The Doctrine of the Sinner and Redemption"), "Stunden der Andacht" ("Hours of Devotion," 1840), commentaries on Romans, John, the Sermon on the Mount, Hebrews, and Psalms, an answer to Strauss's "Leben Jesu" ("Glaubwürdigkeit der evangelischen Geschichte," 1837), "Vorgeschichte des Rationalismus" (1853–62), "Geschichte des Rationalismus" (1865), etc. (*From Century Cyclopedia.*)

body to and fro, and rubbing his knees all the time until one is in a fit of nervous irritability. But—these are specks in the sun—specks rather on its serene surface. What if a man has freckles on his skin?

I shall probably learn more about him soon, but only say now that he is described as being an exceedingly active Christian, always busy for his Master and his cause—has students at his table, at his walks and in every way interests himself in them, speaking most practically to them on all occasions.

. . . The reasons for my remaining here would be that it is more easy to acquire intimate acquaintance with people here, because they are not so busy. Students are numerous and accessible here, and from them one must hope most in the way of acquiring language. It is cheaper—a student being able to live comfortably for 200 Thaler a year (says Professor Tholuck).

Oct. 25.—Was taken by Mr. Lyman to see M. Roby, and in the afternoon attended three lectures. Tholuck on Introduction two o'clock, somebody on the French Revolution at three, and another on Logic at four. They stayed to hear the same on the history of Philosophy at five.

Government has built a huge square house with a covered court in the centre, up which goes the great staircase, and around it galleries,—around which are the spacious lecture-rooms, in use every hour of the day by some one or other of the seventy professors to some or other of the 700 students. As the students strive to get near seats, the rooms are filled before the time. At the end of three-quarters of an hour the professors run out and the students follow—some home—others to promenade in the galleries until the commencement of the next hour. I can now understand how it is some German students hear eight hours of lecture in the day. These intermissions are invaluable.

A pastor's wife (widow), may take me [as boarder], but must wait the return of her daughter from Magdeburg—and moreover fears for her husband's oil paintings. But I happily am no smoker.

Here I suppose must end my Journal; past source of annoyance; future source of regret and pleasure. Were it worse written I could burn it; were it better it would be worth preserving. As it is, it is a monument of an ineffectual search after truth; of vain wanderings with shut ears among the noisiest crowd in the universe—a crowd of mankind; a monument of wasted time impossible to redeem, altho' attempted; misused

opportunities turned executioners when wooed as friends. A monument of insufficient reading, narrow generalizations, imperfect observations; also a monument of struggles after the half gained, of hopes half realized, of shackles loosened if not unbound; above all of mercies experienced, and faith confirmed. May God bless the future, and give it a better journal than the past has had. Amen.

In spite of this rather solemn farewell to his journal, my father seems to have continued it without interruption. The following entry on the same page was made in the evening of the same day:—

Evening, Oct. 25.—Attended a service of English and Scotch at Dr. Tholuck's. Present, eight or nine; one a Scotch lady, Mrs. T. is a charming woman.

Sabbath, October 27.—Attended Dr. Tholuck's service in the Dom Church. It was said to be a fine sermon. The order of service, hymns, etc., were handed to us by ushers at the doors. Most of the strait nave (same height as the aisles, and no clerestory of course) was pewed for women. Some men sat near the pulpit. The most of the men stood in the aisle in front of little watch-houses set in line against that wall, and two stories high, in which Mrs. Tholuck and other ladies took their seats, and might enjoy fire. . . .

Oct. 28—. . . Every man in Prussia, not bed-ridden or a cripple, must carry arms. If students wish to avoid a forced military duty of two years, which will rob them of most of their time and subject them to great hardship, they must volunteer for one year and buy their own accoutrements. They are however in this case generally made officers after the first months, and then can command enough time to attend lectures. . . .

It is very odd to see six or eight or ten of these young men in handsome undress uniforms crowding into the lecture-rooms, walking over the benches to their seats, fixing their portfolios for the lecture, and thrusting their spiked horns into the bench before them—with the rest. But here all serve for war, from the prince to the school-boy, none is exempt. A grand parade and review was held here a few weeks ago, and 30,000 troops deployed. The Hussars cut a fine figure. The King, his brother

Generalissimo, the King of Saxony and a score of other crown princes of Germany were present. . . .

Oct. 29.—Mr. ——, who lectures on philosophy, yesterday spoke of the Grecian philosophy as all childlike, characterized by the quiet, undoubting, unquarrelling simplicity of childhood. . . .

When he goes too fast, or when they wish him to repeat or when he speaks too low, the students *hiss;* also when the least noise is made. It is most amusing to see him after the room is full and quiet, come scampering in and commence his lecture without a hem or a haw and almost before he had taken his seat, just as if he had but quitted his seat to pick up his handkerchief. . . .

Closed with Frau Criminal Inspector Schultze, at sixteen Thaler a month, washing, light, and fuel *excluded.* Two very pleasant rooms—one a little bedroom, and the other opening on to the garden. . . .

Calling on Mrs. Tholuck, I was talking with her when the Professor came in with a string of students, and cried to me that there were two Nestorians above, if I wanted to see them. Two Historians, said I, oh, certainly. Historians—no, no, *Nestorians,* and they all laughed. And sure enough, upstairs were two Welsh missionaries and two Nestorian big-noses in gowns. I was introduced as an American, and they regarded me as I did them, and the East and the West shook hands over the table of the centre. But the air was tormented thereafter. The general conversation was in German. The missionaries spoke to the Nestorians in Turkish. Professor Tholuck to the missionaries in Persian and Arabic. The missionaries to some one else in French, and Tholuck to me in English. Syriac was at the disposal of the priest and his companion, and Welsh and Italian at that of the missionaries. . . .

Oct. 31.—Sent my trunk in the morning by my new *Stiefelputzer,* and went to tea to Mrs. Schultze's. . . .

Nov. 1.—Called on Professor Erdmann* below stairs at his Sprech-stunde (9–10 A.M.), and he professed great pleasure at the opportunity for learning the English. . . . Cold.

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* Johann Eduard Erdmann. Born at Wolmar, Livonia, Russia, June 13, 1805: died at Halle, June, 1892. A German philosopher, professor at Halle. He published "Versuch einer wissenschaftlichen Darstellung der Geschichte der neuern Philosophie" (1834–53), etc. (*Century Cyclopedia.*)

Nov. 2.—. . . I have hitherto spent my time in earnest study of Ollendorf's grammar—and in some ludicrous attempts at a double translation of Dr. Malan's little book, "Assurance of Faith," into English and German. . . .

After describing a musical party, he adds:—

It is therefore as cheap as it is a pleasant mode of public recreation for a convivial people. Indeed the cheapness and simplicity of life here is quite unknown to the mass of Americans, living in cities. . . .

Sabbath, Nov. 3.—Went in the mud and came in the rain away from the church on the Platz. . . .

The preacher spoke very clearly, so that I understood half what he said at first. I afterwards learned that it was the Rationalist Professor Francke. His subject was the liberty of belief, *Glaubens/reiheit*—for this is the Reformation's *Festtag*—the anniversary of the affixation of the theses on the door of the Wittenberg Church by Luther. The king has ordered it to be solemnized yearly, beginning this year. Franke is a venerable oldish man with the mien of a Catholic priest, which is heightened by his wearing, like them, a black velvet skullcap, over his bald head. This is however common with old Germans. . . .

Nov. 4.—Was invited by Professor Tholuck, with Mr. Fulton, the Scotch student from Dr. Burns' congregation at Paisley, to walk with him and Professor Ulritzi [Ulrici]* to whom he introduced us. The latter can speak Swedish, Danish, a little Russian, Polish, German, English, French, Spanish, Italian, Latin, and Greek, Persian and Arabic, and of course understands the Hebrew and Chaldæan.

He gave me some valuable information about the course of ecclesiastical deposition in Prussia.

Nov. 6.—Attended the evening meeting of students at Professor Tholuck's. It was very crowded, because he was to give a continuation of his account of things, as he saw them in Sweden

* Hermann Ulrici. Born at Pförten, Prussia, March 23, 1806: died at Halle, Prussia, January 11, 1884. A German theistic philosopher and critic, professor at Halle. His works include "Ueber Shakspere's dramatische Kunst," a number of philosophical works, etc. (*From Century Cyclopedia.*)

and Norway. Three concentric rows of chairs were filled by the students—and the sofa behind the table at one end of which Professor T. sat, (rubbing his knees,) while all hung with breathless attention upon his lips; many others stood in the corners, and filled the little anteroom (his proper study), to the door of which was wheeled a sofa for one or two ladies. When those who stood got very tired—those who sat, very kindly gave up to them their seats. It opened at eight o'clock and closed at ten-fifteen. He first spoke of the constitution of the Swedish church, and made a student read a few pages of a description of the oath taken at the inauguration of a (?) to show how *fixed* all was. (He told him if he didn't read louder he would never become a preacher.) Then he described the two Universities—of Upsala (Royal) and Thom (?) and spoke of their being sometimes Schleiermacherish and at others Hegelian, and at others Straussisch, etc., etc. (Such is the mode of talking here.) Germany and the German Europe seems to be a great devil take the hindmost race-course. As Ulrici said—speaking of old (?) and his 103 one edition works, "a German never merely writes *one* book—he must write many—he *must* keep on writing or he is speedily forgotten." But when he is dead he writes no more—hence the dead *are* dead in Germany. They first die themselves, and then soon after their influence dies. German Pedantry forbids their memory to die. Now Hegel is all the rage. Nothing is heard of but Hegel. He is the great philosopher. (He died in the cholera a few years back.) But how long he will continue such, especially as he is dead, no one can foresee. What is Kant now?

We think Hengstenberg * a great man, said I to Fabian last night. "You *do?*" said he, lifting up his hands and eyes—"he is a humbug—he blows a big trumpet, with both cheeks full—is a very little man." So it goes—*here*. . . .

Nov. 8.—Gave a first lesson to Professor Erdmann in English. On Fridays we are to read "Nicholas Nickleby," and on Tuesdays translate a German book. I feel that I am making good progress in the German, but it is exceedingly difficult and the vista of the dictionary opens out fearfully.

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* Ernst Wilhelm Hengstenberg. Born at Fröndenburg, Westphalia, October 20, 1802: died at Berlin, May 28, 1869. A German Protestant theologian, leader of the orthodox Lutherans, professor of theology in Berlin from 1826. He wrote "Christologie des Alten Testaments" (1825-35), etc. (*From Century Cyclopedia.*)

Nov. 13.—Monday I was cited to appear at the police passport office, where I had left my passport, and I received a permit to stay six months, for ten groschen. . . .

"How many physicians have you in Halle?" I asked of Miss Malvina to-day. "80." "80! for a city of 2700 people?" "Yes —including 60 students." "Ah, that is another thing—quite. And how many of them are homœopathists?" "Not one." "Why so?" "No homœopathist would consent to live here, his condition would be made so disagreeable by the other physicians. So that the people who favor that system must practise it themselves, or put up with the old practice."

Yesterday evening went and introduced myself to Professor Baumeister, entomologist (I thought geologist), who told me something of the geology of Germany. . . .

. . . We then spoke of the state of religious feeling in the North and South of Germany respectively. Here as I see all is very cold. Not a lecture—not a house meeting, begins with prayer. . . .

The reformed here are divided—one part cry—"all our troubles have come from *das Wissen*—knowledge—we must lay it aside and go to Faith":—and they are disposed to enter Herrnhut, having left Berlin. The other part (where Hengstenberg and Neander, etc., found themselves) cry—"no, let us treat the disease homœopathically; what has killed shall cure. We will fight the infidels on their own ground. We will know what these knowing ones know, that we may know what they do *not* know." . . .

Nov. 22.—Professor Erdmann, speaking to-day of the prejudice against color in America, told me that the same kind of feeling existed here, until within a few years, among the common people against any, even to the fourth generation, tainted with Wendish (Vandal) blood. The Guilds would not receive them, or would eject them if inadvertently received. They could not be masters in any workshop, and were almost on a par with Hangmen's children.

Lately Prussia has abolished the Guild system; any man by payment of a few dollars to the Government may set up as soon as he likes for himself. . . .

Nov. 23.—The same complaints are made here over inefficient servants,—dirty, slovenly, ignorant cooks. . . .

It seems also that the system obtains of luring away a good

cook from the family that enjoys her, not by higher wages, but in hopes of lighter work and better treatment. Open fight has occurred between a master and his servant. But I suppose not oftener than in England or America. But I heard of *one* curiosity at least.

A cook comes to obtain a place in a family at Berlin. She is satisfied and so is the mistress, but looking round she says, "I do not see any place where I can place my piano." "No," says the lady. "I am very sorry then that I cannot serve you," she replies and leaves the house to seek another more commodious or more compliant. . . .

Sabbath, Nov. 24.—Nine o'clock heard Professor Erdmann in the Moritz Kirche, . . . The sting of death is sin; we have the victory by Jesus Christ. . . .

A cold sermon: a beautiful sermon—chaste, elegant, simple, eloquent, sublime in the purity of thought and clearness of enunciation,—but dead as the pillar before which it was recited. The application of Scripture was so rich and so aptly true, that I started more than once, lifting my face with wonder to him, asking myself—is this the Hegelian?—has he become a preacher of righteousness? It was an angel of darkness in robes of light. Saul was only *among* the prophets.

I was much struck with the resemblance which Professor Erdmann bore to Persico's Mephistopheles, in his studio at Philadelphia—the sculptor. Erdmann has a noble, accurate mind.

Dec. 2.—On the third invitation of Professor Tholuck, I took advantage of the charming, cold sky, and took a long walk with him and Professor Ulrici.

Dec. 4.—I am almost overburdened with favors all at once—three gentlemen students have come upon me, one at ten, one at eleven and one at 3¼ o'clock, to walk with me and exchange English for German. These with Professor Erdmann's English lessons twice a week, Mr. —— of the Waisenhaus, twice a week and Wandel's daily lesson, the only one I pay (five gros. an hour = 12½ cts.). I find four hours of the day taken up in *pure talk*. Then is the dinner hour and the supper hour, and the hour to sit to listen to Erdmann's philosophical lecture—making seven hours of *regular* study;—besides this I have two hours in the morning and two at night (before supper) of quiet German reading,—making eleven;—and one or two after supper

according to circumstances and wakefulness. So that I am travelling at the rate of at least twelve hours a day on the road to somewhere, with the advantage of a single track to drive upon. I sleep seven hours—sometimes eight—and idle many a five minutes away without being aware of it. But I *try* to redeem the whole day. . . .

Dec. 11th.—Closed with Mr. Zimmerman for 18 Th. a month and *everything*. . . .

This means, no doubt, that he changed his lodging and boarding place.

Saturday, December 14, 1844 (Halle).—Quite at home; my room however not quite dry, and so not in it yet. Mr. and Mrs. Zimmerman, Captain Gould (expecting to go to India) and young Frederick . . . from W. Indies, compose the household. We speak much German, and a fine little library is open to my use. . . .

February 11, 1845.—Take up my journal again after a two months' interruption. . . .

. . . My stay in Halle draws to a close. The cold weather of late November was succeeded by a wondrously mild and beautiful winter, suddenly breaking up at the beginning of this month into a series of daily cold blows and snows, with which the ground is now bedecked, and over which all the old and new sleighs which Halle boasts of, drive hither and yon in mad career. The peculiarity of sleighing in Germany consists in furnishing the sleigh with a narrow straddle seat behind, across which a man sits with his feet on two irons projecting above the runners, cracking from time to time an immense whip-lash attached to a short handle, and producing therefrom divers reports of guns and pistols in the several stages of their development. The performance seems to be the translation into German of the common English expression "here we go!" . . .

Prof. Blanc finished "Tartuffe" (Molière) yesterday, and next Thursday begins a course of lectures on the French theatre; of course in French. Our old Hofrath Holman above us continues his prosy readings of Boccaccio's "Decamerone," translating into German with tedious interludes of reminiscences, traditions and what not, half in Italian, half in German.

The best method of teaching a language *in lectures* is, as I think, to take a good and not abstract author, to translate it

sentence by sentence, not too slowly, but taking care *to give the translation into good English* of each sentence *before* reading the sentence in the original. Thus much time is saved and tedium also avoided. It is natural to become impatient of mere sounds before knowing their meaning; and it is necessary when they are known to return and go over them again, in thought at least. The translation should be so conducted that the grammar should come in, not in the way of *precept*, but of *practice*. Thus in the first lesson; begin by saying that the general form of the article is so and so. Then every time a form of the article occurs, run through the three genders of that particular case and tell the pupils to do the same in a low voice. In case of confusion of forms, proceed by stating the case, and then give the three genders. Thus the students will soon be able to repeat perfectly, *and in their natural connection*, the phases of the article and never give one case instead of another; while no time has been lost in the process. So of other points of grammar, taking them up one at a time, not too hurriedly. Grammar is easily learned *in the course of time*, but is exceedingly difficult to learn *in mass, at once.*

February 12, 1845 (Halle).—News has arrived from Berlin that since the visit of Herr B—— minister at London to the King last year and their secret *comprenus* together, the King has been working upon a constitution, and is about to give it in to the several Landtags of the provinces,—now, for four weeks from the last Monday, in session. Germany is electrified. Wandel, as a student, is half-crazy with joy. Surmises are numberless upon its contents. The King is immortalized upon the spot, and all dissatisfaction on the point of taking wings to fly away....

I have borrowed Strauss'* Life of Jesus and am reading it. I took up the book with fear and trembling, and prayed earnestly that my faith might stand if it were a good faith, and that God would lead me into the way of all truth, by opening my eyes to discern where truth lay and where error. The first page I opened troubled me beyond measure; it was a rapid, concise,

* David Friedrich Strauss. Born at Ludwigsburg, Würtemberg, January 27, 1808: died at Ludwigsburg, February 8, 1874. A celebrated German theological and philosophical writer and biographer. He was educated at Tübingen and Berlin, and was "repetent" at the Theological Seminary and lecturer at the University of Tübingen 1832–35. He was deprived of his office on account of his "Leben Jesu" (*Century Cyclopedia.*)

sharp-sighted, clearly presented although only *by the by coming* catalogue of Harmonic difficulties in the way of the truth of the Gospel.

It was in the last chapter of his introduction. I then turned to his first chapter in the life of Jesus when a child, and read it with care. No one can imagine the joy I experienced when closing the book I reflected upon the exceeding ease with which a soul filled with the ideas of first the necessity of a Revelation, and second the power and presence of God, and third the consistency existing between His power and will, and the exhibition of the same in the way of miracles—could listen calmly to the mild, logical, unimpassioned, almost disinterested words of Strauss, and pass unhesitating judgment upon the presumption, and folly of his *Standpunct* (point of view). His effort is to prove that the account of the birth of John Baptist is a myth, *i.e.* that some Christian wishing to take advantage of the notoriety, in history, of the Baptist, in order to interweave his career with that of Jesus, and satisfy thereby the general feeling among the Jews that the Messiah was to have a forerunner,—framed the history of his birth from materials gathered here and there out of the Old Testament such as the births of Isaac, Samson, etc. The grand talisman of criticism which Strauss uses is that unbelieving sentence, *es ist gar nicht wahrscheinlich*, "it is very improbable."

His book is valuable to the theologian for its contents. It embraces a summary of best hypotheses on the side of Christian and Rationalistic Harmonists, and gives the quintessence of objection which can be made to the several parts of the Holy Scripture. May God confound the wisdom of the wise and lead this man to the knowledge of this truth! . . .

On Monday last I walked with Tholuck, Lyman, and H. I put the first a question somewhat like this: Why are the Old Testament Scriptures so low esteemed in Germany? He answered, because it was not a part of the Bible,—and asked me if what was said in it about God's will and works was not too *grausam* (cruel) to be true? I replied it was *grausam* thus to think and thus to speak. They all three laughed heartily. I felt much more like crying than laughing. *Grausam!* yes, cruel enough to poor souls which wish to have, to keep and to be saved by a Bible, when that Bible is torn from them by impertinent, ignorant criticism. Since I have been in Germany, I have heard *every* book or *collection of books in the Bible* pronounced, in turn, by different persons, of different opinions, *spurious*. One says

Genesis is a fiction; another says Job was written by a returned captive; another says the Hebrews are not genuine, that Peter is apocryphal, that the first chapter of John, of Luke, are added; every verse you bring up of a decided power against a man's errors, becomes immediately in his eyes an *interpolated* verse. Some reject the Old Testament, some the New, and some call the whole a moral, a fiction, or a lie. Germany is a wareshop of Biblical unbelief; purchasers from abroad will find here a full assortment. The Christian who wants no such ware, looks on, and holds his whole Bible the tighter to his breast.

In later years my father delighted in the "Higher Criticism," and read omnivorously along this line of Biblical research, so that I find it difficult to imagine him possessed in youth of so different a view of the subject.

February 14, 1845 (Halle).—Which is most to be pitied, upon physical considerations, that poor old woman toiling across the promenade with her panier of *Torfstein* bending her half-down to the ground,—or yonder professor hobbling down the stairs of the University, with arms half-spread in instinctive guard against the possibility of falling, whose youth-life was consumed by incessant toil, whose limbs are cracked and shortened by rheumatism contracted by sitting with his feet in cold water to keep his exhausted nature from falling into sleep before his daily task was performed? The one is a *Bauer's* wife or widow—the other Professor Tholuck, with his half-shut eyes, thought-furrowed brow, ill-set clothes, straight-rimmed old hat, unstrapped pantaloons,—a professor run to seed—a godly man above the world—an incipient Gabriel in flesh, bone, leather and wool arrayed, waiting for his presentation at court. . . .

History. *Weltgeschicte.* History of the development of the human world soul. History of philosophy from the time the world went to Thales' infant school, to the date of its last brochure from the press, of Kant, Schilling, Fichte, Hegel and Co. What a nonsensical jumble the philosophical historian of historical philosophy makes of it all! What with "tasks" and developments, necessities and probabilities, antipathies and analogies, actions and reactions, what an amount of "*Heftpapier*" one must use up to put it all down upon! And after all one learns nothing new—one just turns round and round and comes down the tall old corkscrew staircase of the old Time Cathedral,

and finds that though every single step sets him with his face to a different point of the compass until he is in a state of philosophical and most unphilosophic desperation—yet that every step is exactly under and agreeable to the eighth or the sixteenth in order above it—and the eighth or the sixteenth in order below it—and that the door at the bottom faces exactly the same way as the door at the top. A man must lay both hands on the straight stem in the middle all the way down, if he doesn't wish to get giddy and come down with the run. The post in the centre I take to be a composition granite—its mica, felspar and quartz are, I suspect, Christianity, common sense and an abomination of modern Germanism.

February 15, 1845 (Halle).— . . . My day's work is as regular as the snow. Up between 6½ and 7. Bible and breakfast and Thomas à Kempis until 8; letters, etc., etc., till 9 o'clock. Wandel comes and stays till 10, and leaves me exhausted or with a headache. Strauss or Franke till 11. Go to read "Vicar of Wakefield" with Myers (or if on Tuesday and Friday, to talk English with Professor Erdmann) till 12. Dinner and German conversation till 1. Strauss, etc. till 2; (or Monday and Thursday, French with Blanc at the University). Walk with Voigt till 3. (English and German every alternate day.) Leo's lecture on French Revolution Monday, Wednesday and Friday; and Holman, Italian (Boccaccio), Tuesday and Thursday until 4. Then walk with Wandel or whoever will go, or return and read till 5. Erdmann's lecture upon History of Philosophy till 6. Supper and German. Translation into German from Cecil's "Remains," etc., until 10 (one evening in the week, 7 to 8 Bible study, one evening in the week, 8 to 10, Tholuck's levee). Bible and Andacht's B. to bed.

I find myself very weak and very lazy. I have often to lie down on the sofa for 5 or 10 minutes to gather strength. The German students take another but a worse way to attain the same object. They drink coffee, and smoke. This gives them an immediate increase of strength. Some will drink 10 cups of coffee and more in the course of the day, and smoke almost as many pipes. . . .

Evening, 10½ o'clock. Just returned with Robie Lyman, Perston and two German students, from a great "*Commers*" or meeting of students in the large hall of the Wein Traube, quarter of a mile out the Gebigenstein gate, beyond the penitentiary. Three large circular oil chandeliers hung from the

ceiling. An arcade supporting a gallery for a fine brass band filled up one end of the room. Square tables were ranged in rows along it, and shifted at pleasure, but always kept in line, for the parties and rows of students, of whom 300 might be present.

As Roby and I, after our quiet walk over the snow beneath the rows of small trees in the deep-cut road, reached the building, the rich swell of a student song, full of *Freiheit* and *Vaterland*, rose and fell upon the night air. On entering we took a seat at a side table and were soon joined by Lyman. Gould and Wandel we descried seated against the wall on the opposite side of the room. The song continued. Every voice made itself heard. The pipes hung idly in the hands. Heads were thrown back over the chairs, the face upturned, and the soul following the song to heaven—the students' heaven! Little boys ran up and down the aisles between the tables carrying out the empty mugs and replacing them full before each student, and received his half-groschen in return. The song swells and dies and swells again,—the choruses shake the room. Now all rise and every one strikes his glass against as many of his friends as are within his arm's reach, and the song and the last chorus end together.

When they ceased singing, they all rose and walked and crowded together, talking, laughing, filling the air with a cloud of smoke and a roar of joyous noise. Some were noble fellows. Faces in which deep thought had left its impression:—faces of full-moon good fellowship—faces of deep melancholy—faces of singular beauty—faces common, and ugly, striking and tame,—faces of every character except vulgarity and brutality—all beaming with the easy nonchalance and overflowing bonhomie and thorough satisfaction, so indigenous to the soil of German "*Burschen*" life.

Most wore their caps—the little student *Mütze*. One or two had decorated them with long red tassels. Many had their long hair falling in straight masses upon their back and shoulders (for the German hair not often waves). All had the indispensable long pipe or the less fashionable cigar, and left their great glass mugs with silvered lids before their chairs upon the table.

Here were men of all the Germanic nations, and the coming of the Englishman among them (for they recognize no distinction between the English, Scotch and Americans) gratified them all. Here were Russians and Saxons and Pommerns, Westphalians, Swabians, Baierns, Austrians and Hungarians with their long black hair and virgin bushy beards. Men from the Rhine, from the North Sea, and from beyond the Carpaths met

here on common ground, and loved each other with German hearts. As the 5000 met in 1820 to sing songs of Freedom on the Wartzburg hill; in the same spirit these 200 met here to-night to sing the same songs—at least those of them that are not prohibited by law—and to feel, if they dare not speak, for Germany and Freedom.

But another and more immediate and therefore stronger principle of union operates to-night. These assembled are part of the 330 who have organized in minor *kneipes* or societies, and now for the first time assemble together (under pretence of a concert, inserted *in the corner* of the newspaper, at which it was understood none but students would be present—in order to escape the punishment attached to secret or public gatherings of *students* as such) avowedly in opposition to the "Club," *i.e.* the 100 students who in time past have self-constituted themselves a court of honor, and ruled the 700 students of the University with a rod of iron. The story of the tyranny exercised by this selection of imperious spirits from the various kingdoms of Germany, would be a long one. Now their reign is past. A constitution will be formed next week, in which the laws of dwelling will be accurately detailed, closely adhered to, and energetically carried into effect. A general president, who holds his place four weeks presiding *covertly* (else he would be ejected from the University); and every little circle of 10 or 20, with a vice-president at its head, judges upon every case brought before it, and the verdict of the parts becomes the verdict of the whole.

The most perfect unanimity and good feeling reigned throughout the room. Song followed song. At last several came to us, pleaded against our isolation, carried off our table and joined it with Wandel's party, with whom I seated myself and joined with all my voice in the glorious music, although it was about "Music, wine and love"—and the glories of the *Burschen* life.

At half-past 10 I left. . . .

Sabbath, February 16, 1845 (Halle).— . . . I feel an ever-increasing, ever more continuous desire of seeking the salvation of the souls around me; yet this desire is never gratified. Instead of leading the conversation, I am led by it. Despair often comes over me when I think of the future. If I am ever to do any good, *now* is the time, as well as a year hence, when I may be in another world. If I am too weak, too selfish, or too unbelieving *now*, what reason have I to believe such dispositions will come with a change of scene or a formal assumption of office?

I am incessantly reminded of David;*—a friendless refugee, ignorant of the language, timid, modest, sensitive, yet burning with so pure a love for the souls of men and zeal for the glory of his Saviour, that before six months had passed over his head in America God had given him five or six seals [*sic*] to his unassuming ministry. And what have I done here? Absolutely nothing. Too timid to rebuke, too cold to plead, too selfish to offend, I have no doubt I encourage the indifference I see around me rather than remove it; and yet I feel and say to myself in my own room, I would give or do anything to win souls to Christ. The next hour I go out, find opportunities, neglect them, return and say the same words. Such a man has a *right* to doubt that he is a Christian, will be drowned in the ocean as he goes to take up his office, or deposed from his ministry after he has assumed it.

What is to be done? My heart says, goodness is a gift of God: one must not look a gift horse in the mouth. Conscience cries out at the thought, and warns me that God has said, Be perfect as I am perfect. Work while it is called to-day. Be instant in season and out of season. Offer up your soul and body a reasonable service. My heart replies, I wish to: and, pointing to the books loading the table, bids me reflect on the number of hours I spend in translating German. Conscience is not satisfied, but ask if preparation for *duty to come* is to exclude *duty at hand*. The heart pleads a regular cheerful life, a steadfast rejection of error, even occasional zeal for the truth when it is attacked. Conscience replies: must not *precept* accompany example? must not general truth be made particular by being made *personal?* Man's heart is like Babylon with its gardens. If the Christian blockades it merely, his hopes are in vain, for it has provision enough within itself to sustain an endless siege. He must *attack* it and if possible take it by storm.

Driven to extremities, the heart, as a last resort, pleads that the heart of man is in the hand of God. That all the talking and preaching in the world will do no good unless God sees proper to make men better by his own Almighty grace. Conscience answers, if that were a good reason for Christians to hold their peace and live among other people like other people, it were also a good reason for abolishing the ordinance of the ministry, and even for neglecting the preaching of an innocent and useful Christian life.

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* His friend David Trumbull probably, who had gone to Valparaiso as a missionary.

But, says the heart, if you ask every one you meet if he loves Jesus, if he ever prays, etc., etc., you will offend him, make yourself generally hated and shunned as a fanatic and fool, and of course can *then* do no good.

And do you do any good if you do *not* ask these questions? is the reply of Conscience. Besides people who live in immediate connection with you will find it hard to shun you in common intercourse of life, and repeated questions get at last an answer. Moreover it is not so easy to offend another by a Christian Question as you think for. People also are much more accessible on religious ground—much oftener indeed anxious to be asked these very questions, to which shame prevents them seeking from others solutions, than is generally imagined.

No! it is a nameless shame worthy of the devil, but most unworthy of a saved soul—the shame of speaking about the good, in this bad world; about God among those who fear and dislike Him; of being in direct opposition with those who *know* with you, but cannot *feel* with you; of hurting them, by exciting within them that internal dissension, which they are ever at such pains—such unavailing pains to allay. That is the true reason of the Christian's backwardness to ask the kind and simple question—do you ever pray? It is as disagreeable, and precisely for the same reasons, as to ask a person whose honesty you suspect—have you seen my watch? You sympathize so much with his chagrin—you feel his shame so much yourself before it comes on him—you are so unwilling to hurt his feelings in their tenderest point, *their self-respect*, that rather than do it, you leave him in his unpraying, unreconciled condition, and he is damned forever. You, whom God in mercy has led to secure your own salvation, are too unwilling to hurt your fellow-creature's feelings—rather say, are too unwilling to wound your own self-loving, sympathetic heart—to save his soul from Hell. Fy! upon such a Christian!

Monday, February 17, 1845.—Why am I a Calvinist, etc.? is a question which has often given me and no doubt multitudes of lovers of the truth much trouble to answer. The ordinary answer is, because Calvinism is the truth. I retort—so I *think*, but can I be certain of it, seeing so many others, equally and better qualified to judge of what is truth, decide otherwise, and have each one his own system? The answer to the question, Why I am so and so? as it is a universal question, should be a universal answer.

I would therefore rather give *this* answer. When all comes to all, every man must decide for himself upon the phases of truth and error as presented to him, and act accordingly. His question then, as far as action is concerned, becomes not, what is Truth? but, what is Truth *to me?* What are *my* probabilities of Truth?

I am a Calvinist therefore, not because Calvinism is Truth to the exclusion of other isms (although for all I can say or others can say to the contrary, it may be so)—but because it is that system of asserted truths which *to my mind* seems the most consequent or consistent.

I thus avoid first the immodesty of asserting something to be truth, in the face of denying thousands, although in the end the thousands *may* be wrong and I alone right: and . . . second, the necessity of denying asserted truths which though inconsequent to my system seem too well established to be denied without injury to the delicacy of either conscience or reason.

As a Calvinist, a geologist, an artist of a particular school, etc., etc., I defend these particular systems of Truth as being those phases of Truth which I as an independent reasoning being must regard, respect and be subject unto. While I can look without hostility upon all the, to me, *inconsequent* assertions or phases of truth which other men around me are in like manner subject unto.

In a word one must cease to polemize upon *Eternal* truth, and be satisfied with investigating, acting upon, and sustaining temporal phases which it presents to one. Modesty and a love of Truth are sisters. . . .

Friday, February 28, 1845 (Halle).— . . . The attempted coalition among the students has been discovered and broken down. The students were foolish enough to venture on holding a committee meeting in the day-time. The University poodles (hired spies unknown and frequently changed) of course discovered. The four vice-presidents at the meeting were cited, and at once, according to general agreement and the infinite surprise of the senate, Schultze and Pernice at the head, told everything. On Wednesday evening the committee for drawing up their constitution met, at 7 o'clock some of them, the whole at 11. After they had come in from the museum, Tholuck's, etc., etc. (whither they had gone to elude suspicion), in a house in the country and remained in violent debate until 9 o'clock next morning. Had the discovery been delayed a few weeks longer, until

their constitution was finally settled and adopted, that the true object of the association could have been self-apparent, they would not have cared. Now they had to do all they were to do, *at once.* They met again yesterday. But unhappily there are two elements contained in the common desire to break down the duelling and despotic clubs. One part of the coalition are Christians and have formed a party in favor of a constitution upon a strictly *moral* basis; the rest say no, morality must not enter—for if it does *all* duelling will be abolished, and while this every-day, childish slashing of noses should be effectually put a stop to, there will arise cases of justifiable duel, which we must provide for in our constitution [?]. They can come to no agreement and it is difficult to imagine a compromise, for the moralists dare not advance a step from their ground; without subjecting themselves to the danger of being at some time or other drawn into a duel.

In March he seems to have visited Berlin and several other places, returning to Halle the 27th of March.

Friday, March 14, 1845 (Berlin).—. . . After one or two attempts among the splendid private residences in it and Linni Street found Mr. Fay's * house, and soon after sat listening with a delight, somewhat difficult to explain perhaps, to the sounds made by a little girl in the next room, who was repeating and singing to her mother the first verse or two of the old ballad "cruél, cruél, cruél, sarpént," in the purest English. I thought I never had heard music more sweet. I have not heard the voice of an English woman since I left Paris, as well as I can remember; nor of an English child. This was still better, for it was American English.

Mr. Fay soon came in, and gave me Jewitt's old address, and some kind but quite unnecessary medical advice, and informed me of a letter which had been presented to him many times, and no later than last evening. He is quite a young man, slender and suffering. He thinks Berlin air inflammatory.

. . . Returning to the University I heard a lecture from Nean-

* Theodore Sedgwick Fay. Born at New York, February 10, 1807. An American miscellaneous writer and diplomatist. Associate editor of the New York *Mirror* in 1828; secretary of the American legation at Berlin in 1837–53; minister resident at Bern, Switzerland, 1853–61, when he retired to private life. Author of "Great Outlines of Geography," 1867. (*Century Cyclopedia.*)

der,* an ugly, crooked, dark-eyebrowed, rascally-looking little fellow, with yellow skin, and nothing but a pair of delicious eyes to recommend him. He lectured behind a high desk, on which he leaned his face on his arm, so that he was rarely visible, and swung it forward and backward on its two front legs.

March 16th.— . . . The King once sent an invitation to Neander to supper (the Queen wanted to see him). He told his sister he hadn't time to answer the note, and she must write and say that he had made an appointment with two students for the hour named and couldn't come, but would call in some other time. The King knew the man and sent another invitation another day. Neander came, but soon after his coffee had been poured out, he got up, looked at his watch, and said (almost the first thing he had said) that he had forgotten some business he had to do, and went away. He is one of the most indefatigable students in Germany and talks ancient [Greek—or Hebrew?] almost like German. The stories of his new pantaloons; walking home in the gutter; swelled foot; change of residence, etc., etc., are very amusing, but need verification. No doubt his personal defects have contributed to wean him from the world and society and to make him the contemplative being he is. He is said to have about as little *active* Christianity as he has much of the *passive.* He is said to take little interest in any of the great religious movements of the day, such as the conversion of the Jews—tho' once himself a Jew. He is much beloved by all who approach him. He was sick. At the end of a week, he returned to the lecture-room and saw it decorated with garlands. He burst into tears.

March 20.— . . . I then went to see Neander, talked five minutes, . . . and made my bow, admiring more than ever the long hanging black eyebrows and the love eyes. He didn't ask me to sit, but seemed willing to converse as long as I pleased —about America. . . .

March 21.— . . . Went to the Street called Behind-the-foundry Street, and was ushered through two finely furnished rooms

* Johann Wilhelm Neander (originally David Mendel). Born at Göttingen, January 16, 1789: died at Berlin, July 14, 1850. A noted German Protestant church historian and theologian of Hebrew descent; professor at Berlin from 1812. His chief work is "Allgemeine Geschichte der Christlichen Religion und Kirche" ("General History of the Christian Religion and Church," 6 vols. 1825–52), etc. (*From Century Cyclopedia.*)

and seated on a splendid ottoman, beside the little old von Buch,* while among other books on a table before it lay the first copy of J Hall's volume of the N. Y. Geological Report, which has as yet struggled across into Germany. The old man seemed pleased to see me, but nothing more,—polite, not cordial, yet talked freely in his mumbling German intonations, and listened courteously to my horrible attempts to express myself in the same language. Showed me some encrinites.

[Geological conversation.] Still—and it is strange, yet not strange—no mention of dynamics. All is comparison lithological—and identification palæontological. When I said I thought the Jura just like the Alleghany, he looked at me a decided No; for he had but the one idea—*the Jura limestone does not cross the Atlantic.* Rogers will wake them to new life when he comes to Europe this summer. Our maps would also do it if they were only printed. . . .

March 27.— . . . Spring has indeed set in. This has been so far a golden week. Read Iffland's † "Jäger" on Tuesday, and Prutz's "Moritz von Sachsen" yesterday. The latter has been suppressed and therefore become celebrated. There is nothing in the tragedy which would suggest to a trans-Atlantic mind the idea of suppression. He makes Moritz a new German freedom hero, spouting of the fatherland, etc., etc., conquering his father-in-law Philip and John Fredk. of Saxony out of a romantic love for the star of Germany "the one hero living" Charles V.—and casting him off, not so much to liberate the captive princes as to save Germany from a hereditary monarchy, and Philip of Spain.

March 28.—Yesterday a great crowd assembled at the Eisenbahn to receive the from-Leipzig-coming Ronge,‡ Chezsky and others of their party. I did not see them, but was told that Ronge is a young, bashful, amiable-looking man, Chezsky older and finer in his bearing. They supped last evening with their inviters and the professors who liked them and whoever else

* Christian Leopold von Buch. Born at Stolpe, Prussia, April 26, 1774: died at Berlin March 4, 1853. A celebrated German geologist and traveller. (*Century Cyclopedia.*)

† August Wilhelm Iffland. Born at Hannover, Prussia, April 19, 1759: died at Berlin, September 22, 1814. A noted German actor and dramatist. (*Century Cyclopedia.*)

‡ Johannes Ronge. Religious leader. (*See Universal Cyclopedia.*)

chose to pay 50 cents for a ticket. Zimmerman came in half-frantic, saying that he had actually pressed his hand. . . .

March 29.—Yesterday saw Ronge, Chezsky and the new Catholic *Gemeinde* (congregation) just organized in Halle. They were all breakfasting together in the Stadt Zürich.

. . . Ronge is young—28 perhaps—with a very engaging, amiable, smiling countenance, and long black hair. I looked at him long and attentively, but could not believe that I had before me a Luther, or a Calvin or even a Joe Smith. Nothing like greatness shone in his countenance, and when he arose, as in the noise and movement he frequently did, to greet others, his little stature and boyish look was anything but commanding. Some *kissed* him! Indeed I saw a good deal of kissing going on among the members of the breakfast party, and done in so ready and accurate a manner as to prove they had long been accustomed to the form. My ideas of German brotherhood and love have much changed, and altho' when I see two red-faced men playing the woman upon each other's lips or cheeks I don't think of Joab's "how art thou my brother" to Abner, yet I remember how much like other men the Germans are *within* and how readily they take offence or become suspicious slanderers of their neighbors or their seeming friends. All is not gold that glitters, and German *Biederkeit* and German *Brüderschaft* bears too suspicious a resemblance to the honesty and fellowship of other people, for a spectator not to think on "German Metal," used instead of virgin gold leaf, to give a lustre to toys and gingerbread.

Be Ronge what he may—be he a bold and indefatigable fanatic (which I think incredible)—or an ardent, zealous lover of the truth, his fellow-men and God (for which I see no evidence)—or merely a man of common passions and uncommon *bonhomie*, whom accident (to use a bad word in a good sense) has forced into notice by the sudden outbreak of young indignation at abuses which he saw around him—be he what he may—he is just now a hero. His route is a triumph, crowds await and welcome him. Europe caresses his name.

But this cannot well last long. The movement is too universal to be led by one man, when he is not a Luther. A bolder or more powerful man will usurp his station and his fame. Would God it were a second war against the *heresies* of Rome! But, alas, it is merely the shaking away the old skin of the snake—sloughing off the popedom, confession and celibacy,—but the

snake remains. Not a word is said of purgatory, of the presence of the eucharist; saints may yet be worshipped; good works save the soul.

As for Chezsky, who entered the room with a cloak, the great fur collar lying over his shoulders, he is less remarkable in his features even than Ronge; also small, unintellectual; unimaginative; without inspiring any sentiment of respect, other than that of man for man.

One of the party rose and made a short, embarrassed speech, perhaps a minute in duration, and proposed a toast to some one present, Prof. Wigand I think. The latter rose and did the same. Two others followed. Every time the jingling of glasses was enormous. Every man seemed to feel his conscience burdened if his glass had not touched all within reach. Ronge rose and in a low, musical but hesitating voice made a speech three or four minutes long, in which he alluded to the precedence of the Schneidemühle congregation in the work, and explained why a closer connection had not formed between that congregation and his at Breslau, merely by saying that the latter could not adopt all the former had. (In other words the Schn. congr. was evangelical, or nearly so and the Breslau congr. not.) Saying a few commonplace things in rather an earnest, but somewhat also of a canting manner, he gave the toast—*für ewige Eintracht der neu-catholischen Gemeinde in Halle*—"to the eternal unanimity of the New Catholic Congregation in Halle."

He evidently has a strong conviction of the propriety of the step he has taken, and a desire, common to multitudes of the transalpines, to throw off the burdensome yoke of Italian priestcraft.

April 1.—After seeing all my things removed to our new dwelling back of a house in the Rheinische Strasse, south of the Moritz Kirche, I couldn't resist the temptation to go with Roby, Wandel and Mrs. Perston to Gnadau at five P.M. Gnadau lies nearly at the mouth of the Saale and perhaps 30 miles north of Halle (10 S. of Magdeburg). . . .

At Gnadau we four went to a brother's house with whom Mrs. P. had made an agreement beforehand, and were greeted on entrance by himself and wife; the father-in-law stood behind a high chair in one corner, a boy was bathing his frosted feet before the great stove, and a little daughter completed the family circle. We had tea with them, and our host expressed his pleasure at hearing for the first time a prayer in English. . . .

Wednesday, April 2, 1845 (Gnadau).—Gnadau is a charming little *Dorf*, of 300 inhabitants, clean, comfortable, and noiseless. A Sabbath stillness rests about it. It is a quadrangle of houses, crossed by two main streets, at right angles, passing through the centre, quadrangular, hedge-enclosed and tree-covered square. On the outside of this quadrangle, runs a hard-beaten footpath or walk, under trees, forming a charming promenade, and filled just now by scattered pairs and parties of strangers and citizens, ministers, students, and "sisters." From this walk, outward, stretches the level of the plain, with here and there, some miles in the distance, a clustered village with its church tower. Otherwise it is an unbroken waste of ploughed and sown land, without an object to catch the eye except a heap of manure or a mounting lark. I am wrong, however, to make it so universal, for on one side stand a pair of windmills, man and wife.

Thus stands the little brotherhood of houses, in its seclusion from the world, yet maintaining a close connection with Herrnhut* in the South, Paris and Bethelem in the West, S. Africa, the islands, and Greenland. One of the sisters is about to be sent out to the Cape of Good Hope to marry a missionary she has never seen. He wrote lately for a wife, and she will be the first answer to his letter. She is a choice woman, and her loss at Gnadau will be severely felt. He is a Dane, she has been in Gnadau for 14 years back—is 28 years old.

The government is simple. The Inspector (of religious affairs) and his wife, the superintendent (of temporal affairs) and his wife, the Warden of the brothers' house and the matron of the sisters' house (the former has 40 +, the latter 70, inmates) form, with one common brother, generally the oldest in the *Gemeinde*, a committee or council, for casting the lot, and any other matter (if there be any other coming under their jurisdiction; of which I am not aware). From Herrnhut emanate the decisions respecting missionary changes, appointments, support, etc. The inspectors of the Gemeindes at Gnadau and elsewhere over the world, observe, note, and report the characters of every member of the *Gemeinde* to Herrnhut. An emergency arises, a missionary is wanted for a station, or a wife for a missionary. At Herrnhut the choice is made, and word sent to the one chosen. He has the option of laying the case before the Lord himself and if he has no "*freudiges Gefühl*" about it,—*i.e.* if he declares he can-

* Herrnhut. A town in the governmental district of Bautzen, Saxony, 45 miles east of Dresden. The chief seat of the Moravian Brotherhood, founded 1722. (*Century Cyclopedia.*)

not feel the call,—to decline—or of submitting it to the decision of the Lord in the lot. The lot is cast by the seven after fasting and prayer, and the decision is final.

Breakfasting together on coffee and *cream* (they gave me a pot of milk) in Mrs. P.'s room, we soon received notice of the fine day, and went out for a walk.

At 8½ o'clock the people began to assemble in the church. Wandel and I took our stations in the organ gallery which ran across one end of the church. Roby took a seat among the students and ministers in one of the movable benches in the body of the house. And Mrs. P. with her female friends went among the sisters in the gallery at the opposite end. Below the gallery was a great window looking into the church, filled with women's heads, each having the peculiar Moravian cap on, in which many of the younger ones look exceedingly well. The pretty French teacher who sat on the sofa with Mrs. P. last evening after tea, and talked French, and who resembled S. C. so much, wore hers very gracefully; she is said to be an earnest, modest, and most useful Christian, and Roby was as much pleased with her as I was.

Buying a copy of the songs to be sung and theses to be discussed at a little table near the entrance, where those about to belong to the association designated their names with a cross, we took our place, and soon after Westermeier, the Moderator, gave out the 13th hymn, and the organ led the singing. A long, earnest, even vehement and quite un-German prayer followed by Mr. W., and then Tholuck was called upon to speak. He took the chair and chose this for his theme, "What has the Lord done for us, and what do we do for him?" He spoke of a request made him when he was only a guest of the body (he had first enrolled his name) to speak upon the state of religion in Germany; that he had been then prevented, and wished now to comply. He began at the time of Germany's darkness, 1780–1810, and described the gradual advancement of the cause of God to the present time, introducing many of his choicest anecdotes, and being listened to with extraordinary attention. Indeed whenever he rose afterwards to speak, however wild the tumult of voices might happen to be, the loud hiss ran instantly through the assembly, and a dead silence ensued. His words are devoured as oracles. He says little, and every word tells.

Returning to his seat against the wall beside the pulpit, or desk rather (for it is nothing more), facing the assembly (about 200 in number), the chairman gave out the 3rd hymn, and after-

wards said a few words, and then requested brother Glöel to come forward and read his theses, that motion might be taken upon them. Altho' that is too formal an expression to correspond with the childish informality of all the proceedings, the object was to pass a unanimous assent to the theses and print them for Germany.

Brother Glöel is a great square-shouldered, wide-cheeked, ungainly German of 50 or thereabout, and rolling up to the desk, stood thereon and delivered himself, in a series of clear intonations, of the contents of his pamphlet, beginning with the title of Wislecenus' last—*Ob Schrift? ob Geist?* (Whether the letter or the spirit of Scripture?)

The 70 theses were read in order, the ministers assenting to most of them with a murmured *ja*, *gut*, or some such sign of satisfaction running through the benches, breaking out into rather louder utterance at any very good decided orthodox sentence. To some, however, objections were raised; discussion arose; the ministers would get to talking to each other, instead of to the chair; at which the Moderator would cry, *bitte*, *bitte*, till he was quite warm, and as a last resource seize and ring an auctioneer's bell which stood before him. However he would not suffer if he could help it anybody to interrupt another in speaking, yet he broke in himself with his opinion wherever he liked and at one time he and Glöel were addressing most vehemently the two sides of the house at the same time.

Though this assembly was quite a choice one, though they felt themselves closely united by Christian love and mutual Christian interests, though politeness, friendship and affection combined to render their action harmonious and their expressions mild and conciliating, yet it was impossible to keep wholly out of view the evidences of the fact which here made its appearance as a universal one—as one connected with Christian humanity in its most general relations—namely the divisions into an Augustinian and a Pelagian party; a stern, unflinching truth-telling, and a lax, conciliating, construction-interpreting party; a practical and a theoretical party.

The great island which divided the waters, was the question of verbal inspiration. . . .

All went at 4 o'clock to dinner and left the large, plain, but pretty church to solitude. It stands on one side of the centre square, with the brothers' house on one side and the sisters' on the other. Opposite the latter was the house in which we lived, and at the end of the street towards the windmills the tavern,

the rooms of which were full of guests, sitting at a table and listening to a paper read by a brother standing in a doorway. Tholuck came in and asked me if I would come to dinner with him—I had dined at one o'clock.

Promenading, supper, and discussion with the Frau superintendent from Halle (who gave us some nonsense out of her late Hegelian studies upon the glories after death) closed the evening, after that a former Moravian minister who had regained his speech (and used it well in questioning us) had taken a seat among us, and conducted the family worship by reading a verse or two, and notes thereon out of an *Andachtbuch*, and praying sitting. Singing preceded and followed. The host read also a chapter of mysticism from Zinzendorf.

We all went to bed with headaches, and thoroughly worn out by the unusual excitement of the day.

As the time for his return to America approaches, he finds he has acquired several strong friendships among his daily companions, and he looks forward with regret to leaving them. His journal is full of mentions of "Lyman" and "Roby," "Gould," "Mrs. Perston" and "Wandel." Of the two latter he writes with especial affection. "Why we should have felt so '*innig*' for each other and why we should not have discovered it sooner is equally a mystery to me," he writes of Wandel.

There were farewell calls on his masters, also, Tholuck and Ulrici: "Prof. Tholuck, whose parting greeting was affecting,—'Ah, you have a *thranen Leben* before you, and none can tell what that is better than I.'"

On the 21st of April he left Halle "forever," as he regretfully writes.

Before leaving Halle, he had begun to think of associating himself with the American Tract Society, as is evidenced by several expressions in his journal:—

Apr. 17.—I was surprised by a message from Prof. Tholuck, and found there a Reverend Mr. Nast, Meth. German minister in Cincinnati, . . . an old friend and classmate of Strauss; converted by the Methodists; founder of the 1st Methodist church in Cincinnati and the selecter of the German colporteurs for the Tract Society.

Apr. 21.—Just before leaving [Halle] I received a letter from Dr. Alexander [of Princeton] in which he gives me expectations of an arrangement for me with the Tract Society.

After leaving Halle, he went by way of Quedlinburg, the Ross Trappe, Ilsenburg, and Brunswick to Bremen.

April 21.—. . . The view of Quedlinburg from the cutting in the hill for the great *Chaussée* (where I was reprimanded for springing over the drain to examine the rocks of pure white friable sand) is striking. It lies in the wide shallow valley of the Bode; the Hartz mountain line in view on the south; as you descend, two, three, then four and five picturesque churches, with high roofs and single or double towers, appear straggling along the long line of thick-set houses, in the walls; and finally on the extreme right, the really extensive mass of buildings, not very easy to decipher out, and called the *Schloss* or palace. . . .

But on the way I had the pleasure of seeing a stork in its nest on the peak of a low tower in one of the villages. My companion narrated a little story of a stork on the Rhine. Shot in the wing by a boy, healed and tamed, which on being let go had a silver medal slung upon its neck saying, "this stork summered so and so on the Rhine." Next spring it returned with a gold medal in French saying "this stork wintered here in Algeria, such and such a year."

Another story he told was of Tholuck and his meeting the Ethiopian on the Rhine. Tholuck addressed him in 14 languages and was answered (as fluently, sometimes more so) in all except Latin and ancient Greek. And he talked with all his soul. He had been made a captive when a boy, taken to court, then to England and then travelled as a "commercial man" over Europe.

Tuesday, April 22, 1845 (Ross Trappe).—Rose about five. Another glorious day. Walked out and sketched the *Schloss*, built on an isolated knob of rock at the southern extremity of the town. . . .

Here to my infinite delight, and after I had lost all hope of it, as we were walking through the noble avenues of great and closely set linden-trees, we heard, in a thicket to the left, the *Schlag* of a nightingale, and after following some of the paths and making a circuit, stood some time listening to the little fellow's hilarious music. By imitating we could get the *Schlag* now and then from him. This is a prelude note, clear, sweet, melancholy and re-

peated 4, 5, 6 times either on the same note, or descending and then running off into trills and fancy bars, or imitations of other birds. The place upon the scale is determined by the age of the bird; the older the bird the deeper the tone of the *Schlag*. When in twilight and solitude, it enters the heart of the listener, filling it with melancholy. The little fellow we were examining could scarcely be induced to utter it at all, or more than once or twice at a time; but kept up an incessant and most joyous carolling, composed of a great variety of sweet and full-toned notes, so similar to those of our catbird that, had I not known I was in Germany and listening to a nightingale, I should have asserted confidently that they came from the catbird's throat. One carol made me cry that the bird had been to America, for I had heard it a thousand times in our woods and quite unaltered. Many of the notes were very similar to those of our wood robin's call, "pee-ye-a-weet," in the fulness, sweetness, clearness and exactness of the intonation.

After listening to him for some time, and hearing one or two others, who were also enlivening (with a multitude of other birds) the thickets between the avenues, I came to the conclusion that while we have the wood robin and the catbird we need never give one sigh for the absence of the nightingale. The difference between them is nothing, or so little that one is in dilemma which to prefer. . . .

Thursday, April 24, 1845.—To Brunswick.

Friday, April 25, 1845 (Brunswick).—Wrote all the morning. At 12 o'clock had my baggage *expedirt* to Hanover, intending to go in the *Viertel auf Zwei* train. . . .

At 7 rode over to Hanover in a covered but open-sided third-class car. . . .

Saturday morning arrived in Bremen.

Sailed from Bremerhaven May 9 in a ship.

And now, just as he had reached the end of his foreign trip, he became suddenly violently homesick, so ill, indeed, that he spent some of this last week in bed,—a curious experience which he used to tell us of in later years with amusement.

Landed about June 21, after a voyage of six weeks.

CHAPTER VII

Life as a Colporteur. 1845

Returned from his foreign trip, my father, now equipped with the German language, prepared himself to take up his chosen missionary labors among the secluded Pennsylvania farms and villages of the poor German settlers.

For this purpose he put himself into communication with the American Tract Society, and received presently an appointment as a colporteur in that association.

In later years I think he did not much care to dwell on this portion of his life, probably because his theological views had undergone a complete revolution. Therefore, I shall copy small portions only of the letters written this year, although to leave it entirely unrecorded would be to omit a notable year of varied experiences. He used often to speak of the physical aspects of this period, of the long solitary rides through the forest, the chance meetings with other wanderers, his preaching two or three times of a Sunday in some village church or school-house, often holding services during the week-days whenever a little company could be gathered together to listen to "the word of God." I wish we had some record of that preaching from the lips of the young enthusiast, who burned with a missionary zeal for his kind. He came to them with his heart on fire and his mind full of the visions of a varied experience, and stimulated to intellectual activity by his recent contact with so many of the great theological teachers of the time.

It is not to be wondered at that a year of this arduous and vivid work was enough to wear out his strength both of body and spirit, so that he was forced to seek a less exacting occupation.

New York, *Sept.* 25, 1845. To his Father.

. . . I am unfortunately pinned here for at least two weeks longer. I have books to examine, addresses to write, and

meetings to attend. I will then go through Philadelphia to Lebanon, and after stopping there two or three weeks pass on to Huntingdon Co., and make a beginning. They * have treated me in a most satisfactory and gratifying manner. Several of us addressed a very large audience at the Tabernacle, last Sunday night. The society have been looking rather to the good they might do than the means of doing it, and have now 150 men out. The donations in the next seven months must amount to $80,000, and as $60,000 has been the *yearly* receipt of the Society an extra effort must now be made by all hands. The evidences of the divine blessing have been very numerous, and we have proof, of the most sterling quality, that Bishop Hughes and his peers dread the movements of the Colporteurs in the West as they dread nothing else.

They told me to fix my own salary, but in view of all things I thought best to claim only the support allowed to Colporteurs, —$150 and my expenses paid. This with economy ought to supply my wants, and when the society's funds are in better case I will if needful ask and receive more. They wished to name me general agent for the Appalachian range, but I told them to wait awhile and give me a commission as Colporteur, and see if I was fit for a more extended operation. The vastness and importance of the work I never saw rightly until yesterday afternoon, when I felt myself suddenly crushed down by it, and could scarcely command myself; but I see the difficulty of exposing its magnitude to others. The Lord grant me strength to perform the work, and make me, not noted, but notable for energy, comprehensive views and straightforward piety. I feel now that *for me* there is nothing but this worth living for. If this is to be my life-work the feeling is a good one. If not—it will find its future correction and be replaced by another. It is unspeakably good to be laboring for Christ. . . .

October 2. TO HIS FATHER.

I have been to Staten Island and to Hoboken. But I must confess that it gives me no pleasure. I feel no satisfaction in anything which I used [to] love. Even the pleasures of friendship have become tasteless, and I live as if I lived not. One thought occupies me day and night. I would not be weary of the world, but I cannot help it. I have not lived intemperately, and yet I am thoroughly *blasé*, with all

* American Tract Society, I suppose.

the things that others seem to enjoy. Oh, if I can only *do something!* How willingly I would die this moment! And yet I would consent to live a hundred thousand years if I could only see some *results* that would not seem to be utterly unprofitable, as those of the lives, thoughts, and actions of the mass of mankind. And it is so hard to do good. I sometimes think, dear Father, that I am the laziest man alive. You love to work. I hate work. I hate to think, for it is such a weariness to the flesh. Nothing but the incessant conviction of duty moves me from the delightful repose of doing nothing. Verily all *my* strength must come from Him, wherever others may get theirs. Every day makes plainer to me too the imbecility of my intellect, when compared with that of the head workers among the people. I can't *originate* thought. There is no difficulty in receiving impressions—catching ideas—clapping them down on paper,—but when it comes to issuing one's own thoughts, and filling and moving other people's minds—then comes the trouble. I *don't* want fame. That desire has been crushed out of me. But I do want to be useful; not to revolve like a black mass through space round the sun, without giving a ray of light to any living thing. It's horrible, such a fate. Thank God, things can burn, if they can't shine; and if I ever excited one feeling of pure love, that's something,—almost equal to having aroused a true thought. Isn't it? . . .

This letter was evidently written out of an hour of the depression which was always apt to follow a period of over-activity and intellectual enjoyment. I have no doubt that the social occasions of those days in New York, while waiting to set forth on his mission, were harder for his spirit than the weeks and months of actual toil which followed.

CHAMBERSBURG, *November* 1. TO HIS FATHER.

. . . I have been much occupied in visiting and writing sermons. To-morrow I preach twice, and have appointments for Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings at Mercersburg and Greencastle. Then I go direct to Lebanon. . . .

POTTSVILLE, *Nov.* 17, 1845. TO HIS FATHER.

. . . I addressed a huge Sabbath School (Pres.) yesterday, and will address their prayer meeting to-night, the Lord willing. May he bless his own cause in this important field! Great cour-

age—great confidence in the teachings of God's providence as to duty, is requisite in going forward. I was thoroughly exhausted last night, so that it was a pain to utter a word; but I went to bed early and slept late and intend to rest as much as possible to-day, and so feel refreshed. But what rest can a man get in such a work? He can't rest if he would. It is drive, drive, all day and every day. He gets no sabbath on Sunday, and can't find the heart to take one on a week-day; and it's not until he suddenly breaks down that he discovers the drain he has been making of his strength. The more I see and do, the more convinced I am that I am in my way of duty, and by many mistakes I am learning the *modus operandi*. Oh for thorough and untiring self-devotion! I am willing to *be* nothing, but not to *do* nothing. . . .

BELLEFONTE, *Jan.* 9, 1846. TO HIS FATHER.

I have more than hand and head can accomplish every day to do, and scarcely know which way to turn me. Just arrived by stage from Lewistown, and addressed a prayer meeting, and now write answers to half a dozen letters, and expect to leave in the three o'clock A.M. stage for Hublersburg, to preach for Mr. Cooper on Sabbath.

Jan. 11.

. . . Made many friends in Mifflin. Organized a Society. Expect to be there again on the 22nd, and return to Bellefonte the next day.—At Potter's Mills (Centre Co.) on the 18th and Bellefonte from 23rd–27th.

After that, can't tell where: wish to go to the new settlement of St. Mary's in Elk Co. (near Ridgway), and then perhaps down the West Branch.—Will keep you advised.

Whether all this labor and pains shall prove productive or not, is to be seen yet. It is essentially experimental, and shall have a full trial. I long to see you, with a great longing, but dare not. Don't ask me to come until I feel permitted. When I can, I will with wings, and hope to spend a month at home. . . .

POTTER'S MILLS, *Jan.* 17, 1846. TO HIS STEPMOTHER.

. . . Preaching five or six times a week is not often called for. I feel a little weak but otherwise pretty well. Am exciting an interest in the county, and have every prospect of succeeding in getting these wealthy farmers and iron-masters to support the good work among their own hills. I love dearly to lay their duty before them and see how earnest and solemn they

become, and put their names or their money down afterwards, as though the eye of God was looking into their motives. . . . Thursday night I walked down the pike from Bellefonte to Milesburg, through the Gap, and met a little Baptist party at a prayer meeting in the school-house. They gave me nearly $8 in small sums. I have a fine opportunity of warning the young against reading bad books; and I seldom let it slip. I heard, a few hours ago, of a young schoolmistress, about the West Branch I believe, who regularly received the numbers of the *Wandering Jew*, and distributed them without thought to any of her scholars who requested them. Satan's agents are more active than Christ's.

I wish you could see me from day to day, how happily I find myself in the households of the good people. The only trouble is that I am too much among the rich and well educated, and therefore too well used. We are all apt to grow conceited and selfish, when assiduously cared for and politely listened to. One is tempted to indulge taste among the refined, at the expense of duty to the unrefined. . . .

FORT PLAIN, N.Y., *March* 23, 1846. TO HIS STEPMOTHER.

. . . I preached for the Dr. yesterday morning and listened to him in the evening. He speaks parables, and never explains them; enunciates general principles, and never applies them. So when the people want bread, he feeds them with stones. How sad it makes one feel to see it! It is consoling to reflect that the greater number of preachers preach righteousness and truth: and though with various shades of purity, and under the influence of many different motives, mostly Christ is preached, and souls are saved —"and therein do I rejoice."

NEW YORK, *April* 21, 1846. TO HIS FATHER.

. . . Four of the sixty Theological students at New Haven will spend the vacation in our work, and this excites an interest in it there which I hope shall prove permanent for good. If this system shall have no other effect upon our religious and clerical community than that of making them known and spreading and confirming a Harlan Page spirit, and reviving general zeal in the work of pastoral visitation and private appeal, it will be worth all our efforts; but I am happily now at the focus of intelligence, and letters from Colporteurs in every state of the Union pass through my hands giving intelligence of personal hopeful conversions, of revivals, and of general elevating movements,

especially in the most neglected districts, brought about by their dissemination of Bibles and books, that make me very happy. It is, I am well convinced, a chosen agent —a machine of yet unknown capabilities, rapidly developing its powers for good and removing doubts of abuse, and predicting great things for our beloved land.

My visit was a most pleasant one [to New Haven]. I spent most of my time with my friend W. and found it as always, an intellectual treat of no ordinary kind. I have confirmed some slowly arrived at general principles, and received light concerning others. His mind I am rejoiced to see is becoming gradually more symmetrical; his views more clear and true, and I hope the thought of the Sovereignty of grace, the necessity of instant prayer and the blessing of a Mediator, are becoming more and more appreciable to him. He is a Platonist and one of the beings of pure thought that, if they ever enter the Kingdom of Heaven, are carried to the wicket gate by a roundabout path through the air. Such was the celebrated Schleiermacher of Berlin, the instrument wherewith God slew the gross Rationalism of the first decade of our Century, but who wandered in regions of strange intellectual light and strange spiritual darkness, and died upon one little rock in the midst of the raging sea—that little sentence of the Lord's—"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." "It is all darkness round me," said he, "and that verse is my only hope." "Not many wise"—and they come unto the little gate and have all their fine robes torn off in the passing through. Blessed are the intellectually meek.

LITTLE PINE CREEK, *Aug.* 1, 1846. TO HIS FATHER.

We have through the mercy of God brought an arduous week to a close, but have enjoyed it as much as any previous one. Leaving Jersey Shore and the open valley of the Susquehanna by the way of Lurge (?) creek and visiting as we went, we entered the Alleghany by the gorge of Hogland's run, which issues three miles west of the outburst of the magnificent valley of the Lycoming, of which with its buttressed sides of semi-alpine aspect we had a noble view. At half-past seven we left the house at the mouth of Hogland run valley. At three P.M. we reached the "old Cogan house," eight miles distant. Here, overcome with fatigue, we got for dinner a bowl of bread and milk, and were then told that the freshets of last spring had torn out all the bridges along Lick Run, and to reach Pine Creek was impossible. We must retrace our steps, and ascend

the main creek from Jersey Shore. This we determined never to do. To go round forty miles to reach a place only six miles distant! You know I am not easily frightened from a purpose. So next morning early, (we visited the settlement the previous afternoon) we started with two men with axes, and cut and bridged our way down the run. When we stood at length on the rich bottoms of the First Fork, its magnificent dome-shaped mountains rising in all directions, and the wilderness of the Cogan Valley behind us,—I assure you it was like waking from an unpleasant dream on a beautiful morning. We felt thankful that our wagon stood it without flinching; it must be excellently built. But what magnificent woods those are through which we passed! How I would like to take a thousand of those magnificent pines and build a cathedral of them! One could do it easily, and put up such a house that all the world would tour it up the West Branch. The depth of shade and utter silence of the original forest, as it seems to breathe in an eternal slumber, strikes the soul with a certain awe, as well as admiration. And the rising of the pines is something quite sublime. And every now and then, one, that has stood its time, comes thundering down, and the echo of its crash makes the traveller pause and listen, hardly understanding the mysterious sound, in the profound abysses of the Mountain depths, by the mouth of which he is passing. . . .

My father often spoke in later years of this sound of the falling of great trees, breaking the absolute silence of night in the primeval forest. His life, both now in this early time and later in his professional field work, often occasioned him to spend his nights in the forest, sometimes entirely alone. These were experiences of which he never lost the memory. Something of poetry and of solitude was in them, which suited the instincts of his spirit.

Monday morning (Henry Tomb's).—This is a little oasis. I preached yesterday twice, and felt much freedom, and was heard with attention. I reasoned on "Judgment to come," in the forenoon in a little school-house back in the woods. In the afternoon, urged the claims of the Sabbath.

CARLISLE, *Nov.* 23, 1846. TO HIS STEPMOTHER.

I received your kind letter addressed to Milton (Pa.). One has since come to my hand from Mr. Rogers, and meeting

some wishes that I expressed to you when last at home, has determined my action this winter. He requests me to aid him in preparing to present his report to the Legislature in the spring in its final form, and offers me great facilities for study and observation, and $400 for my services for the four months. The lectures will be free to me, and the libraries and the best scientific and philosophical society of that city [Boston]. You may estimate the advantages I can embrace with his offer.

It grieves me to leave my home. But what comfort can I have of home or home of me should I stay in these bleak mountains all winter? And you see how impossible it is for me to run home every week. I have already been seven weeks away. . . .

I meet with amiable people everywhere. Prof. McClintock greeted me as a college mate should. He has a capacious mind and means to go to Germany to spend two years in study there. They have kept me talking about my travels here until I am positively ashamed to look a plain body in the face, and got so tired in the muscles of my bellows that I could scarcely speak above my breath. It is poor business at which a man grows poor. I hope to do more thinking than talking the next four months. This arrangement gave me much anxious thought in its decision, but I feel satisfied it is the best. I cannot consent needlessly to suffer as I did last winter, and the work can be as well carried on in spring and summer as in winter.

You may think me fickle, but to change in the external is often to be stationary in the internal. Some people are stones, and others are wheels. All I ask is to know what God's will may be. . . .

This letter marks the close of my father's short-lived but earnest and devoted missionary labors. He was worn out with his arduous year, and Professor H. D. Rogers, desiring help in making a map of Pennsylvania showing the work done by the First Geological Survey of Pennsylvania, offered him the opportunity for a winter of quieter work in Boston. The decision which he made in going to Boston was a momentous one for him, far more so than he had any idea of when making it.

CHAPTER VIII

First Year in Boston. 1847

Arrived in Boston, my father was so fortunate as to be able to make his home with Mr. and Mrs. George S. Hillard. I do not know how this came about, but suppose that it was through Professor Rogers, who was a warm friend of the Hillards, and probably gave his former assistant some introduction to these and other Eastern friends. At any rate, it proved in many ways to be one of the happiest circumstances of his life.

For a man of my father's vividly intellectual type to come to Boston for the first time, and to be at once thrown among the leaders of thought in every line of modern investigation—literary, moral, and scientific,—was an inspiring experience. It was in the days when Agassiz had recently come from his Swiss home to vivify interest in Natural Science, when Emerson was charming the few and making anxious the many, when Theodore Parker was standing boldly for liberty of thought beyond what the *Liberals* of the hour thought expedient, when Wendell Phillips had begun to thunder eloquently in behalf of the slave, and Garrison stood ready to die for the principles dear to his heart. Into this seething yet cheerful life my father, the young orthodox licentiate, stepped, and felt some astonishment and confusion of mind at what he daily saw and heard.

The older days of Boston have often been described by its own people. This is a record of its impression on an outside mind, one brought up away from Puritan association, and bringing with him the standards and traditions of a different community.

Boston, *Dec.* 16, 1846. To his Stepmother.

A few minutes, and the clock will strike for Bishop Potter's lecture, and I must go early if I desire a seat. You

would be amazed at the immense audiences of these Lowell Lectures. There are four lecturers this winter (Rogers, Potter, Agassiz and Hillard). Each gives twelve lectures, and receives $1200 for them. They ought to be good, you say. . . .

What a contrast,—Boston and the Woods! And I assure you I feel charmingly contented and happy; as much at home in three hours after getting into my room as I could expect to become in three years. If you were all only within pleasant walking distance.

BOSTON, *Jan.* 3, 1847. TO HIS FATHER AND STEPMOTHER.

A happy New Year and great grace for every time of need. God has graciously preserved my health under very severe pressure of work, and given me to-day, my first day of rest, which was greatly needed and greatly enjoyed. I heard a Mr. Phelps to-day on Washington St., that runs through the neck. And this evening attended a concert of prayer, where 3000 were present, and most wishy-washy addresses given. The ministerial talent here is at freezing point. Kirk and Dr. Beecher are the only two men who preach like *Gotteshelden*—great hearts. P.M. strayed into a Unitarian church without knowing it.

BOSTON, *Jan.* 18, 1847 [Pinckney Street]. TO HIS STEPMOTHER.

I store up many interesting things for my home letters from day to day, but when I sit down to write, the accumulated mass vanishes *tout ensemble*, and leaves my pages as blank as a hermit's ought to be. Boston is by no means dull, and I see some of its interesting people now and then, but find little that is good evidence of decided superiority over a Philadelphia Society. Indeed, our *street* throngs have beyond doubt the advantage in manners and appearance. It is a beautiful sight to see on Sabbath morning the multitudes fill these narrow streets, until they become like embryonic tissues permitting one universal reticulated blood circulation. The bells here ring at eight A.M. for the working people, and again at one, and then the curfew rings at nine at night, to warn the folks of bed. Every evening however just as we are all completely *fixed* around the centre table, Hillard comes down, haggard and sleepy from his Miltonic studies, little lamp in hand, and gazes at us. "Well, my dearly beloved Owls, isn't it time to go to bed?" Some one looks at his watch and finds it eleven o'clock—"Oh, no, not yet!" So he throws himself upon a lounge, or takes his

departure, as he feels inclined, and we betake ourselves again to Rymer Jones, "Hyperion," the *American Quarterly*, and Opie's "White Lies," and about half-past eleven begin to gap, and about twelve to move, and at half-past twelve are all reproducing without and beyond law what before was presented to us under the strictest law,—in plain English, are dreaming,—and rise at eight. This quite suits me. Are you not dumbfounded? It is however even so. Agassiz took tea with us and amused us greatly. He is radiant with the prospect of realizing Davis' invite to dredge, when the season for the Coast Survey opens, along Nantasket. He has barrelled up thousands of fish skeletons, which he boiled down at Albany and New York. All sorts of fish are welcome to his kettle.—Some one asked very earnestly the other day of one of his messengers where *A. kept shop*. Thought perhaps he had opened a *restaurant!* He has sent out standing orders to all the Michigan hunters for all they can send in of wild. He received a wild turkey from Detroit a day or two ago, and some fresh fish from Lake Ontario. Wonderful country this! He has a jolly disposition: declares he can't learn the American fashion of doing up science *running—must walk*. Says the fish are his prime collectors, sometimes finds two or three shell-fish in one vertebral fish, more or less decomposed, and generally of various species. He gives his last lecture next Wednesday.

Mitchell of Cincinnati begins his Astronomical lectures tomorrow night. Hillard his on Milton in six weeks. Mrs. Sedgwick will be here to see us in a few days. Went to the top of the Monument. Enormous structure, fine view. But what a pity after all that it is hollow and has windows at the top! It's a different monument when you leave it. Its virgin dignity is gone. Its construction is quite admirable however, only one can't help thinking how disagreeable it would be when half-way to the top to be caught by a good stout—earthquake!

Boston, and its dependences (together making a city as large as Philadelphia—240,000) fringe the shores of this cluster of peninsulas, and make the scenery enchanting, even in winter.

Heard a noble sermon from Dr. Beecher yesterday. I have not preached for two Sabbaths, needing rest. The organ stunned us, and was played quite as badly as ours; but the choir was immense, filling a large gallery. . . .

BOSTON, *Feb.* 8, 1847. TO HIS FATHER.

. . . As I have no logical order in mind just now by which to arrange my how d'ye do, you will not object to that

ast expression recalling a conversation I had with a queer ittle lady, after we rose from table the other day from a ively discussion upon ethics and physics,—right and wrong, ature, law, etc. The professor carries his views of law so far hat he oversteps the limits of a clear and reasonable estimation f the good wrought by the individual atoms in the mass of he community, or by the daily and hourly performance by agents nimate and inanimate of their respective functions for the hapiness of all, each in his own little sphere, and therefore none eing required to step forth from his sphere.

I say he carries this so far as not only to make it *the grand* aw of God's providence and goodness among men, but to make t *the only* law, not even allowing that extraordinary spheres nd actions and agents are necessary—that Howards and Whitefields and Misses Dix did or do more good than if they each had tayed at home and attended to their personal and social duties unctually. In short, he thinks that all extra effort of good eople, though apparently greatly beneficial and dragging the orld a huge step forward at a bound, in the end, has given t no progress, produced for it no stable increase of real happiness, or made it truly wiser or better. This little lady, Miss Metcalf, sprang from table, saying, "Oh, you are all quite too cientific here; one knows not what is good, or right, or duty, r possibility, while among you!" and we went upstairs. When e were alone around the register in the parlor she said to me: 'Don't you feel a want among these people? are you not frozen y their leaving out something warm and hearty in all their conersations and disquisitions?" I told her I was truly so, missing eartily the *supernatural.* "Yes," said she; "that is the lacking; hey never think of the depravity of the human heart being the eal cause of the world's trouble, nor that the good Holy Spirit an alone regenerate it. Don't you find the Unitarians a very ncomfortable people to talk to?" I told her, yes! I was coninually as if thrown upon the broad of my back, by some renark which I felt it impossible to reply to without an explosion f controversy that would upturn the earth under foot, and go s it were through the centres of ten Worlds;—and so it is, dear Father. I really do not know what to make of them. The ociety of Boston is the strangest hasty pudding in our American orld, I verily believe. Swedenborgians, Unitarians of two chools at least, Baptists semi-orthodox,—fill the same drawingooms, while Evangelical Congregationalists and Baptists form n entirely separate community. When Mr. Kirk came to

Boston five years ago, he produced a profound sensation, converted hundreds from the error of their ways, gathered an immense Church, and made all the women whom he wouldn't visit, and all the ministers whom he robbed of parishioners, his enemies. The women got up a story to hurt his moral character; the pastors decried his preaching; the novelty became old; his huge meeting-house was completed, and remains crowded; but his *popularity among all classes* has died away. Great numbers of Unitarians were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth under his preaching; but it was losing caste too harshly to marry the hangman's daughter—to take a Congregational pew; so the converted wife or husband, or father or child, would persuade to a half-way step, and all rushed into the Episcopal Church. Dr. Vinton's vestry became crowded, and a third powerful element is introduced into Boston life, viz., evangelical Episcopalianism. A schism has been brought about in the Unitarian ranks. The harsh old school, embittered by the past, and abhorring vital godliness, accuse Mr. Clarke [James Freeman Clarke] and others as being too orthodox, preaching regeneration and repentance, faith in Christ and Christian self-denial, and therefore not true genuine Unitarians; while the old barriers of prejudice, especially of social caste and *haut et bas ton* are still too strong to be thrown down to permit the latter to enter the Evangelical bodies, even if they could look upon our Redeemer as *One with the Father*, as well as Full of Grace and *Truth*. . . .

It was perhaps in reply to this letter that my grandfather wrote to his son February 18, 1847:—

I am very solicitous about your exposure to being drawn away from the simplicity of the Gospel in the cold Unitarian atmosphere of Boston—intellectual and learned Boston. Your only safety is in a childlike dependence on Christ as the great teacher. . . .

To which my father answers:—

February 25th.

Your fears are natural, but I trust groundless. I am always cold while in the cold. When I get into the heat again I shall be warmed. My piety has always been more intellectual than cordial, but therefore more simple and permanent, less wavering,—more principle, less feeling. I am greatly benefitting by

my present intercourse with a new kind of people; I have means of observation quite as important as any elsewhere. I have unlimited reliance upon Destiny, *i.e.*, Christ's purposes concerning me as one of his little ones. I trust he will take as good care of all whom I love. Day before yesterday we all came to an understanding in our historical Club. I read a paper which excited great controversy, and I was forced to stand upon views against all the rest, but in the end was glad to see that simplicity and honesty must conquer among good people everywhere. Even Mr. Kirk who was most bent upon fixing upon me the reproach of scepticism, when it came to his turn to speak, said he should no longer call me a sceptic, but simply "his *cautious* friend" and begged me to take a subject among the rest. I have shoved it off for weeks, but was forced to promise to write upon Peter the Hermit, and the Crusades. What I read them was hastily scratched down the previous evening. It took me three hours, however, after I had already written and drafted seven hours through the day. Every day has its labors, or you should hear from me more regularly.

Another letter, written March 14, speaks more vigorously still of the cold philosophy of the Unitarian utterances, of Theodore Parker's preaching, etc., adding:—

I do not doubt that the experience of every honest child of God's truth will affirm the divinity of the injunction to try all things, holding fast that only which is good, avoiding on the one hand the inane superstition and high Worldliness of Laud, and on the other the one-sided, short-sighted scepticism and cool philosophy of Parker. We do not often moot these vital matters in Pinckney Street,—but a discussion arose at dinner table to-day which was prolonged upstairs into the parlor, and embraced the whole ground of the atonement and mission of the Redeemer. Darkness and light, oil and water might sooner dwell at one together. On this side [the Unitarian] is progress, development, universal capacity for good, no atonement needed, no special inspiration permissible, no miracles possible, all according to law and in universal order and (at least prospective) harmony, etc.,—on the other side, death, depravity, future change of whole economy, God made man, and slain for man, conversion, two great classes in the world and—eternal death.

All religions are alike was the astounding but unconscious

comment upon our discussion by Theodore Parker in his morning sermon. All Jews, Mohammedans, Pagans and Christian sects believe alike in the fundamental: only one has more and better faith than another. One man holds a drop, another an ocean, but both of the *same* pure water from heaven.

I am in danger of overloading my letters and your patience with these Unitarian details, but I shall not be much longer in Boston, and have pleasanter things to talk about. I have indulged in the utmost freedom of action since being here, and gone where I pleased, and listened to whom I pleased, and made the personal acquaintance of as many as I could, because I have considered it an opportunity given me by the Lord to increase in Wisdom, and I had no excuse for shunning its advantages.

April 22. TO HIS FATHER.

One of the chief pleasures that are mine in life, one that I do not know what I should do without, one that always has an evident influence upon my inner well-being as well as outer, making me better as well as happier—is the pleasure of reading a letter from you. A child does not simply inherit his parent's life, and reputation and property, but even his very hopes and fears; his affection impels him to realize the former, and make the latter fruitless, whenever he can discover them. So I often wish I were a better man, not so much for my own sake as for yours, and sometimes half believe that I don't so much belong to myself as I do to you. How rich is His goodness, how cunning His wisdom, who thus hedges us about with sweet influences, and carries on his process of our education by almost invisible but truly irresistible agencies! These ties of earth are however—not too strong—but too exclusive; we often forget that we are not our own, nor our friends', but Christ's, bought with a price, the highest that anything or anybody was ever sold at. I fear that I have lost sight of this too much this winter. I have faithfully fulfilled my worldly duties, even to an overplus on the side of equity; but it is too easy to have the attention taken up with that, and to neglect meditation, almsdoing and prayer. I don't mean almsgiving, because I find it easy to give away money, especially when one's avarice has never been cultivated. But I do think our active benevolence, in the way of visiting, and comforting, and helping to get people's matters to rights for them, who are in trouble, might be more like that of the early Christians, or like what it would be if we were in a persecuted condition,—than it is.

BOSTON, *May* 18. TO HIS FATHER.

I send you with this a number of *Littell's Living Age*, and draw your attention to the admirably written article on Irish emigration. Bennett Forbes says that the condition of the people is perfectly inconceivable by us, as he *saw it* in Cork. . . .

As summer approached, the uncertainties of his future began to require attention from my father. There came opportunities to work as a Presbyterian minister in Pennsylvania. Concerning this he writes to his father May 18:—

I have opened a correspondence direct with Senior Elder, but feel no disposition to accept a call from them. I cannot leave Boston until this work is completely off our hands, and that cannot be for several weeks. I am in no hurry, and feel as if I never should be in a hurry again. If a pulpit should be opened to me in Philadelphia I should probably enter it with pleasure. Distance from you, however, and the unpleasant climate would be the only drawbacks I should be conscious of in preferring a pulpit here. I can settle in New England without difficulty, especially if I am content with a small salary and country congregation. I should like much to have one not too far from Boston, but yet far enough back from the bay to escape the east wind. From all I can learn of it by intercourse with the orthodox brethren here, I decidedly prefer the Congregational form of government and the whole church polity of New England, and the tone of feeling and religious spirit of the country, to their counterparts with us; although this liking I hold lightly, and as a prejudice to which my agreeable relations with people here and my more complete knowledge of things in Pennsylvania naturally subject me. . . .

May 24. TO HIS BROTHER ALLEN.

[A long letter on Rémusat's work on the Osmanli-Turkish language, Turkish emigrations, other works on Oriental languages, and winding up with:] Tired, tired,—I'll lay down Pritchard and take up Sydney Smith at his Noodles' oration, which might be delivered before most audiences with startling effect. But before I wind up the evening in such agreeably witty company, after a three-hours perambulation of great and little Turkestan, let me bid you good-night, and repeat my promise to give you a sheet on Hebrew and Arabic in a few days. I have not seen Kraitzer yet. He keeps school all day and goes to the opera every even-

ing; I can't follow him at either place. Tedesco has turned people's heads; she comes on *Sunday* night with the *other two* prima donnas to sing, perhaps I should say squall, with Mad. Arnout next door to us. Strange utterings and lamentations fell haunt the neighborhood meanwhile. Black women group themselves on the opposite curbstone; we sit upon the back bay window valves; it sounds like a storm around corner walls, or the audible ghost that frightened the family with its "vance I was hap—hap—happy, but nieu I am meeserable," and turned out to be a forsaken turnspit rusty in its joints. . . .

My map is a most tedious affair; my eyes are almost ruined and regular neuralgic paroxysms are produced by it in the left head and jaws every day. It cannot last forever. . . .

June 1. TO HIS FATHER.

. . . My plans assume a definite shape. Our little Commonwealth goes to ruin. Rogers leaves for New Brunswick next week, Hillard goes to Europe in July, the Binneys to the country, and their mother's residence, the house is let and Madame afloat for eighteen months (until her husband's return) —and I expect in two weeks to spend a few days on the Mohawk, and so pass on west to Geneva and down to Williamsport, to preach for the church there on trial * . . .

June 21. TO HIS STEPMOTHER.

. . . The map that I have almost completed is surprisingly beautiful, and will receive the last stroke perhaps on Thursday next. Two more days will be required for laying in the tints upon the one we mean to color, and then I shall be a happy man. Rogers has been in New Brunswick these ten days, and will perhaps return next Wednesday evening, when we will either go up together to Lunenburg to bask a day or two in the sunshine there, or directly to Pittsfield to trace the boulder trains, previous to his trip to New Jersey and my departure for Williamsport.* . . . Hillard sails on the first, and is in the midst of his P.P.Cs. We called together on Mrs. Follen, relict of the lamented Dr. Follen who perished in the Lexington, last evening and found her one of those enthusiastic, partisan souls, who can see no faults in friends, nor virtues in enemies. Her whole being is moved just now in support of Charles Sumner, a prominent

* Instead he remained in Boston and its vicinity during the summer, and did not go further south until mid-autumn.

"Young New England" lawyer, engaged in conducting a public discussion before the Prison Discipline Society, adverse to the course of its Secretary, Mr. Dwight, and in this discussion all Boston takes sides, and its most prominent men tilt against each other. Pres. Dr. Wayland, Hillard, Summer, Dr. Howe, Fuller, on one side represent the Reform or "Radical" so called, or perhaps miscalled, party, who desire to do justice to the Philadelphia system, and that the Society should *seek the truth*, and not support a side; while Dwight, Elliot, . . . Gray, Allen, a powerful writer of the last twenty years, and one rascally B.S., a lawyer of ill fame, are prominent on the other, upholding the Auburn system, defaming the originators of the system of total seclusion, vindicating the *ex parte* course of the Society and its secretary, and refusing with indignation and scorn all overtures that propose retraction or improvement. Night after night, and upon a series of adjournments, the discussions have proceeded, until they are become the only evening amusement of the city, at which before crowded audiences, these men, or the more excitable of them, bait each other like dogs and bulls, to the shame of all their honors, and the origin of personal feuds of the most bitter and lasting kinds.

The general result is however probably attained, and will prove good.

The whole community has become interested in the canvass, and will be better able hereafter to judge and act for whatever good such societies are capable of effecting. Sarah Martin did more good, I think, than a hundred Boston Prison Discipline Societies are like to do. I have made the better acquaintance of our queer, amiable, talented and truly useful friend, Miss Eliza Robbins of New York, who came on to sail with H. to England, but puts it off three months longer. She offered me the Chaplaincy of Sing-Sing. I declined the post as above my strength and zeal. What a strange society is this! Not a man, not a woman I meet, but has a distinctive character, of which I can learn something either by precept or example. One of my latest and most valued (at first sight) friends is Wm. H. Channing, an enthusiast, an altruist, an associationist, a transcendental genius of the first water, self-sacrificed to what he thinks the ripest, truest form of Christianity, with remarkable insights into the evils, but less ability to see the goods of Society, and called by his Circle of admirers (every genius has one here) "the born prophet." His eloquence is bewitching—to the reason; his private conversation very seductive. I have heard him preach

upon the text "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him," and many of his thoughts were as true as beautiful, especially that, when he said that there had always been three classes of theorists about virtue, the Sentimentalists, the Rationalists, and the Utilitarians. The first considered no man virtuous who does not do good from impulse; the second, no man who does not do good in obedience to law; the third, no man who considers not the end in view. Said he, the true virtue unites and fulfils the three, it is the life of the love of God in the soul as a principle, working through and under law, to and for the universal good. But I am not in tune to give you a résumé of his exquisite sermon. But a gulf, not to be bridged over, separates the philosophy of these men's religion from ours. I approach them, and am repelled again. Their embrace is warm, living, healthful, inspiring, but so founded upon errors in dogmatic theology that I stand always in amaze at the ripe richness of their practical Christianity. They abound in good works, exhibit singular love to each other, and toleration for all diversities of opinion, and thus show that the life of godliness may live in and in spite of theoretical heterodoxy at its most extreme limit. I have studied them carefully this winter, and you will be pleased to learn that I at length accepted Mr. Clarke's [James Freeman Clarke] invitation to preach for his people last Sunday, he himself being called away suddenly to Buffalo by the dying of his relative, and that I preached a carefully prepared sermon in which I made most prominent this truth, that "no man must expect to attain to a right knowledge, or to the true favor of God the Father, who does not warmly, devotedly, personally love Christ." "The Father loveth you, because ye have loved me," etc., John 14 : 37. After all my observations I consider that in this most the Unitarians come short. I do not blame them for being Arians, or Sabellians. It is not strange indeed that with their imperfect (I believe it so to be in all cases) theological training they should sink down to a mere humanitarian ground. But while acknowledging Christ Jesus to be the inspired and peculiar Son of God, the teacher, the Saviour, the Lord (all this they all acknowledge and teach), they do fail most lamentably in any true friendly, brotherly, or even servile affection for him. They revere him apparently as a greater Socrates, and Paul's and Peter's master, but not as their own dear Lord and Elder Brother. who died for them, and waits to receive them unto himself. The heart of their deficiencies seems to be a most imperfect view of the Atone-

ment. I cannot but return with an ever-increasing assurance of its truth, to our hypothesis of the Atonement, although you would be astonished beyond measure at the variety and ingenuity of the hypotheses here broached and defended with thought and feeling by powerful and honest minds. It [ours] is the clearest; it resolves Scripture language most easily; it affords the heart a fountain of warm sentiment and having for its special object what Peter's confession and John's love fastened on, the person and proprieties of "the man Christ Jesus," "the beloved Son," not as a devotee, or a martyr to Philanthropy, or as *a* light in and to the world, but as the Lamb of God, the proxy of the world awaiting punishment, *my* substitute and personal Saviour. Christianity in its second stage will reveal to the initiated his heavenly character; but this is his earthly and that with which Christianity has most now to do. . . .

I have given a large part of this letter, which expresses what was later so foreign to my father's thoughts and religious sentiment, because I believe it was entirely true to his views at the time written. A little later his opinions in regard to the value of "Dogmatic Theology" and the Calvinistic scheme of salvation through the "Atonement" must have undergone complete changes. At the time the above letter was written, he stands still clad in his outworn and already tattered coat of orthodox dogma. It is full of rents and too thin to warm him. That orthodox father who had from earliest childhood trained him to look upon the world with intelligent eyes, to reason for himself on all that he saw or read, and who had taught him that fearless truth in speech and action was the only right method of expressing the light that was in him,—that father had thus torn the first rent in his theological garment; science as learned in the field and in books had rent it a second time; German Philosophy had worn it thin; and now life among these Boston thinkers and workers was rapidly making it threadbare. It needed but one more agency—and that the most powerful of all—to cause him to slip the wretched excuse for a garment from his shoulders, and stand forth in the sunshine of free thought, but possessed still of the same devout spirit as in his youthful days. Many

men in leaving an outworn form of religion go through bitter suffering of mind and soul. I do not think my father ever did so suffer. He told me more than once that the element of fear never had entered into his religious life at any time. It was the warming, healing quality of religious faith which had always been the vital matter to him. Fear and punishment were negative ills: not "pardon," but "adoption" (as he writes in an early letter), was the saving grace. And so probably, in dropping his old theology,—when and how I do not know,—he left nothing behind him that mattered greatly to his heart.

MILTON, *June* 28. TO HIS STEPMOTHER.

Last Friday R., having returned from New Brunswick, with the mere discovery of a basin, not containing rocks above the Danville ore formation, but receiving higher rocks to the Eastward, and finally the Coal, at the lake east of the St. John's,—I put the last stroke to the map, and turned to coloring the original, which I half accomplished, beginning with fear, but ending in delight; it excels our hopes. Saturday was too hot to work in, and Mrs. Robbins came in from Milton to beg me to give their people a sermon. By the last train of cars I came out to her husband's country seat [Brush Hill], and go in to-night. It is useless to attempt a description of these beautiful scenes, every way worthy of England. All his [Mr. Robbins'] fields are surrounded, as the Norman fields are, by tall shrubbery and trees, elms, etc., which form the most beautiful alleys and vistas, through which appears a beautiful landscape, look where you will. It is but six miles from Boston, yet as secluded as a farm on the first fork of Pine Creek. Within sight, three miles distant indeed, is the highest of the Blue Hills, seven hundred feet, on the top of which Bache set up his chief Coast beacon, and from it the battle of the Chesapeake and Shannon was watched and reported. . . . A new annoyance woke me last week. A string of carts led by Irishmen began to take their course at sunrise past our house (62 Pinckney St.), toting away the soil thrown out from the foundation of the city aqueduct reservoir, which will be surrounded by houses just as those in Paris are. These continue all day to drag their slow length along, jarring the house and setting one frantic with the noise. Music continued *ad libitum*, the children practising for Polk's advent. Mr. Robbins says Polk's grandfather Polluck (Pol'k)

and R.'s father came over on the same ship from Scotland. He [Robbins], an influential person in the orthodox church, and his wife, an Episcopalian, warm-hearted and devout, desire me to settle here as the pastor. I shall be well contented to do so. Will at least wait the result of their negotiations. . . .

MILTON, *July* 26. TO HIS FATHER.

. . . I preached my appointed sermons yesterday. The intelligent were delighted; the greater number repeated the rebuke that I have so often received, by saying that they did not understand me. That is an unpardonable fault in a preacher. But when truth is stripped of its technical dress for greater evidence, it becomes to all who are not trained to think, really less evident than before. . . . I do not think I will suit them, although I regret to think so. They asked me to preach again next Sunday, but I declined for at least four weeks. Then I shall preach extempore. My mode I find to be so much out of the usual track, that I must find a very indulgent people, and be permitted to train them to it. . . .

In August my father took a trip through the White Mountains, whither had preceded him Mrs. Hillard, Mr. Rogers, and other Boston friends. He writes to his father with delight of the scenery and of the geology of the region, and of the pleasant travelling companions he meets in the various excursions. He also speaks of the constant changing of his own thought in regard to life, as experience widens his view:—

Were it not for my fixed faith in Him who came to save the lost, according to the Father's eternal purpose, I should give up all for lost and sink into blank fatalism, as I see myself swept from point to point, like a pebble down the bed of a mountain stream, by one influence after another, that exert their forces upon me in turn,—forced to modify my plans, to exchange my opinions, to feel new sentiments and form new relations with the world of fact and the other world of thought, continually. But thank God that faith never fails me. Not a tremor ever shakes the firm ground on which my feet were placed, and I can look down the slope of ages, and descry dimly the forms of infinite changes without any particle of anxiety. Ever onward, unfolding, realizing in myself ideas of grace that until thus developed and made history in my own experience are mere

abstractions, however surely predestined to be real. The difference between the fatalism of the Unbeliever and that of the believer is only this (and *all* this), that the one is indifferent to the future because unknown by man, while the other is confident in the future because arranged in Christ.

BOSTON, *August* 19. TO HIS FATHER.

A note from my friends at Brush Hill [Milton] notified me that I am expected to fill the pulpit there three Sabbaths. I agreed to do so. . . .

My stay among Unitarians has changed me no doubt, but not in any way I think that your views of gospel truth or hearty piety would cause you to regret. The theological hypotheses of the Princeton School upon the Westminster basis, seem to me the only ones to be drawn *logically* from scripture. But I am changed and still changing in this respect, that I do not identify truth with logic, and faith with dogma, as much as once, when my logical consistency, while relieving me from *doubt*, plunged me often in *despair*, and hardening my sensibility to man's responsibility, landed me in fatalism. I study to be LESS *precise and consistent* in the jointing of my system than formerly, and more desire to grow in love to Christ and knowledge of and obedience to his will, and submission to his designs, and in a clear view of man's condition, wants, and ways of relief, than in the skilful handling of words. I think I am becoming more spiritual and less technical; more of a New School man in one sense, yet sympathizing with even Dr. Nevins; always less an Arminian, but perhaps somewhat semi-Pelagian: in fine I see my progress to be as it has ever been a waving line, but the resultant of a composition of forces, to which I yield myself in faith of the faithfulness of my divine Redeemer. I sit at table with a Swedenborgian, and appreciate the one great truth of which that denomination is the curious exponent. I talk daily and intimately with a Catholic young lady of sincere piety, with a Unitarian clergyman of whose piety I have little less doubt, and with a Methodist and a Presbyterian of shining gifts and graces, with all whom I feel quietly at home, not as agreeing with the sum of all, but with some of each,—and seeing in them as in myself Christ formed the hope of Glory. It is time enough for me to assume an iron shoe and a Russian belt, when I am installed. From that time I shall certainly grow more consistent—by growing less. An old tree comes to perfection when it no longer puts forth a new branch, but simply extends its old ones. . . .

BOSTON, *Sept.* 3. TO HIS STEPMOTHER.

I write, I know not why to-day—perhaps to keep my hand in; although for that matter it is so cramped by my last week's work that its digits will hardly count five. I am in excellent health and very happy with some good friends, and very lovely and lively friends, only untiring Garrison abolitionists. They read everything, and talk like musical boxes. I enjoy their chat and music wondrously; moreover a friend sent me out as his substitute yesterday, an aged incumbent of the Wrentham See, 80 odd years old, who supplied the pulpit for me: next Sunday another friend does the same and in another week a third will do me the like favor—all for love; so I revel in the Deluge, in my heart's content; wrote thirty pages on Friday, and forty on Saturday, and found a prize in the Athenæum to-day, viz., Mrs. Gray's "Sepulchres of Ancient Etruria," and another at Binney's, viz., Dane's "Mythology of the Ancient Britons"; so I bid fair, as far as good rakes go, to heap the ashes of the forgotten dead into a tumulus high as the Bers Nimroud, or the pyramid of Cholula. It is a grand subject. I wish I had still more time to devote to it; it opens up like a Cathedral nave before me.

The weather has set in for charming October already. But it is very sickly: we have all the varieties of cholera, from the Asiatic down through Dysentery to Cholera Infantum. The great orator Wendell Phillips lay on Saturday at the point of death. I feel very great anxiety about him,—all his friends do yet. He was better to-day. I esteem him very highly, and we were to be dear friends one day. But in truth time cures us of ever forming visions before us. Who could have thought that a shameful peace like that of Charles Albert and Radetzky's late making would, could follow so radical an overturn of all things as at first threatened utter exile to Austrian influence from Lombardy? . . .

If I had money, which I have not, I would go to Philadelphia this month at the meeting of the Association of Geologists on the 20th. I must forego it this year, and also seeing you. Henry [D.] Rogers is making a great figure at the British Association, and he has a right to. There are few his equals in the body. . . .

A letter from Philadelphia, September 8, from his father, contains these words:—

I cannot divest myself of anxiety about your stay in Unitarian Society. The Great Enemy is full of wiles—and sometimes trans-

forms himself into an angel of light—and were it possible deceives the Elect. I pray God that your zeal in his cause be not abated and that your mind be kept from error. Stray minds have been unchained and warped by strange delusions. I hope your stay may be for good and I pray my fears may not be realized. My trust is in him who is able to keep you from falling.

BOSTON, *September* 11. TO HIS FATHER.

[After speaking of his past year's work, and his uncertainty as to what his future work shall be, he continues:] I have refused a call to Williamsport because I am not sure of support and do not desire to be shut up from mental improvement. A letter received last week from my friend Hepburn urges me to come to them.—On the other hand a parish is open to me at Milton, close by the city, with many advantages to allure me. I am however not sure of a call by any means. . . . I have as little sympathy with the Arminian philosophy of New England orthodox preachers as with the frigid humanitarianism of New England Unitarianism. I may in time fall gradually into one or the other more or less; God knows what is possible; I do not think it probable. But for the present I am changed in nothing essentially Princetonian: only my views of the *realization* of theological theories, of the need of preaching *practical* godliness and laying much less *stress* upon orthodox faith, have become stronger, clearer, deeper. And this I am happy to believe I owe to contact with and study of Unitarian life and conversation. I consider I have been most radically benefited; but that I have nearly exhausted that good which *I*, at least, am to draw from Unitarianism. My whole feeling is now of reaction, repulsion. You have seen a pith ball fly to a conductor and then charged with its electricity fly back and stand aloof. Such a spiritual phenomenon I have realized in my own spirit here. But I have grown stronger and freer than before I came to Boston. . . . All things slowly change their relations to each other and to me, but in such a way that I believe myself progressing upon a heavenly road. . . .

About returning South.—Next Sunday is the last of my engagement at Milton. Something was said about inviting me to preach six months. . . . The meeting of the Geological Society (of which I am truly an unworthy member, for I write nothing) takes place on the 20th (October). I shall of course stay out that week. . . .

But besides my liking Boston and the necessity for my remain-

ing here if I desire to settle in a New England parish near it, I have another motive for staying through the winter or the early half of it. Mr. Rogers desires to go to Europe in the spring, and to carry with him not only the maps, etc., of our survey, which he cannot publish here, but some work of his own which he can; he and his brother have half written a manual which embodies their views, describes the general geology of the U.S. and will insure their taking rank with De Beaumont, Murchison and others at the head of science there. My friendship for him would decide me upon staying to give him certain necessary aid, provided that in so doing I violate no higher duty. If I settle in Milton, or if I am invited to preach anywhere in the vicinity for the time, I can give him what assistance he requires and which no other can. —It would be much more agreeable to me to drop the whole matter and make my home with you for a while, until some place offered itself for a permanent settlement.

If you were wealthy I should desire you to support me part of the year as a Colporteur, and allow me to study and write in my own family circle the rest of the year. But as I am to obtain by the labor of my hands the bread that I put into my mouth, as Paul did, I consider myself blessed in the opening of a certain path of science to me for that end. I only wish it would yield me more money, that I might help some of my friends. . . .

You see, dear Father, that unless I were to determine to return to the mountains of Pennsylvania in connection with the Tract Society (and with my relations personal with them, probably from my own fault, I am rather disgusted) or as pastor of Williamsport Church, where there is really no need of me, for the two churches *ought* to be under one minister,—or unless I were to accept Trumbull's proposition to take his place at Valparaiso or go to California (and while you live I shall never do any such thing, and probably never at all)—there is no earthly reason for my leaving a certain occupation of my hands, heart and head, here in Boston, while it lasts. Whither shall I go? My heart draws me to your roof. But you would be justly astonished and offended, if I returned to you and remained, as you would think, whatever employed me, idly at home. There is no pulpit open to me in Philadelphia or near it that I know of. If further off—then I might as well be here. I cannot see, therefore, that any better course offers, since I am here neither idle nor in danger, than for me to continue to do what I find to do, as long as occupation of the right sort lasts.

I have a heart for social affections: I have talents for public

usefulness, but every day furnishes new evidence that my character is not yet wholly perfected, and therefore I can neither see how my heart is to be satisfied nor how my talents are to be employed. And yet neither of these two is meanwhile either rusting or wasting. This whole life is a probation, a preparation, a mutation, a wandering, an attempt,—change and effort and failure then must satisfy us. My worldly prospects are poor enough and yet I am satisfied. . . . And so I stand, fearless of any ill, and without an enemy in the world, full of peace within, with a conscience void of all offence towards God and man, ready to go where my Master calls and to do what falls to my share; I consider myself not less happy than undeserving,—and of nothing more than of having a Father who is willing and worthy to receive such a letter as this, from your own son Peter.

To which the father answers by a deeply affectionate letter September 14, containing this sentence:—

I am sorry that you could allow a thought to occupy your mind for a moment that I "would be justly astonished and offended if I returned to you and remained as you would think, whatever employed me, idly at home." Dear son, *my home* is *your home* —and always open to your stay and comfort. . . .

October 19 my father writes to his brother Allen from Philadelphia:—

All my hopes and plans have been dashed by a letter from Milton signifying the election of another man to fill the pulpit for the time (eight weeks) and of a colleague also to Dr. Codman. The disappointment that I feel made me first really acquainted with the intensity of my desire to return to Boston. All things work for good to them that love God, I can only say, and that with a heavy heart. Presbytery will have me organize a church about the corner of Poplar Lane, or Girard Avenue and 10th Street. I am buying books and getting to work.

Nevertheless, December 11 finds him again in Boston, after a home visit and some travelling in Pennsylvania, and on the 18th he writes to his mother from Milton as if established there in parish work:—

It has just ceased snowing here, and the sun is struggling through the long cold cobwebs that still hang across the—whether East, West, South or North, I'm sure I cannot tell, for there is neither sign-post nor weathercock, by which to rectify one's topography, that I have yet discovered in all the parish. Every straight road runs in a curve, and all the parallel roads manage to meet and triangulate the township and the temper together. I am not permitted to take a guide in visiting the people, because it would be said that I were "such-a-one's minister." So I go whither I am sent, and if I arrive rightly, well and good; but if not, it matters little, for I find myself then somewhere else, and my invitations come from all directions. Much of my time is spent in writing for the Sabbath; the rest in walks which keep me in excellent bodily health. . . .

I was obliged to meet thirty or forty ladies and a few of their husbands, at a Dorcas Society meeting the other day, and spend three or four hours with them, quite ill at ease to know what to say or remember who was which. My sermons last Sunday gave satisfaction and were unusually well attended, but the day was a very fine one and tempted many out. I have just finished the last of two sermons for to-morrow on Naaman's history, and the doctrine of imputation, but however well I may please them I cannot please myself, and only receive comfort from discovering baldness and emptiness and commonplace in Massillon with all his grandeur, and Havel with all his unction—and from reflecting that "God gives the increase."

I am very happy here, enjoying the most complete seclusion, quietude, command of time, and peace of mind, and able to study ten hours in the twenty-four, but in great danger of being too happy and growing selfish. . . .

MILTON, *December* 26. TO HIS FATHER.

The Committee met after Church (to-day) and extend an invitation to me to supply the pulpit for an indefinite time; I, to give them two weeks' previous notice of intention to leave them.

This last week I have been overwhelmed with evidences of not only respect, but affection. The place is considered a most desirable one, and is greatly sought after. . . .

This began my father's ministry in Milton.

CHAPTER IX

First Year of Parish Work, Milton. 1848

Early in the year 1848, my father, being established in Milton, although not actually "settled" over the parish, made an attempt to prevail upon his aunt Hall and aunt Wilson and the latter's two children to come to make their home with him. This they with wise kindness refused to do, and he continued for some months to lodge, bachelor-fashion, among his new parishioners. I think he suffered from a certain loneliness in being so far from his own family, and this is expressed from time to time in the home letters. Nevertheless, he was happy in his surroundings, and already deeply attached to a few and much interested in many of his wide circle of new friends and acquaintances.

Milton, *Feb.* 13, 1848. To his Brother Allen.

. . . I am drawing a whole train of work: abstracting Müller's Dorians; Stewart's Old Testament; sifting and writing on the whole abolition subject, from a pile of books that Wendell Phillips has sent me; mapping the Jura and copying Thorwaldsen's "Night" in oil—besides my two sermons a week. You might perhaps retort that it is not strange in such a dust that I should not be able to "Know myself." [The first half of this letter is philosophic,—German philosophic rather.] I have very few unoccupied hours and I can boast *nec otium nec dignitatem*, I fear. I read Thomson's "Winter" (season) to-day. He seems to my ear tediously inflated, *i.e.*, with his innumerable adjectives and participles. But there is nevertheless a distinctness in his pictures, and sometimes a sublime simplicity of outline, above praise. But Spenser has completely stolen my heart. If you have never read him do get the first book of his "Faery Queen" *in large type*, without delay and make acquaintance with it. If you only read one canto,—it will dwell with you, like the remembrance of a beautiful stage companion, or an angel in a dream. It is a shame not to be able to say "I love Spenser." You will be entertained

too with abundant Germanisms in words and terminations; *e.g.*, the terminal verbal—*en*—see dedication sonnet to Earl of Essex, 9th line—"with bolder wing shall dare aloft to *sty*" (*steigen*—mount), etc.

And the letter ends as follows:—

> What's the matter with my name?!
> 'Tis harsh and horrid, like the roar of rocks
> Let loose by thunder from their mountain dwelling,
> Clattering and crashing down with slips and shocks
> Through underwood, and brush and garden paling.
> All I can say is that I want a better;
> John, James, Tom, Harry—anything but ——.

He always disliked his Christian name, and several times tried futilely to settle upon another. He finally added the J. at the beginning, by which he is most widely known.

March 14. To his Father.

Last Friday they buried Adams' corpse in the next township. I wish I had a copy of Theodore Parker's sermon to send you, but three editions were immediately exhausted. He is an odd fish and will say what nobody else dares to—in public. My friend Lyman,* of Halle, spent Sunday with me, to my great pleasure. He is not a whit changed.

A meeting was appointed for this week, but is deferred to next week. The salary will be the only question. I shall have serious difficulty I expect, with any council, *i.e.*, a *pro re nata* sort of presbytery, that may be called together to settle me. I do not think myself sufficiently orthodox to meet their demands; and unless I give them satisfaction, they will refuse to ordain me or give me the hand of fellowship. You may imagine then what sort of a gauntlet I think I should run in a Presbytery in Pennsylvania.

* Joseph Bardwell Lyman, son of Timothy Lyman, . . . closely connected with us through one of the three original Lyman brothers two hundred and fifty years ago, . . . our sixth or seventh cousin. Born at Chester, Mass., October 6, 1829; graduated from Yale College 1850; studied law in Tennessee; married July 14, 1858, Laura E. Baker, of Maine 1863 settled in New Orleans in the profession of law; . . . returned North in 1863, and settled in Stamford, Conn., in 1865, where he was engaged in literary efforts as a profession. Died in Richmond Hill, L.I., January 28, 1872. Was a great reader and good scholar. (*Taken from a letter of Benjamin Smith Lyman.*)

However it is foolish to meet trouble half-way; or anticipate with anxiety what may exist only in the imagination. My sermons of last Sabbath on Sin would have been denounced by any Presbytery of ours I am quite sure; and yet they were received with unbounded satisfaction. I am improving rapidly in strength and clearness of style and precision of expression,—this is just the direction in which I wish to advance. But it requires incessant toil, and I cannot stand it long unless I succeed in effecting exchanges more frequently than I have been able to do this winter. The people generally speak of my settlement among them with that enthusiasm which is so easily got up around a new man and so easily forgotten when he is no longer such. . . .

Evidently, in April or May, he went South to see his family, and the following letter marks his return:—

MILTON, *May*, 1848. TO HIS FATHER.

We have just arrived. The family opposite became very uneasy and telegraphed this morning to know if Forbes had left New York. He came on with us, and Lyman's* sister, the beautiful Mrs. Delano, and her party, unexpectedly formed part of our cortège. . . . The Captain said it was a severer blow than any since last September. . . . I shall eschew the Sound routes hereafter, having now tried them all. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *May* 3, 1848. TO BRETHREN OF THE PRESBYTERY.

In applying to you for a letter of dismission to the Norfolk County Association of Massachusetts, I have been met by a communication to the Presbytery, charging me with preaching in Norfolk County, Mass., "infidel" sentiments, or those wearing "the worst form of German Rationalism," with "denying the Inspiration of the Scriptures, etc."

Inasmuch as the writer of that letter never heard me preach, and probably never read anything that I ever wrote, and frankly named a single friend (a woman) as the medium of his information, but refers the Presbytery for further information to other persons, naming one,—he has treated me with a careless unkindness, common in the Church and in the World, such as I would display towards him, did I fire a gun into a grove, knowing him to be there, but too intent upon killing a particular bird to

* Joseph Lyman, my mother's brother.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. WARREN DELANO (CATHERINE LYMAN)

regard that. For while in strictness the words, Infidelity, German Rationalism, and a Denial of Scripture Inspiration, mean nothing definite, and no man of thought regards their application in the general to any person or persons,—yet in common parlance they *do* mean a great deal, appealing to very ancient traditions and to personal passions made intense by habit and self-interest. To be an Infidel is everywhere shameful. To be a German Rationalist among English Christians is to be an object little short of horror. To deny Inspiration is to be at the least a Deist, at the most an Atheist, given to materialism, and without a safeguard from ruin. I do not desire, therefore, to have attached to my name, now or ever, words which do not at all describe my past or present life, and from the use of which neither my friends nor my enemies (if I unfortunately have any) can tell what I believe or according to what principles I live. I consider, therefore, that I have not only suffered wrong at a brother's hand, but have the highest right to claim protection and a kind redress at the hands of my brethren of this Presbytery, and I hereby ask of them a letter or paper or opinion or resolution in some plain form and in fraternal language, saying, that in their opinion I cannot with propriety, in Christian charity and truth, be said to preach Infidelity, or to be a German Rationalist, or to deny the Inspiration of the Scriptures, as has been to them reported.

I rest my claim to such opinion or resolution on the following ground:

The man who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, as one with the Father; as the Jehovah of the Old Testament World and the Messiah of the New; as the only name given whereby men may be saved; as the vicarious sacrifice for sin; as the Head of the Church, the dispenser of the Holy Ghost, and the future visible King of the Nations—cannot be called an Infidel.

The man who teaches with offensive plainness the Calvinistic view of the scheme of salvation, in its parts of Election, Reprobation, Limited Atonement, Inability and Effectual Calling,—cannot be said in any sense to be a German Rationalist.

The man who believes in the primary distinction between the Church and the World, the Living and the Dead, the Inspired and the Uninspired; in other words, in the gift of the Holy Ghost, as the Spirit of all Truth, to every elect child of God, in every age and place where God has had his Church—cannot deny the Inspiration of the Scriptures, seeing that these

were written by holy men of old, and are judged and found true by the same Inspiring Spirit dwelling in us.

As I am a man, believing and teaching these things according to the measure of the evidence I have for each, I can neither be called an Infidel, nor a German Rationalist, nor deny the Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. And as such a man, subject to the attacks of ignorance and zeal, like other men, in duty bound to guard myself against them by all proper means, I simply request all or as many of my brethren of this Presbytery as can do it, to attest this my position in Life, in the degree of their Knowledge.

Furthermore, I desire that my brethren of the Presbytery not only thus protect me against the above accusation, formally or informally made, and more or less public as it is now, or may by any action of the Presbytery become hereafter,—but that they moreover dismiss me to the Norfolk County Association of Massachusetts, not as a member of the Presbyterian Church, nor as a licentiate of a Presbytery, but as in their past experience and present apprehension, a Christian man and brother, of unexceptional morals and in good report, holding and avowing and desiring to teach the characteristic and fundamental doctrines of the Westminster Confession of Faith, but differing at present from many, or it may be all, of my brethren: 1, in my views of the nature and necessity of Creeds; 2, in my views respecting the Order of the Ministry; and 3, in my theory of Inspiration; under the last of which may be included my convictions of the greater credibility of scientific deductions, wherever and so long as they oppose any assertion of the written word, correctly interpreted.

I offer, of course, no apology for these exceptions to the views prevailing in the Presbyterian Churches, but only claim to be dismissed as holding such views, and nevertheless regarded by brethren of this Presbytery as no more worthy of the name of Infidel and German Rationalist than venerated men like Professors Neander and Tholuck, who entertain and avow, perhaps, the same.

Brethren of the Presbytery, let us part in love. Send me away with a prayer and a blessing, to be received by others, elsewhere, with a prayer and a blessing, and recommend me for that which I am, and not for that which you would rather I should be, to the Christian fellowship of Christian people.

Your fellow-servant to Christ,

PETER LESLEY, J.

On the outside of the page this is marked "Copy of letter sent to the Presbytery of Philadelphia, May 3, 1848."

MILTON, *May* 24. TO HIS FATHER.

In the 2nd week of June the North Suffolk Ass. meets, at which I shall present myself. . . . Pray let Mother ask Dr. Cuyler next Sunday for a paper certifying my membership in the Seventh St. Church, and send it on as soon as possible. If it be not in hand, nothing can be done at the Association. It is *the* paper with all Congregationalists.

MILTON, *June* 3. TO HIS FATHER.

Your letter of 1st inst. with its enclosed certificate has just come in. It supplies all that I at present need. . . .

The week of the Anniversaries is closing. I attended none of them, for fear of their excitement. Fine speeches were at a discount. It is a perfect Carnival of Benevolence, a sort of spiritually Bacchanalian orgie. Shawls and white cravats filled the city.—I am still at Lyman's.*

In a letter of June 19th to his mother he tells of several meetings in regard to his claims to be settled over the Milton parish, but no decision was made by the Association. He says, "I have formally released the parish from their obligations to me after next Sunday." Nevertheless, he continued to preach for the Milton church for some months to come, and he writes that his people "sustain me to a man with the most perfect unanimity and most gratifying expressions of affection." In the same letter he writes:—

I am still with Lyman, at most comfortable quarters and within reach of the pleasant people Milton affords. Some of the respect with which I am treated is due to the anomalous position that I occupy. Things are at a strange pass here. Unitarianism, which was the Churches' protest forty years ago against the dry and heartless dialectics of the old orthodoxy, has done its work and had its day and is drying up and vanishing. Unitarian ministers are rapidly becoming evangelical and orthodox ministers "liberal." Everywhere we see portents of a sort of practical eclectic amalgamation, according to which the church general

* This must have been Joseph Lyman, his future brother-in-law.

shall adopt the freedom and science and moral tone and beneficence of the Unitarian school on the one side, and the high and heavenly theology, the mystical spiritualism of orthodoxy on the other. In a few weeks Bushnell of Hartford will utter the Phi Beta Kappa oration before Harvard, and then dine with a dozen Unitarian ministers on Milton Hill. Men like Simmons and Clarke and Waterston don't know where to belong. Such men are multiplying. Well might brother Eells say in his letter about "one Lesley, preaching in Milton," that orthodoxy in New England was tumbling to pieces. What between Harvard and Andover, Science and steam, the future has much hope to feed upon. A simple, childlike faith in Christ crucified, the son of God,—an untiring assertion of the necessity of the purest and most efficient morality, in the Temperance-Anti-slavery-and Anti-war-Church,—and an unbounded trust in all truth, practical, scientific and religious, as divine,—these are becoming the pillars and watchwords of Christianity in New England.

In response to anxious letters from home in regard to his personal spiritual condition and worldly prospects, he writes cheerily to his father July 13th:

But let me assure you that I am twenty-nine, with *some* Christian and worldly experience, inheriting a tolerably good mind and a pretty firm will, a love of right and liberty, and willing to suffer much if need he (which there isn't) in what I consider a good cause. But there is neither *cause* nor suffering in the present case. I am doing nothing, fighting nothing, supporting nothing, but living a very quiet, peaceable, honest and perhaps useful life from day to day like other people. *Believe* this and do not *fancy* otherwise.

MILTON, *Aug.* 6, 1848. TO HIS FATHER.

Will's letter with your *attaché* came duly to hand at my return from a very pleasant round through the Connecticut region. I stopped two days at Bellows Falls, four days at Brattleboro with several friends, and two days at Northampton,—the most beautiful of villages, in the midst of the great diluvial meadows of the Connecticut. These meadows are not alluvion, made by river sediment; but are the last throw-down of the diluvial waves in their draining off, impeded by the great trap dykes thrown obliquely across the valley. The dykes rise from the gently undulating meadows, very abruptly, and command magnificent

scenery. That from the end of Holyoke is famous and worthy of all its praise. I made some valuable friends at Northampton. My friend Lyman of Amherst, with whom I was at Halle, made me comfortable there, and introduced me to the celebrated collection of bird-tracks collected by Prof. Hitchcock who was unfortunately absent.* I was invited by the Congregational Minister at Brattleboro to preach for him, and did so in the afternoon. He only requested that I would not touch moot points. Of course I would not. . . .

The people here [in Milton] during my absence have done all that I could desire; they have signed personally men and women a written agreement (fearful lest in this busy season a meeting would not be well attended) to have me supply them for a year, . . . and dating back to my acceptance of the call. . . .

MILTON, *August* 28. TO HIS FATHER.

I went last Thursday to hear Bushnell's oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge. It was very rich, acute, elegant and eloquent and gave high delight. The subject was Work and Play; work preparatory to play. . . .

Hearing such rare addresses from so rare a man, I not only inquire why there are so few such; but find all my early ambitions fired again to attain a point so enviable. . . .

* Years later my father wrote the obituary notice of Edward Hitchcock, and read it before the meeting of the American Association held in 1867 at Northampton.

CHAPTER X

ENGAGEMENT. 1848

MILTON, *Oct.* 9, 1848. TO HIS FATHER.

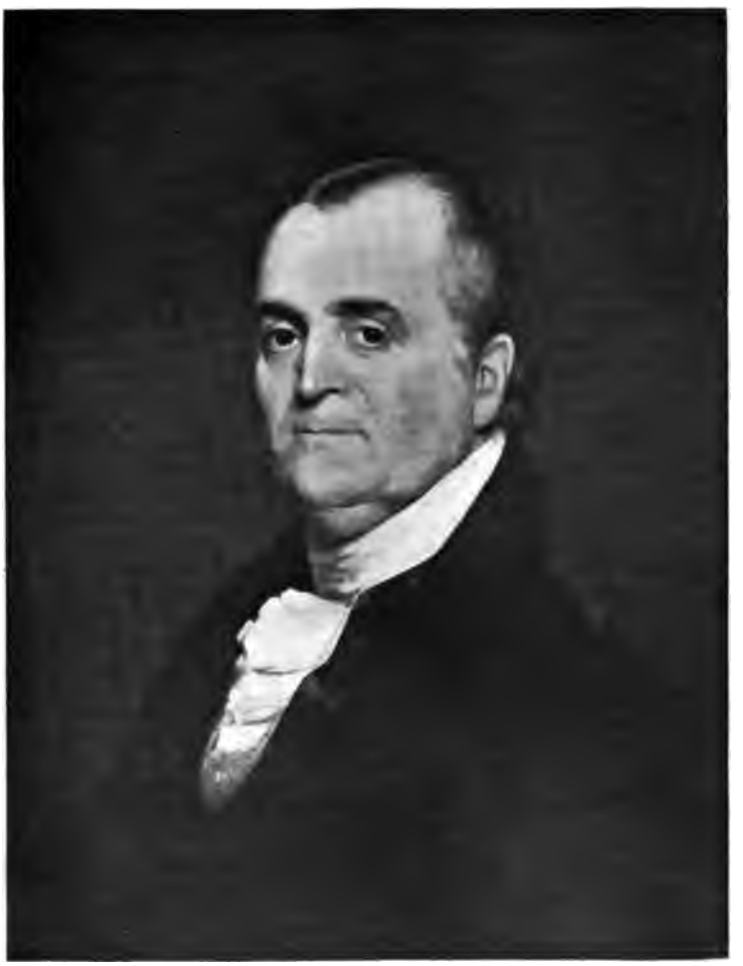
I am happy to be able to say that a very lovely woman has promised to be my wife. . . . She is all that I can desire; but has neither health nor wealth at present. . . .

It was with these words that my father announced to his father that which was the most momentous event of his life.

In the previous summer he had met Susan Inches Lyman, daughter of Judge Lyman and his wife, Anne Jean, of Northampton. It seems to have been instantly felt by both the young people that they belonged to each other.

Practically everything was against this match. My father was not strong, or, at least, had an appearance of delicacy and nervous excitability, and had no established means of supporting himself or a family. Moreover, he was hazarding his own chosen career in the ministry by heterodox preaching. My mother was in extremely poor health and had small worldly prospects. Her relatives and friends were naturally much opposed to the engagement, and used all legitimate means of prayer and persuasion to at least delay the marriage. But, once certain of the affection of each for each, neither would accede to adverse argument, and both were firm in their determination to shape their future as seemed right to themselves. Yet they tried not to distress those nearest to them in affection more than was necessary; and in the end opposition was overcome, and they were married on February 13, 1849, with the good will of a large and affectionate circle of relatives and friends.

Susan Inches Lyman was born in Northampton, April 7, 1823. Her father was Judge Joseph Lyman, whose memory is still revered in Northampton. Dr. Rufus Ellis wrote of him:—



JUDGE JOSEPH LYMAN

To many, many hearts the words, "Judge Lyman" are charmed words. They call up the image of one, the manly beauty of whose person was but the fit expression of a most noble soul; they recall a man singularly gifted and singularly faithful, a thinker, clear-sighted, yet reverent, a lover of religious liberty, yet only for the pure Gospel's sake; a devoted friend, a self-sacrificing philanthropist, an ardent patriot, a man diligent in business, yet ready to meet the largest demands of every hospitable office; a cheerful giver, one who made virtue venerable and lovely by the uniform dignity, grace, and courtesy of his manners, and by the sweetness of his speech; a man whose moral and social qualities so occupied attention, that we could hardly do justice to a very wise, discriminating and cultivated intellect.*

My grandmother wrote the following words of her husband soon after his death:—

His life has been an uncommonly happy one, owing to a more calm and equable temperament than is usual—added to a well-balanced mind. He was not disturbed by the little inequalities and mutations which must occur in the course of a long life. "Society, Friendship, and Love," the means of which are so abundantly scattered through this Universe, furnished his greatest sources of enjoyment through life. . . . His sympathies were so warm that his friends' happiness increased his own.†

Joseph Lyman was born about 1767, as my mother says that he was forty-four years old at the time of his marriage to her mother, October 30, 1811. He had been earlier married to Elizabeth Fowler, and had a family of five children,—Elizabeth, Samuel, Mary, Dwight, and Jane (a fourth daughter, Fanny, had died at the age of twelve).‡

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*From page 66 of "Recollections of my Mother," by Susan I. Lesley.

† Page 399, "Recollections of my Mother."

‡ Elizabeth, born October 16, 1792; married Samuel Henshaw; died 1875.
Edmund Dwight, born November 20, 1795; died 1834.
Frances Fowler, born August 31, 1797; died January 11, 1809.
Samuel Fowler, born May 3, 1799; died January 3, 1876.
Mary, born March 27, 1802; married Thomas Jones; died 1834.
Jane, born April 22, 1804; married Stephen Brewer; died March, 1859.

Judge Lyman came of New England farmer stock. He had one brother, Erastus, and a sister Mary (later married to Joseph Lord). He owed his education to an accident. Seeing a battle with the Indians [?] when a child, he climbed into a tree to obtain a better view, became faint at the sight of blood, and fell to the ground, breaking his skull, which was trepanned. Being, in consequence of this accident too delicate to go to school, he was taught by the pastor of the town, who fitted him at eleven years of age to enter Yale College. He was sent thither on horseback, seated behind his elder brother, going barefoot and in a homespun suit of clothes.

October 30, 1811, Judge Joseph Lyman was married to my grandmother, Anne Jean Robbins, daughter of Edward Hutchinson Robbins, of Milton, near Boston.

On her mother's side my mother traced her ancestry through her great-grandfather, James Murray,* to Scotch sources, reaching back to a certain "Outlaw," Murray, naturally much prized by the youthful members of the family of later generations; and through her grandfather, Edward Hutchinson Robbins, to that notable Anne Hutchinson, the "sectary," exile and martyr, in which relationship she herself took much satisfaction. She loved also her kinship to her great-grandfather, Nathaniel Robbins, the pastor for forty years of the old church in Milton; and she delighted, when she was an old woman herself, to look from her chamber window, when the autumn winds had cleared the view from leafy foliage, at the white spire of that old church where he had so long and faithfully served his people. Her grandfather, Edward Hutchinson Robbins, was a man of much force and sweetness combined. "A man of noble character and warm heart, who has left to his descendants the richest of inheritances, in the fine flavor of humanity that has kept his memory green, even to the third and fourth generation," she writes in her volume in memory of her mother (page 17).

To her mother's memory Susan has written this notable volume, and it is impossible to condense into a few sentences

* Letters of James Murray, Loyalist. Edited by Nina Moore Tiffany, assisted by Susan I. Lesley. Boston, 1901.

Mrs. ANNE JEAN LYMAN

an adequate description of so strong and varied a character. Anne Jean Robbins, married at twenty-two to a man twice her age, became at once his cordial companion in all his active work, the head of an already large household, a power in the village life, a mover in social activities, and foremost in such reforms as the time demanded. As a girl, she had shown great capacity in practical matters. She came of a large family herself, being the third of seven sons and daughters.* She had a vigorous mind and a perfectly healthy body, and was rather intolerant of weakness in any form; but her warm heart prevented this intolerance from becoming hardness, and only caused her presence to act as a tonic upon weaker natures. She and her husband were very unlike temperamentally, but sympathized wholly in their spiritual outlook and their principles of life.

They had five children: Joseph, born August 14, 1812; Anne Jean, born July 7, 1815; Edward Hutchinson Robbins, born February 10, 1819; Susan Inches, born April 7, 1823; and Catharine Robbins, born January 12, 1825.

My grandmother says in a letter written to a favorite niece, Abbie Greene, in September, 1823, "My baby was named Susan Inches; and a lovelier creature I never saw." Another little daughter, Catharine Robbins, born about twenty months later, was also an exquisite little child. The two sisters grew up together in united loveliness of person and spirit, until at eighteen Catharine was married to Warren Delano, Jr., and left the simple life of the Northampton home to live in New York, and later China, under much changed surroundings and circumstances.

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* Children of Elizabeth Murray Robbins and Edward Hutchinson Robbins, married November, 1785:—

Eliza, born August 26, 1786; unmarried.

Sarah Lydia, born December 16, 1787; married Judge Samuel Howe.

Anne Jean, born July 3, 1789; married Judge Joseph Lyman.

Edward Hutchinson, born March 24, 1792; married.

Mary, born October 16, 1794; married Joseph Revere (son of Paul Revere).

James Murray, born June 30, 1796; married Frances Mary Harris.

Catharine, born March 25, 1800; unmarried.

(Taken from Appendix to "Letters of James Murray, Loyalist. Edited by Nina Moore Tiffany.")

The Lyman children were born into very happy surroundings. The older brothers and sisters were near and dear, and, as these married and were established in homes of their own, the little sisters were often with them. One half-sister, Mary, was very much like a mother to the little Susan, and she remembered always her bitter grief when Mary married Mr. Jones, and left home, and how she ran weeping after the carriage which carried off the bride and groom. Eliza, the oldest of the half-sisters, married Mr. Samuel Henshaw, of Boston, and went there to live. Samuel, the oldest son of the first marriage, married Miss Almira Smith of East Hampton, settled in Northampton, and became Judge Lyman in later days, and a much beloved and respected citizen. Jane married Mr. Stephen Brewer, of Northampton. Dwight died unmarried.

The deepest sorrow of my mother's youth was the death of her older sister, Anne Jean, a beautiful girl of eighteen, with a rare character of sweetness and strength. My mother could never speak of Annie without emotion, and even to the end of her own long life this was a never-forgotten sorrow. She owed much of her religious feeling to this sister, who had died when Susan was but twelve years old; and Susan revered her as a saint and a protecting spirit, besides feeling her to be a best-beloved sister.

My mother was much more like her father than her mother, temperamentally, mentally, and spiritually. She used to say that she was almost wholly a Lyman. In aspect also she greatly resembled her father. She had the broad forehead, the wide-sweeping brow, and large mild brown eyes that are almost typical in the Lyman face, the well-formed, slightly aquiline nose, and firm, shapely chin. Her small mouth, owing to much ill-health and suffering, was in repose rather sad, but, when she spoke, her whole face changed, and her expression became both animated and serene. From her father she also inherited a certain emotional tendency, with which she had to struggle throughout life. She used to tell how her mother would sometimes exclaim in times of family excitement, "Oh, those Lyman flood-gates, those Lyman flood-gates!" Yet my

SUSAN INCHES LYMAN

From a portrait by Chester Harding. Taken about 1838

mother never wept in times of stress or when there was need for action. And tears never came to her when they might have aided her in gaining a point or in calling forth sympathy.

She had great powers of endurance, and fortitude in suffering.

She had a great love of books, and was happy in being born into a family where reading was one of the recognized needs of life. My grandmother was of course a very busy woman, but she used to keep a book beside her on the table or in her mending-basket, and, if she found no time to peruse it herself, would get one of the children, as time permitted, to read aloud to her. Books were not so plenty then as now, but were perhaps more prized, and those volumes which did come into the house were not only read, but discussed with avidity. Grandmother writes to her niece Abbie Greene July 15, 1839:—

> Since you left us, Susan has read aloud to me the first vol. of Sparks' Life of Washington, "Undine"—what nonsense! and stories connected with the times of Charles II., which are nearly as absurd as "Undine." In the intervals, Mr. Lyman pegs away upon Dwight's Life of Thomas Jefferson, which, however, I am quite interested in, as it shows the history and origin of the Democratic Party.

Susan, I doubt not, found in "Undine" something other than nonsense. She was a very sensitive and reserved child, poetic in her taste and full of sentiment. She might have become a sentimentalist, had not her surroundings been so healthy and vigorous. As it was, her love of the beautiful, which is the heart of true sentiment, served to glorify and sanctify the things of life, and only strengthened her character, joined as this sentiment was to a New England conscience and a strong sense of duty.

I have only a few reminiscences of my mother's childhood. One story, which she told me a few years ago, seemed to me most characteristic of her thoughtful and religious nature. She and her little sister were lying in bed, side by side, half asleep. Some guests in the household were brought in to

look at the little girls, and, supposing them quite unconscious, began to exclaim at their beauty. My mother lay quite still, but heard it all. She was troubled at first that she had overheard what was not intended for her ear, and felt a sense of guilt. Suddenly these words of William Penn, which she had somewhere read, came into her mind: "Art thou beautiful? Live then in accordance with the curious make and frame of thy creation, and let the beauty of thy person lead thee to adorn thy mind with holiness, the ornament of the beloved of God." The words comforted her, and she fell peacefully asleep. I found only a few months before her death these same words tremulously pencilled on a piece of paper in her portfolio, showing that the remembrance of that distant night remained with her throughout her long life.

Another little incident I find mentioned in a letter of July 10, 1883, from Boston, to her "children in the West":—

> Sunday I stepped down to King's Chapel to hear Henry Foote and enjoy the service, and it was pleasant to be there again. I recalled a time when Cousin Mary Ware took me, a child of five, with John, a child of seven, to see a great wedding in the church, I can't remember whose. But I got frightened about the great sounding-board, and suggested to John that it might come down on the Minister's head. And John thought it certainly would, which did not reassure me. And so we clung together as children do in that half-fear, half-drama of fear, in which they have a queer pleasure, until the wedding party came in and absorbed our attention and dispersed our fears. I don't believe I have ever been in that church but once since,—and how it all came back to me.

Happy as she was in her family, she was yet much alone in her inner life, as all fine natures must be, and sometimes felt a lack of understanding in those around her. This is but a phase, however, in all youthful development, and one need not dwell on it. I only mention it here because in her marriage she found just that comprehension of her inmost nature which filled her heart with entire content and a sense of repose unknown before.

One thing she used to tell her children later as one of the best lessons learned in her youth from her mother: "Mother used to tell me, 'Susan, it doesn't matter in the least what other people do to you, but it matters very much what you do to other people'; and I have blessed her for that lesson all my life." It stiffened a sensitive nature to meet the inevitable buffets of life with an unperturbed spirit.

Of friends she had a host, some of them dear as her family itself. Her father's house was open for hospitality the year round, and to it came some of the finest men and women of the time. That in itself was the best kind of education which a child could have.

As for regular school education, I think Susan had few opportunities, chiefly because of her delicate health. She was at one time for a year or two in school at Deerfield, a lovely village in the Connecticut Valley, a little north of Northampton; and later, when she was about fourteen years old, she was sent to Mr. George B. Emerson's school in Boston, famous as the best of its kind in that day. Here she formed several lifelong friendships, chief among which were those with Margaret Eliot Harding* and Lucretia P. Hale. Margaret she had known and loved from infancy, and Lucretia from a little later period. For her teacher, Mr. Emerson, she had great veneration and affection.

I find a volume of letters marked "*Pentad Letters*," which mark this period. The *Pentad* consisted of Lucretia Hale, Margaret Harding, Mary Bangs, Annie Barnard, and Susan Lyman. They all married, excepting Lucretia Hale, and became respectively Mrs. William Orne White, Mrs. Edward Head, Mrs. William Davis, and Mrs. Peter Lesley.

My mother's oldest brother, Joseph, married Miss Susan Bulfinch Coolidge, and settled near Boston; the second brother, Edward, married Miss Sarah Low, and lived in Brooklyn; and her younger sister, Catharine, married

* Sketch of the life of Margaret E. White by her daughter, Eliza Orne White, in "After Noontide," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1907.

Warren Delano, Jr., and went to New York, and soon after to China, where she spent three years, returning in 1847 to New York.

After Catharine's return to New York, my mother used often to visit her, and found there also her mother's old friend, Lydia Maria Child, whom she delighted to be with. Mrs. Child had a circle of interesting people around her, to whom she introduced her young friend. Among these were Isaac T. Hopper, his son John and his wife Rosa, his sister Mrs. Gibbons, Sidney Howard Gay and his wife Elizabeth, and others of that set who were interested in the great reform of the day, Anti-slavery, as well as in other good works. With John Hopper, Susan visited the slums of New York, and became deeply interested in the problems of poverty and distress to which in later life she found time to devote herself with wisdom and energy.

In the winter of 1846 her mother had a terrible illness, called at that time black erysipelas, from whose effects she never wholly recovered,—as my mother expresses it, "an illness whose consequences darkened the whole remainder of her life."

In December, 1847, her father died at an advanced age, from the last of several attacks of paralysis.

My mother, as I have said above, was of a very delicate physique, and had throughout her life much ill-health and suffering.

But, although delicate, she was full of reserve force, and was possessed of a most active mind. She never would allow herself to be called an invalid or admit that she was exempt from the ordinary duties and cares of life. On the contrary, the moment disabling pain left her, she was at work again, and she accomplished much more than many a strong and vigorous person, because possessed of the intention of "service," and a high resolve to accomplish all that her nature demanded from her.

It was perhaps a spiritual similarity which drew my father and mother together. My father's spiritual inheritance and development I have endeavored to show in the previous chapters. My mother's I can only hint at in a few

words, for I have fewer records of her early experiences. In preparing the life of her mother, I think she must have destroyed all the family letters and records which she did not use in her book. At any rate they are not now in my possession.

I have said already that she came of earnest and active parents, and that her home was the resort of many of the finest men and women which New England produced. Shortly before her birth her parents went through the experience of a change of religious belief. They adopted the Unitarian heresy, left the old church (Jonathan Edwards's church), and with a handful of other persons formed the Unitarian society. In her Memorial Volume she has given a description of this notable event in the family life.

She herself was brought up in *ardent* liberalism. She used to say she sometimes thought that her intensity of love for the Unitarian faith may have come from her having been born at a time when her father and mother were going through the pain and excitement and spiritual exaltation of leaving the old faith and joining with the little company of worshippers in the new society of Unitarian Christians. Whatever we may think of the theory of pre-natal influence, it is certain that her religious feeling was profound and fervent. The "pale negations" of liberalism were not for her. It was the joy of living in the freedom of truth, of worshipping that which her mind and heart could both approve, which filled her with a glow of solemn joy; and her faith was always with her, a burning and a shining light to the last days of her long life.

I have a long series of letters written by my mother to her most intimate friend, the afore-mentioned Margaret Eliot Harding, beginning with the date of August, 1838, when they were both scholars in Mr. George B. Emerson's school, and were fifteen years old.

It is the record of a most intimate friendship, beautiful in its unbroken constancy and in the entire and sympathetic understanding and love which existed between two noble women. Their friendship was of the healthy, strengthening kind which is born of respect as well as of love, and there

was nothing exclusive in it. It embraced as well a number of "mutual" friends, very dear to both. Margaret Harding was a rare character, strong and sweet, with a broad sympathy and tolerance, combined with strong common sense and great practical ability. My mother always felt her a tower of strength and comfort in times of uncertainty or trouble, and craved her companionship at all times.

These girlish letters constitute my best record of my mother's early life. They are much more mature and introspective in tone than letters written by the modern girl. She used to tell me that she was very "sentimental" in those days. But I find nothing morbid in them, although perhaps I must admit that they disclose a somewhat over-introspective and over-conscientious tone in regard to personal responsibility. They are the evidence of an intensely thoughtful, sensitive, and religious nature.

Her mind was open to the influences which surrounded her, rejoicing hourly in the beauty of her mountains and valley, the sounds and sights of the varying seasons, the faces of her friends, and the intercourse of an unusually fine social circle. Books were a source of constant interest, and are descanted upon often and at length. She and Margaret read a great variety of literature, but novels seem to have occupied their attention much less than more solid matter. They write of "Pride and Prejudice" and "Valerian," but more frequently and at greater length of such books as Sparks's Life of Washington, Bancroft's History, Ripley's translation of Cousin and Jouffroy, Young's "Pilgrim Fathers," Wordsworth's "Poems," Robertson's "Charles V.," etc.

There are many references to music. My mother was never strong enough to do much herself in the way of practising, but she rejoiced in every opportunity to hear good music. Occasionally something worth while came to Northampton, and the year or two in which Mr. John S. Dwight was settled over the little Unitarian parish brought to the young people of the place a new knowledge of what was lastingly fine in music. He introduced them to Beethoven, and this was the rising of a great new light on their

SUSAN INCHES LYMAN

From a portrait by Sully. Taken in Philadelphia in 1844

horizon. Every visit to Boston and New York was glorified by some opportunity, eagerly seized, to hear fine concerts. There was much singing in the little circle, and they mention many songs of old days now quite forgotten. Among these I note "They have given her to another," "Oh, cast that shadow from thy brow," "Cara Liza," "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," "Tell me, kind seer, I pray thee."

There was much household work for Susan and her friend, inevitable to the daughters of large families with only moderate means. They exchange accounts of housework and cooking, patterns for "night-caps" and sacques, etc.

I was surprised to find that my mother had been very fond of riding horseback. In one place she speaks of a sixteen-mile ride, and in another letter speaks of finding that this exercise is the best cure for headache that she has ever experienced.

Living in a village, she naturally early learned to feel interest in the sick and poor, and to minister to them in the neighborly spirit. Later in life she carried this interest into wider circles, without losing that personal touch which alone can make charity vitally effective.

Religion was an active interest in their lives, and the weekly sermon is often described and discussed. Many of the great preachers of Unitarianism were young men in those days, and their names are often mentioned in these pages, sometimes with a prophetic instinct as to the power that was to come. Among the ministers most frequently spoken of were Rufus Ellis, who was for a number of years their much-loved pastor, and Edward Everett Hale, just then beginning his pastoral life. James Freeman Clarke, Henry W. Bellows, and others appear from time to time.

Of the older ministers she knew and loved Henry Ware and the Peabodys; and of the great Channing she writes:—

July 15, 1848.

I have been recalling Mr. Channing as I remember him when I went to Lenox with him long years ago, the spring of Mr.

Dwight's ordination. I can bring him before me very vividly as he sat on some high hill, with a large shawl wrapped round his little, feeble frame, shading his eyes with his hand and looking at the beautiful prospects. He used to get out of the stage and walk up the hills; I did not dare to speak to him then, but I remember distinctly his conversations with older people.

Speaking of Channing's letters, which she was reading with delight, she writes:—

Did you observe a certain something in many of his letters to friends that seemed like the Christ-like authority with which Fénelon always writes upon spiritual subjects? It is a *tone* which I cannot describe, humble, yet assured, a sort of certainty quite different from the beautiful speculations of many new lights.

From these letters I will copy only a few extracts, merely suggestive of her daily interests. I cannot, however, give the tone of the whole series, which varies with her mood from gay to sad, and is truly an index to her gentle yet strong nature.

March 2nd, '39.

I feel so differently to-day from what I ever did before. I have heard our dear Mr. Emerson's farewell address, and I cannot tell you how it affects me.

Throughout her life Emerson's writings and philosophy were among her chief satisfactions and a constant source of inspiration. She could not understand how people failed to catch the meaning of his words. To her they were as clear as day. The days when she heard him speak or met him for a few moments were "red-letter days."

March 10th, '40.

When you come back,—oh, how soon will that be?—and we all meet, if it is permitted us,—oh, I can't help thinking what a *transcendental* meeting that will be.

April 13, '41.

I went on Sunday to hear Mr. James Freeman Clarke preach, . . . you would have enjoyed it. . . . Lu [Lucretia Hale] has given me Jemmy Lowell's poems; are not many of them perfect?

July 3, '41.

How strange that we five [the Pentad] who feel so much alike in everything else should also be troubled with very much the same mental feelings! It is as you say, dear Meggie, the addition of care as we grow older does sober us some, and it is natural it should. When we are perfectly reconciled to the change, we shall be very happy and cease to look back upon the loss of our light-heartedness with as much regret, though I imagine there will be to the end of our lives a bright halo round those lost days which will shine in our hearts and kindle our speech whenever we meet. Imagine us five trembling old women, talking over the past. But I will not anticipate such a time, for it is rarely given to so many intimate friends to live to old age.

May 6, 1842.

How apt we are to change our impressions of people when we really see them! I had never thought of Mrs. Chapman* in any other way than as the great Abolition woman who spoke at public meetings, and whose name was in all the newspapers. But I was surprised to see a lady of such quiet, unobtrusive manners, and such interesting conversation on all subjects. When she spoke of slavery, her manner was very fervent, and her voice deep, as if her whole soul had dwelt upon the matter until it had kindled all the enthusiasm she had; but there was something so very persuasive about her, so gentle and free from all violence, that though I could not feel as if she had the whole truth of the thing, yet there was a something that could not fail to excite admiration.

Oct. 15, 1842.

I have had a high enjoyment of late. . . . Joe [her brother Joseph Lyman] was kind enough to let me read a file of Charles Emerson's† letters, written to him in their college days and after. and you can easily believe they would be interesting if only for the fact of their intimate friendship. But they are full not only of deepest affection, but of the purest sentiments, most perfect love of truth, and an undoubting faith in the elevation our souls can attain to on earth. I felt as it were inspired while I read them, and they did me much good.

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* Maria Weston Chapman.

† The youngest brother of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who died in youth.

Of their friend Lucretia Hale she writes:—

Oct. 15, '42.

I have always felt about her that few are worthy to enter into the sanctuary of her thoughts, and shall always be satisfied if I may have but a few glimpses.

Jan. 27, '44.

I have been thinking much of my childhood lately. . . . then I was a child if I ever was. You and I never were children,—how strange it seems to me to hear people looking back to their childhood as light-hearted and unconscious! mine never was. Can you remember the moment since you were a very little child that you had not a sense of personal responsibility? . . . My childhood had clouds, and I saw nothing behind; there have been some clouds too over my youth, but they have all had silver linings to some extent, and some very shining ones. Yet I love to think of those times, for whatever our childhood was, those were the hours when our angels beheld the face of our Father in heaven.

Members of such large families, heavy sorrows were sure to be frequent visitors to their hearts. Changes and losses often made them sad enough.

Speaking of a friend's interest in Fourierism, she says:—

Nov. 9th, '44.

I am not at all interested in it. . . . I believe as he does that Society is wrong in many things, and I mourn for its faults and inequalities, but it seems to me that no new social organization can remedy these evils,—that all reform must begin inwardly, not outwardly.

CAMBRIDGE, *Aug. 26th*, '48.

Yesterday I enjoyed the Phi beta unspeakably. Dr. Bushnell was grand. His subject was that Idea I have been thinking about more than any other for years, that the end of all *work is play*.* He carried it out very fully indeed, into so many relations that I should have to talk it over with you, to give you the faintest conception. It was very Madame Guyon-ish.

I have enjoyed these two days highly from the fact that James

* I note with interest that my mother and father were both present at this Phi Beta address, probably quite unconscious of each other's presence.

Thayer and Chauncey Wright have entered Harvard, and James without a single condition. Mother is a little too happy. She spent this day in preparing his room,—putting down a carpet. . . . Aunt Howe is my delight. Mary Howe and I have been sitting at the window, and saw our two Ancients set forth, arm in arm, with hammer and tacks, Aunt Howe hobbling along, and mother dressed like any old Irishwoman. We have christened them the Cheeryble sisters.

I copy no more of these letters here, because we reach in the above extracts the date of her engagement and marriage.

A little while ago, in reading the volume of "Letters from George William Curtis to John S. Dwight," page 137, I came upon the following sentence, which I think well expresses the impression my mother made at this time upon acquaintances:—

At our church, a few Sundays since, I saw Mrs. Delano, late Kate Lyman, and her sister Susan. The latter was beautiful. She seemed like a pure, passionless saint. Had I been in a Catholic church I had imagined her to have been some holy being, incarnated by her deep sympathy with the worshippers. I hardly saw her, just enough to receive a poetic impression.

It was in the late summer of 1848 that my mother first met my father, he having gone to Northampton for a few days. I believe he stayed during those days at her home. The engagement was not consummated until the autumn.

I have said that my father and mother were alike in their spiritual life. In other respects they were very unlike, forming counterparts to each other. My mother was by nature calm and hopeful, not naturally nervous, and much inclined to underrate physical suffering in herself. My father, imaginative and excitable, inclined to melancholy moods, and extremely sensitive as to physical conditions. My mother loved a quiet and somewhat uniform life. My father delighted in change and variety. Yet were they

absolutely happy when together, and their differences of temperament and desire were usually only cause for friendly merriment between them.

Both were great workers, both had great respect for each other's occupations; and each respected also the individual liberty of the other, and thus was prevented much of the friction in household life so common where different temperaments dwell together. My father was in his way very orderly, my mother very unmethodical. Both loved beauty in art and nature, and both had a wise insight into character. My mother had also great tact in social intercourse, something in which my father at times was a little lacking.

But I am sketching their characters as seen in the long-drawn perspective of years, and must return to let the story tell itself in their own words.

MILTON, *Oct.* 9, 1848. TO HIS FATHER.

My dear Father, I am happy to be able to say that a very lovely woman has promised to be my wife. She is all that I can desire; but has neither health nor wealth at present. . . . [I repeat the words beginning this chapter.] Mr. and Mrs. Robbins, my kind friends on Brush Hill, treat me as their child, and Susan is their niece. . . . Susan is a woman with a thousand friends, of great beauty, and the most childlike truth and gentleness,—but with a will which nothing like mere authority or force can change. She is twenty-five, and has been disciplined to the deepest piety by sorrow and struggle. She has been trained up a Unitarian in her theological opinions, but a humble, diligent, guileless Christian in her sentiments, with a hope that is as bright as sunlight, and a simple-minded faith which will greatly strengthen and confirm my own. You will love her very much.

She has been very ill lately, I went to Springfield and took her to Brooklyn, where she now is fast convalescing. . . . Our united income will not be over $1,000, but we are prepared to cut our clothes according to our cloth, until it grows larger. It has become impossible for me to live unmarried, and God has, by a very odd series of conjunctions, sent me just the wife I can be most happy with, and to whom I am already entirely attached. I know, dear Father, that, though you may think I were wiser to seek more of the means of comfortable living with a wife, I shall

as it is have your affectionate sympathy in my present happiness, which is very great. . . .

To this letter his father replied with the affection and good will which his son expected with certainty from him. Later the father became deeply attached to his son's wife, and sent many messages to "that dear Susan," although it was not until after a number of years that they met personally with any frequency.

To his aunt Hall, his nearest and dearest friend after his father, my father wrote October 16:—

. . . Susan is just everything that my heart and taste demand, simple and refined, truthful as yourself, and gentle and forgiving, but full of energy and of a determined will, a Christian from a child, and brought up under the best of influences, full of reading and a beautiful pianist,*—loving me with an entire confidence which is wonderful, and beloved by a host of friends herself, as few ever were. You will be startled when I tell you that she is a Unitarian by birth, education, and, I suppose, conviction, and that she is likely to continue so. But her Christianity is of the most perfect sort, and while she continues to teach me how to love and follow Christ, I shall not be very anxious about her opinions respecting his mysterious nature. She will be the wife of an orthodox minister, and in closest contact with Trinitarians, but I have learned, after our Lord's example, to think much more of the purity of men's hearts and their love to God and their fellow-men than of the distinction of their reasonings upon the doctrines of the Church. I judge all men by their fruits, and judging thus, I have an angel in a wife. . . .

All the letters of this period show a warmth of love and interest in their families and friends which proves the lack of the exclusive element in their affection, and is very indicative of the spirit of their later life together. They were

* My mother would have smiled with amusement over this item. She did play on the piano with feeling, and loved good music. Her good taste in that respect she always said she owed to the influence of John S. Dwight,—at one time minister to their little society in Northampton, who was later the regenerator of musical culture in New England.

so completely content and happy in each other that they longed to share their joy with all they loved, and to enrich other lives. There are many letters to other friends, written at this time, overflowing with affection, and breathing the most genuine interest in the affairs of those dear to them.

I give here one letter from my father to Miss Catherine Robbins, my mother's aunt, which, although of almost too intimate a character for print, has yet a certain abstract quality which makes me willing to publish it. It is so fine an apology and justification of their unworldly and seemingly reckless marriage that it may give courage to some other young couple to risk poverty and discomfort, in the belief that a marriage entered into with strong affection and earnest purpose does not need certainty of material possessions to make it a success.

MILTON, *Oct.* 6, 1848.

My dear Friend, you will find this to be no idle form of address, either, on my side. I shall love those best whom Susan loves most, and who are truly her best friends.

You are kind in writing. I expected just such a letter and thank you for it. I do not wholly deserve your good opinion, but shall in time. I have much to learn, and to do, and to become. The oldest and best have.

You accuse me of rashness. What do you think of Susan? She was a thousand-fold the more rash of the two. I *knew* on what *I* staked life (if the experience of ten active years and much forced and earnest contemplation of the world were to be at all relied upon), and the voice of every New England friend I have, who knows her, justified my judgment. Do you account a man rash for stooping to pick up a guinea the moment he sees it in his path? Would you advise him to walk on and return twenty times, walk round and round it, and at last examine it with anxious scrutiny, when the whole experience of his business life enables him to detect its nature in an instant, and test its goodness with a single wave of the hand? You know in your own heart that I was not rash in stretching my hand out towards the treasure the instant I fairly saw it. And so little *hope* had I, that rashness was my only salvation; had I *delayed*, I should never have dared, but have suffered both torture and loss. You say a boy of 18 could not have done worse. I know it and am delighted to find that I have so much of that delightful spontaneity of life

left, in which I once revelled all the year long. You heard Bushnell's Phi Beta Kappa; you know the difference between work and play. I did what I did, because I was inspired; not *beside myself*—a spectator coolly calculating chances and changes, as some of my kind friends are doing—but simply *myself*, moved from within, as a man ought to be, not from without; conscious not of being under dominion to the world, but of right and power to make times and things subserve *me*. I hope always to be thus rash. The bad man dares not be rash: he must consider the consequences of every step, for he deserves evil. The good man, just in the measure of his having attained to pure wishes and a right will, becomes rash, or spontaneous, and finds his highest safety and chief glory therein. Now you *know*, dear Friend, that my conduct in this matter best illustrates this truth. Had I not seen and loved, wished for and wooed the person, upon whom you yourself lavish every epithet of loveliness, and who you say is altogether unspeakably dear to you, at once and at first, you would have called me *blind*, not prudent; for not to detect goodness is the quickest detection of badness; and if anything helps me to throw off the depressive sense of unworthiness, and dread of future inability to be to Susan all that I ought to be —it is the encouragement I take from the fact that the first hour I saw her I said to myself—"here is your wife, if you can obtain her." I am vain of the rashness with which I saw through her whole nature, and hope that it argues both a love of the good and a power to cherish and imitate it.

All this is very transcendental, you say. Let us come to the practical. But when happiness—not luxury—is the topic,—the transcendental is the only real. Happiness in life does not consist in the food we eat and clothes we wear, but in the transcendental state of the soul within, sitting and regarding the world without with satisfaction and joy, be that outward world of eating and drinking what it may. It is said that one cannot live upon love: certainly the body cannot, but the soul must; and happiness is not of the body, but of the soul; and all the world knows (for all the world is poor) that the lack of the outward is no certain bar against a plenty of true inward life and joy. I expect a great deal of trouble in this life, but I am altogether unwilling to anticipate it; and I should be a fool to wish to meet it badly assorted, rather than mated with an angel. Come it will—sorrow is as sure as sun-rising; it matters *very little* by what particular channel it shall come,—but *everything*, in what frame and with what support we meet it as it comes. If

Susan loves me in any proportion to my love for her, we shall meet the inevitable ills of life (and they will be very numerous) twice as bravely as we would if alone. I have tried the outward hardships of life and despise them, and so can any true-minded person learn to do, in a very little time. But I have had heart sorrow and had to bear it alone. The enemy got within the outworks, and I had none to help me fight it out.

I am poor, and so is Susan, and we will probably always continue so. But while we are good and faithful and affectionate and dutiful, a piece of dry toast and meat once a week will be no hardship, I very well know. And when we cease to be that, we will be unhappy with a fortune in a palace. But poverty, truly so called, is not likely to be our lot in this country. It is true my wealth lies not in railroad shares, but in thoughts. I would like to know which God guarantees best and oftenest. My situation is not certainly permanent. Neither is that occupied by any living being from Louis Philippe to John Carroll. I do not put a nominal or even a mystical faith in Providence; but I do believe my Master's promise "that the morrow shall be made to take care for its own things." I have nothing to do with the future. My whole duty is due to the present, and I shall strain every nerve in the present to deserve God's blessing in the future. If I fail, I fail. If Susan suffers—she may also, if married to a millionaire. Neither she nor I has the gift or the right of prophecy. These are my principles of life; *applied* indeed at the spur of the moment to the event, but adopted and settled years ago. I did not "assume therefore this responsibility with too little reflection," but I acted in view of conclusions to which the most earnest reflection upon life for years had led me. Had I not settled by reflection all these things before, I never could have acted with the happy "rashness" which has so astonished my friends. I should have hesitated and reasoned upon the *prudence* of loving beauty, goodness and affectionateness—upon the *risks* of poverty,—and bliss,—and walked round the guinea until some one else had picked it up.

"But," you say, "all this regards yourself, not Susan. You argue egoistically." That dear friend, she must herself decide. If she argue in the same way, and can justify her "rashness" by similar "reflection," then you see how strongly we stand for and to and in each other. But if she argues otherwise, then I shall change and argue with her, for my whole reasoning depends upon her agreement. If she can endure all things for my sake—not otherwise—then will our imprudent union be a prudent one,

and in the very midst of apparent troubles our happiness will be constant and real. But if she cannot, then indeed I have done wrong to lead her, as I have done, to promise me happiness.—I will lose, give up every hope for the future, rather than cause her an hour of pain. . . .

But ask her the question, which she prefers: to live ten years with me, or twenty with some one else. If you asked *me*—I could answer for *myself* with greater odds than that.

But I repeat it, her union with me is not necessarily imprudent: it risks neither her health nor comfort. On the contrary, the quiet regular life she will then lead, will go far to re-establish her constitution; and if we be poor, we shall have the benefits of Temperance. If she were a rich man's wife, all the world knows her health would stand less chance than as it is. In fact we have no data worthy of confidence upon which in any given case to predict the future, and therefore, as I said, we have nothing to do with it, but to expect it with hope and faith, and meet it with courage and a cheerful piety.

You say dear Susan is deficient in some things, not only in physical strength, but in prudence. I might answer that no one is perfect, and I am content to give a less for a greater. But is she not a reasonable being, and growing in wisdom every year? She may not be much of a Yankee in buying and selling, giving away and making both ends meet; but that will only result in our being a little poorer; it is merely a sort of discount upon the prize drawn. Suppose our income be 1000 dollars a year (you wish me to be *practical*), and Susan is so silly as to pay a cent a yard too much for calico, or give two dollars to a poor woman when she ought to give but one, and so we have in the end to live on 900. Where is the odds, in the long run? How miserable to be sure that will make us!—On the contrary every loss made or suffered, every mistake committed will teach us both, and turn out gain in some way or other. Such things don't last forever, and never give pain when husband and wife continue to be lovers. I never saw a person with ordinary capacity who did not *become* prudent after marriage, in all things wherein prudence was desirable. In some things it is *not* desirable.

You speak of my frail health. The expression took me by surprise. A man's health must be judged of by the amount of labor he can perform. There is no other standard. I leave the application of the test to any who have had an opportunity of estimating the amount of work I have performed the last five years. My constitution is of iron. I am never sick of acute

diseases. . . . My pains were due to unnatural modes of living and over-exertion, and no constitution but such a one as mine could have endured them, and they are so rapidly diminishing that I am fast renewing my youth. I am both able and willing to work to the end of life, with a prospect of its being sufficiently long.

It is a great mistake to suppose "obedience to God's natural laws" in commencing married life, to consist in dependence upon deposits in banks or mortgages of land. On the contrary no man or woman ought to require "better provision for future comfort and independence" than just that ability and willingness to earn daily bread, which as you truly say, "any accident or illness may deprive them of." But accident and illness are natural contingencies, to be only so far regarded as to keep alive a conviction of our dependence upon our Father in Heaven. It comes of the unnatural state of our social life that we consider it needful to begin married life with a provision of wealth held in reserve.

I do indeed feel the force of your arguments, and tremble at the shaking of a leaf in the future against the happiness of the one who is now dearer to me than life and all things, and therefore I dare not take the responsibility of dragging her after me in my destiny. If God has given her the heart to rise and follow me,—I shall do all in human power to reward her for it; none can ever love her more tenderly, none can be more self-denying and patient and diligent than I will be; and then the name of our dwelling must be simply—Jehovah Jireh. I can do—I can say no more. Tell her this.

Your Friend, J. P. L.

No untoward external conditions could make a marriage entered into by both parties in the spirit of that letter *imprudent.*

From this time on my father and mother wrote daily to each other whenever apart, so that this series of letters forms the best record of their lives.

The letters are too intimate to be quoted from largely, but I shall extract one here and there in the hope of giving the reader some sense of the entire oneness of thought and purpose which characterized the union of these two from the moment of their betrothal through all the long years of their life together.

MILTON, *Oct.* 7, 8. PETER LESLEY TO SUSAN I. LYMAN.

[After a page of geological physical facts, etc.] I do not know whether—or how much, you are interested, dear Susan, in such physical conceptions, but trust you will be, for they give my soul its life. I have the profoundest reverence for Facts; for in them, bald and material and mechanical as they are, I see eternal truths; for every fact is the incarnation or inhumation of a divine idea, the product of infinitely complicated, extended and outstretching agencies, informed of God. It is no light question, then, why the whorls of a sea shell turn to the left and not to the right, or *vice versa;* the infinite and the eternal are elements of the problem. But when I pass from the mere stationary Fact to the advancing Process, and examine not the *Ens* but the *Fiens*, not the Become but the Becoming,—stand on one side to see the Creator Creating—I feel a divine happiness,—and this you must enjoy with me. . . .

Oct. 14, 1848. PETER LESLEY TO SUSAN I. LYMAN.

. . . You may tell your Mother that I have solved our riddle, the sentence of Emerson. It stands at the head of his essay on Love, and the whole essay is its interpretation. "Every soul is a celestial Venus to every other soul." I know not what sadness there is exhaling from the beauty of that Essay; but reading it seemed to me like smelling of Poppies, and the keen life with which my heart (all instinct with your love) comprehended and took measures of its universal truth, at first, gave place to a sleep, as I approached the end, which was like nothing so much as the Absorption, of the Hindu Philosophy, in the Infinite. I mean that I felt the reality, personality, I may say perhaps, the materiality of my Love, dissolving like a white nimbus in the far heights of heaven, and I mourned for it and thought it poorly replaced by the spotless blue, however infinite and bright, of a universal philanthropy. The idea of this wonderful man, for I must call him so, is this. The spirit of man is susceptible of infinite and eternal dilation. It is in the end to stand in relations of perfect harmony with all parts and members of the Universe,—relations of love and well being. This dilation must *commence.* The *end* is Philanthropy; the beginning is Love. The means perishes in attaining the end. Love is human and mortal, and is made to disappear into the eternal, which is Philanthropy. The love of one to one can exist but for a time, as a foretaste and discipline of the love of one to all, and all to all. We meet with our first Venus in order only to know that every soul shall also be a Venus to us. The

first is an earthly idol; the others are divinities, "celestial Venuses." "Thus even love, which is the deification of persons," says he, "must become more impersonal every day." I thanked him for his next sentence: But "of this at first it gives no hint." No; nor do I, for one, wish to anticipate this seer's knowledge. I have read his essay again and again, and find something in it superior to all writing. It is a wonder. It becomes more distinct as I read it, and brighter, like a far off Cometic star approaching. But it is, as I said, sad to see one's white home glittering from the far end of a prairie, when one is still a whole day's journey off. I feel strong and young when I think of you as my own, and of my own life and soul as yours, and believing in a union which shall never grow old or pass away. But I feel as if an angel touched me, and my thigh had shrunk, and I must go halting all my days, when I read: "But the lot of humanity is on these children. Danger, sorrow and pain arrive to them, as to all. Love prays. It makes Covenants with Eternal Power in behalf of this dear mate." But "the union thus effected . . . is yet a temporary state. Not always can flowers, pearls, poetry, protestations, nor even home in another heart, content the awful soul that dwells in clay." But he gives me back my strength in that admirable sentence: "Meanwhile as life wears on, it proves a game of permutation and combination of all possible positions of the parties, to extort all the resources of each and acquaint each with the whole strength and weakness of the other. For it is the nature and end of this relation, that they should represent the human race to each other." . . .

Have you read any of the poems of my friend W. W. Lord? I left you the volume, that you might study in particular his "Sky," and "Ode to Niagara." His "Sonnet to a Great Man" is very fine. You would charge me with extravagance were I to tell you all that I think of them as poems. He has more of the strength and majesty of Milton than any man, I think, since Milton wrote. But as I *feel* all his lines through and through, it is not fair to trust his fame to your cold and critical *eye;* it should come to you first through the affectionate *ear.* I want to read them to you some day. . . .

My mother wrote in response:—

I delight in your explanation of Emerson's celestial Venus—I heard that, when it was fresh from his soul, when he delivered it as a lecture a long time ago in Boston. I can never read it now

without recalling his voice, accent, gesture, the most inspired I have ever listened to.

My father was already at odds with the organized religious associations of the Orthodox Church, and his chosen occupation as a pastor under such an organization was hanging in the balance. In a letter of October 18 to my mother he writes as follows of his intended action:—

Let me tell you what I am doing, because it is for your interest, a thing no human power could bring me to. I have gloried in the steadiness with which I have stood firm to my opinions in the face of all earthly interests, and have thanked my Lord for causing me to prosper when every one predicted the ruin of all my prospects for life. I determined to go on as I had begun, and not only yield to no man for an instant, but to wait the opportunity, and then in full preparation some years hence come forward as successful in the offensive as I have stood firm in the defensive. I have told this to no one. This however was my view of the future. I had devoted it to the public discussion of certain great questions, and intended to present myself in a proper time as a prepared leader in a movement which is inevitable in our scientific and religious world—a movement from error towards truth, one already begun. But your happiness forbids me to take the part I would have done had I remained a solitary being in the world, unmated and unblessed. My first step I took the other day by dining with Mr. Blagdon. This morning I go to see my friends in Charlestown and East Boston, to signify to them my willingness now to enter their association* with as little friction from my personal opinions as possible, and thus to prepare the way for a speedy settlement of my position. I shall lose something thus in inward strength, but I will make your way more easy, for your friends are anxious for you, because as they say my position at Milton is insecure,—not knowing, as I do, and your Uncle James [Robbins] and some few others, that my security (if there is such a thing in this life, in *man's* sense of the term) at Milton depends so entirely on the personal good understanding, confidence and love, between the people and myself, that license and ordination will *lessen* instead of increasing it. When a man has tried and found that he can

* Suffolk North Association (of Congregational ministers).

stand alone, he is a thousand times stronger than when connected with even the most powerful organization. But, nevertheless, I am not only willing, but have already begun to sacrifice my views and prejudices to smooth your way, my future blessed wife. . . .

A letter of October 20 to Susan is full of his joy in the congratulations of friends in Boston and Milton, now that the engagement of the young couple was made known. These were most of them dear friends and relations of his wife-to-be.

With your Wednesday morning letter came two to me from Trumbull at Valparaiso, a man whom I loved with great devotion at Princeton and afterwards, and still. But I have not seen him now these three or four years, and letters are four months in transit to and fro. He . . . says by a mere accident as you may see, this "If you have a wife, tell her I love her for your sake." Of course this message is for you. Have you room for another friend? He is a man of simplicity and zeal, of great truthfulness and with what *I* greatly want, the *practical talent*, in excess. He can accomplish anything, is always ready, and has just enough irritability of temper to flavor the natural and consistent sweetness of his affections, and make him refuse to be imposed upon or to see it tried upon others.

Saturday Noon, 21.

. . . By the way Hillard has brought back with him Mendelssohn's grand prayer, "O rest in the Lord," in the "Elijah." Madame [Mrs. Hillard] will take it with her to New York, for you to see.

I am receiving congratulations from all sides. The people seem overjoyed. On Milton Hill, too, they tell me there is quite a buzz. . . . Bennett Forbes shook me cordially by the hand as I issued from the Boston post-office. . . .

My mother on her side writes of the friends in New York,—John Hopper and his young wife, Lizzie Gay, Lydia Maria Child, and others, of whom she was very fond,—and begs him to meet her dear friends, the Hales, in Boston, especially that Lucretia who, with Margaret White, was the friend nearest her heart.

My mother had written him of some of the work in New

York slums to which her friend John Hopper had introduced her, and in which she was deeply interested.

MILTON, *October* 28.

. . . That reminds me, . . . what will you do in this dull town, where you will have no ragged school to teach, no Five Points to visit, no poor to take care of. I fondly trust you will not let your zeal and piety decay in your new life, but how you can provide them with food I do not yet clearly see.

I sometimes rise from my books and shake my mane like a lion with a rage at my own sloth and the intellectual idleness of my present life, when I remember how I spent days and nights in the woods, and climbed the mountains on foot, with my knapsack and through the snow, to reach the houses of the vicious and the destitute,—or when I read of the destitution and sin of the poor wretches crowded in the cities of Europe and of our own Coast; but I rise only to lie down again. It is but one interminable *Schwätzerei*—a perennial Babble about Virtue. I feel as if my hands and feet were tied, and I long to break from the happiness of these easy places and times, and die with the Bible and staff in my hands, and show that "faith *worketh*, by love," that the Christian is a minister of mercy while on earth, that "the love of Christ not only restrains, but *constrains* us," that when we talk of bearing a cross it is no figure of rhetoric, but a reality. I feel *mean* to be happy while millions are miserable. My philosophy of cause and effect, compensation, world progress, *laissez-faire*, has no force, my Calvinism does not relieve me. I pant to be engaged with other devoted men in doing something to save mankind; and I care not who the men are, by what names they are called or in what repute the world holds them, if they only follow Christ and save mankind. But I live in such an unpractical world of ideas. I hope much, my love, from contact with your younger but more perfect experience in the art of doing good. All my science does not help me here. . . .

November 8th.

. . . You will be surprised, Susie, to see how much, how closely our views will often coincide. On the question of the Communion I have for years been what is called a Zwinglian Protestant, and many a loving conflict I have had with my good Bomberger and Harbaugh, who follow Nevins and Schaff and Dwight and Owen and Calvin in ascribing to the Sacraments some mys-

terious *opus-operatum* power by virtue of which the spirit is strengthened by the flesh. I have been rapt into heaven at the Communion, but not by any emanation from the elements, but by the perfection of that "remembrance" of my Lord and Redeemer, which he secured, in visible form we may say, by the ordinance of the supper, to his latest disciples. How it enters into the ground law of the invisible made visible, the embodiment of ideas in forms and things,—how it is a necessity of the church—we will discuss that some quiet hour, and then you will feel how at one we are in this part of truth. . . .

Holiness comes like light by influx, not by eating. The bread and wine and assembly and silence and prayers, and what not, only form the glass through which we see with clearness the Christ and his twelve, the bread and wine, the lifted hand and divine face, looking down the table—yes, eighteen centuries,—to catch our eye, and bless us with a smile of benediction. . . . While others are settling their faces into grief, and calling up sad thoughts, and uttering lugubrious sentences, and singing psalms most mournfully selected, as *appropriate to the occasion*,—I always feel like taking down some seraph's harp and improvising to the overflowings of my joy all happy words, congratulations, anthems and benedictions, and I cannot repress my feelings, so that they sometimes threaten to break out as glee—for has not Christ been born and died and risen again, to save mankind and make us Kings and priests to God? . . .

In November my father went to Northampton to visit his betrothed, and spent a fortnight there, becoming attached to several of her friends there, among others their much-beloved pastor, Rufus Ellis.

After his return to Milton the daily letters begin again:—

November 25th (?).

. . . Wendell Phillips will be of service to me in the matter of lectures, both by his experience and extensive acquaintance. I shall see him soon. Everything inspires me with confidence for our future. . . .

November 27th.

. . . Rogers has sent me an affectionate letter from London, full of congratulation. I shall mail it to you in a few days. You will smile to find that his first intimation of my ecclesiastical

matters came through Charles Lyell. He is quite mistaken. Who told Lyell I cannot imagine, unless it might be Sumner or G. Ticknor, and none of them knows anything about it. Besides Rogers knew all that was to be known, last spring.

I dined with Wendell Phillips and afterwards borrowed some books from Theodore Parker, and intend to set earnestly to work at my essay on Friar Bacon, and some lecture or other.

November 29th.

. . . I was amused yesterday with a sentence in the life of Simon Ockley, the Orientalist and learned author of the history of the Saracens, to this effect: "If the letters of the widows or orphans of many of our eminent authors were collected, they would demonstrate the great fact, that the man who is a husband and a father ought not to be an author. They might weary with a monotonous cry, and usually would be dated from the gaol or the garret." Do you not tremble, love? What will you do when I am in Charlestown penitentiary; and how will we stow away our children under the eaves of our garret? Ockley lived under William and Mary and George the Third, and in England. Thank God, we live under James K. Polk (political), Saint and Martyr, of blessed memory,—and in *New* England.

Friday morning.

. . . What a happy day I passed yesterday, Susie! I was like a Chamois in the Upper Alps all day long. I found that I could stir the hearts of my friends too, by descending like the angel at Bethesda among them—pardon the unworthy comparison. I wanted to copy you a charming epitaph from Haydn's Dic. of Dates, but shall reserve it for my next letter. I send a fine head of Aristotle for you to admire; you will observe the enormous disproportion between the head in front of and the head back of the ear; as well as the finely developed chin, perhaps the surest mark of genius. The hemisphere is not high, above the eyes, although the brow rises finely. It is from a statue in the Spada Palace. . . .

December 1st.

. . . By the way, you ask me for my Thanksgiving sermon. I wish I had it to send you, but you must ask the walls and pews for it, it came and went like the wind: It shook the Cave and bent the trees, but left no trace visible. They said they felt its influence; but there is no knowing. I told them how happily the

day opened upon me and within me. How it was one of many impulse days in the year, but next to Christmas the most beautiful of them all. How it differed in its catholic and loving spirit, from the narrow, national, or Stirpal, selfish Jewish and Heathen days of thanksgiving for a victory over enemies. I led them through a series of thankful retrospects; showing how we should be thankful for Life, not that of stones, trees, brute beasts, but immortal, angelic powers,—for Life under the most favorable physical conditions of development in the temperate zone, in the New World, in the 19th Century, in peace and plenty,—then for Life raised to the summit of spiritual prosperity, in an age of unshackled learning, of religious freedom, of reform and universal philanthropy and a purer Christianity, . . . and then showed them how in the Christian thanksgiving day, they must rejoice for all mankind, in all that is good for the redemption of the race. . . .

December 6th.

. . . I heard Emerson lecture last night. He analyzed the life, times and nature of Plato, saying that in him a symmetrical, synthetical intellect was born, with European habits and oriental tastes; able to graft upon the Culture of the West the idealism and unityism of the East; able to perceive and adore the incomprehensible oneness into which all thought solves all things, and also to work back into the abundant detail of life and definition all its phenomena. He called him no Greek, no European, no Asiatic, but a whole man; a quotation from humanity, hence a type man and a moderner. Hence all his sayings seem natural and even commonplace in all ages, and enter into the feeling and philosophy of every wise one.

James F. Clarke said at the breakfast table this morning, that it was very uncomfortable and depressing to hear such a lecture, and asked why. [One can see the half-whimsical smile with which he would say this!] I told him I thought it was partly because all history is unsatisfactory. If we could read it from a bright point at its beginning and trace it thenceforward with clearness to the present day, widening its body and perfecting its spirit, and comprehend every phenomenon, such as a Plato or a Napoleon, in its action and consequences, count the paroxysmal earthquakes of mind, and see how they have shaken together humanity more solid, like a phial shaken as it fills with sand,—we would be joyful in reading, patient in waiting, and hopeful for the end. But it is very different. History is unreadable. Platos exist here and there, and we neither know why they came

nor what they did. And all the light that Emersons can cast on the Platos of the past, only increases the darkness before and behind them, and makes us despair, after a few moments, of ever learning their origin or object.

But there is another reason. We see Plato thus nicely dissected, and despise him. We are taught to understand him, and so the luxury of veneration is taken away from us. And we can't bear a man who comprehends Plato, and whom yet we can comprehend in his turn. It leaves us nothing more on earth to wonder at. It shows us how little there is of gold in the best specimen of the ore of humanity.

Do I afflict you . . . with essays? I write, as you see, just what comes first. As the day is, so is my letter. . . .

And my father had as little regard for "consistency" as Emerson himself. He could be optimistic on one page and pessimistic on the next, and feel no need to justify the one view or the other.

December 12th.

. . . I rode home from Brush Hill, blacked my boots and shaved, and whipped up for the depot, in time for the cars, seized your billiette, jumped into the train and in half an hour (thanks to steam and iron, and the 19th century!) was discussing the Cartesian philosophy, primary scepticism, *cogito ergo sum*, Vortical ethers, the merits of Aristotle *et id omne genus* with a set of wiseacres in Marlboro Place until all created things grew blue and danced double, and then—I went to dinner, at Judge Cushing's. . . . I stopped to talk with Mr. Blagdon, and again took the train out, supped with John Forbes and discussed the new gold fever, the British National debt, repudiation, Association and the theory of central heat; justice, temperance and coal mines. Kissed the children, and then went to Mrs. A.'s. . . .

The most intense anxiety is felt and expressed now by the people, that I should agree with the Association, on the 26th. If we differ again, as we did in June, I shall have my hands full; but in my determination to sacrifice All for Truth, and in my faith in your love for me in all and through all, I have a world of strength; and "he that trusteth in Jehovah shall never be made ashamed."...

Tuesday morning.

. . . And first, as to my vortical storms, assure my good Mother and aunt that I scorn their insinuations. My storms are honest

fellows that know what their duty is and do it; even though they have their fun now and then, and go about it so as occasionally to throw dust in people's eyes.

You can't see through a millstone without looking in the right place; and you can't circumscribe a vortex of a thousand miles' diameter without making observations at a thousand points. The generalization to which Redfield and Maury have come is a vast one, based upon the records of years, and observations spread over the whole Atlantic, and seaboard states. There are, as Sam would say, vheels vithin vheels, little eddies within great vortices; side eddies, back currents, side compensations and what not, to be allowed for and taken in, before you get a true idea of the whole. Nature does nothing perfectly, in detail; but only, in the gross. All is imperfection, exception, disorder when regarded in detail; the order rises from out the infinite, the whole, only. Even the Sun never rises or sets at the same point twice in six months. Exception is the rule until you find the rule; then the exception becomes part of its proof. The great weekly vortices produce sub-weekly currents and eddies, but they are local and various, not universal and cyclical. *Verbum sat.!*

If I wished to be Emersonian I should say "Laws are exceptional at every point. Nature despises and masks herself on all sides, but in the end is found out and must be herself. Look at her long enough, the very transformations will reveal the original. Keep awake long enough, and the brazen head *will* speak, and declare how the land of science may be walled round with brass. The truly patient man is the philosopher; Nature's patient, whom she cures of every error, after the expectant method." Chaos is the true sages' paradise, there grows his tree of knowledge and of life. There he becomes as God. He creates, he reduces to order, he rules there and becomes immortal by living on eternal truths." . . .

My father always took great interest in the problems of air currents, etc. And when, years later, the Weather Bureau was established, he was a constant defender of "Old Prob." from the captious criticisms of the less scientific members of his household.

December 13th.

. . . You have long already discovered in me an inconstancy of feeling which may trouble you. But the changes are so rapid,

that like the various impulses of the terrestrial magnetism, they practically hold the needle steady in the end. And in you I see what will be a full compensation, a singular and admirable steadiness, which I know not how to praise or love enough. . . .

December 15th.

. . . This affair of the Association gives me no uneasiness and very little trouble, for I attend to it only when I go to town on Mondays, and when I would not wish to study. As to its future consequences, I refuse absolutely to consider them. I have nothing to do with them. Nor do I think they will materially affect my plans regarding Milton, nor do I think they need affect our marriage in any way. . . .

If I thought that I was not in *practical* unity with these men [of the Association] or the body that they represent, I could not make this advance towards them. In fact, it is rather because the Christian people whom I serve here, have a right to be in Christian fellowship with Christian people whom these men serve, that I yield to their request to be recognized as a Christian brother by the Association. While I do so, I claim my rights as a man, I shall never cease to protest against all falsehood, biogtry, misuse of authority, and every arrogant claim of authority, in the Church of Christ, and especially among the Clergy. No man shall be a lord over God's heritage, if my voice can prevent him. And as I shall enter the Association, if at all, upon these true principles, I shall be in all things my own man in the Association hereafter; pledged to no system of art or power; saying always of things and men what I think to be truth, and prepared at any moment to retire from them when I cannot any longer dwell with them in harmony. I shall never conceal my views, nor consent to an injustice. Here lies the whole difficulty. I do not wonder that they, some of them, feel afraid that in licensing me they encourage heresy, and in receiving me afterwards they admit a firebrand. I understand their motives and give them credit for them; but they cannot change my mode of action, any more than my views of truth.

December 18th.

. . . I have fortunately found Bunsen's Egyptian work and must hurry through it. I heard Parker lecture on Transcendentalism last evening. It was both good and bad; clear, but inaccurate; very suggestive, and on the whole satisfactory. . . .

December 21st.

. . . I am reading Bunsen's Book with satisfaction and profit; I have mastered about 200 pages of it to-day. It handles my favorite subject, the chronology of the primeval ages, in a masterly manner. But at every third page I see your "*zwei schwartz-braunen Äuglein*" peeping at me over the top to the dismay and utter rout of all sober, antiquarian thoughts. . . .

His application came up before the Suffolk North Association December 26, and he writes at once to Susan to tell her the result of the meeting:—

BOSTON, *December 26th.*

I have just returned from Malden, . . . and am in no condition, I am sorry to say, to write or talk, or do in fact anything but go into oblivion, as indeed it seems to be the wish of more than one that I should. The whole question has been to-day put at rest. After three or four hours' discussion, some insisting upon my returning to the Presbytery of Phil'a, others proposing to refer the matter to the Association of Norfolk Co., others wishing to commend it to a council and thus to forward my interests and at the same time escape responsibility themselves, it was voted to let the whole matter drop and have no more to do with it, three of my friends not voting and one recording a negative vote, to prevent its being said that the resolution was unanimously adopted.

Thus it is finished. One poor arm has no strength against ten thousand, for I contend not with twenty men, but through them with the combined associations and presbyteries of the United States. They hang together, act together, uphold each other and chase a recusant from one to another like a hunted slave. I am not in a condition to decide upon anything to-night. I felt my impotence there keenly, and saw the compactness of the wall under which I had tried to thrust my slender crowbar, as I never had done [before]. Every sentence uttered was a time-honored plea of tyranny and bigotry. There was a shameful personal dispute at one time, which disgusted me with men calling themselves Christians. And those who saw most clearly what was true, timorously drew back, indeed expressed a sort of fright at the charge of heresy. I felt humiliated by my presence and, as Judge Smith of New Hampshire said, that it was a very hard thing to apply for admission into bad society and

be refused. . . . I have injured my own internal sense of strength, by my application to the Association again, as I expected to, but I have the satisfaction of feeling that I sacrificed my own feelings and judgment to the wishes of the People, and having done all that can be asked of me, am a freer man. I may sit down and publish something, but I can decide as yet on nothing. When the first excitement passes away, matters will move on quietly until May next. By which time, if not earlier, they may be prepared to act with all the vigor I desire to see them exhibit [meaning his parish]. I need all my wisdom, honesty and strength, . . . and more—which God grant. As I have so often said, I once would scarcely think about it twice, but now all my thoughts are filled with speculations how this and indeed every event, great or trivial, shall affect your happiness. Carrying so precious a vase, I am affrighted by every little stone in my way. I find now that I hoped against hope that I could, with the help of friends, amicably adjust the difficulty; and I would be tempted to look back upon to-day with a sort of self-reproach and fear that I had betrayed in wish, if not in word, my convictions of the truth, did not the entire reprobation which I received from the older and more influential men convince me that however much I desired to bridge over the gulf between us, I was not permitted to speak as a hypocrite; for they did me the honor to say that I was worse than ever,—yes, in the very earnest and sincere attempts I made to please them.

So that I cannot but hope that the truths I profess and for which I am in danger of losing name and place and profession, have indeed been formed within me, and pervade my nature, to the rendering it now impossible for me to feign or pervert or refuse to utter them;—that I really am what I have thought myself to be. . . .

To which Susan replies on the 28th:—

. . . I had been expecting all day that I should hear that such was the result of your meeting with the Association—I was therefore less disappointed than either Mother or Aunt Kitty, for I had scarcely hoped anything from it. I have never believed in your having much outward success anyway. From the moment that I first entered in spirit into your spirit, to share its hopes, fears and destiny, I saw there what would hinder your outward success, and that which was in singular sympathy with my own belief about my own destiny before it was united to yours. . . .

Might I say—Preach with great tranquillity, and look forward with real calmness to whatever may result from this *bad* Association's doings; forgive me—I know it is a great deal harder, now that thee carries me for thy "precious vase"; but do not be affrighted, I am a tough little vase, made of that material, which will not be broken, if you should trip over the stones. . . .

BRUSH HILL, *Dec.* 29, 1848. PETER LESLEY TO SUSAN LYMAN.

Again I pray that it may be your happiest year, and the prelude to a long series of happy years, in which our union shall become every day more entire and our mutual confidence confirmed. Gradually we shall invent blessings for each other, ever varied, and always new. We shall become master also of our combined powers and learn to employ them for the good of others.

A letter from his father, dated December 15, contains the following sentences:—

It would rejoice me much to hear that you received licensure from the Association. In such event you might, when here preach in our pulpits—as it is, you are shut out from all.—May I ask, having no right to command, that you will not bring before the Association your peculiar notions—notions which have no practical bearing on usefulness or happiness?—It is my sincere belief that you have, by bringing them forward, interfered most seriously and very extensively with your usefulness—and certainly with our happiness.—I may have prided myself too much in your mental powers and acquirements.—If the association favors you with an opportunity of admission, do, I pray you give them no cause for keeping you out,—and pray to the great Head of the Church that He will give you wisdom for the occasion. I believe that you have been by Him called to the work of the Ministry, called to preach Him and His Righteousness.

To which my father answered December 21:—

I shall say but little about my application for licensure, as I will not mail this until I can announce the result. But I am determined beyond all recalls, to sacrifice home and friends and name and life itself to what I believe to be the Truth, so help me God and all good angels! I have lived to learn that the fame of the world is a folly, and the comforts of life are worthless, and

that nothing but Truth is worth living for, or dying for. Nor will I sacrifice an iota for any earthly consideration. And as it is not given to me to know what points of truth are to do good and what are of no especial moment, I must assert *all* that I believe, as times and opportunities and occasions demand,—*cum, tamen, omni modestia, et excusatione*, as Roger Bacon said,—"nevertheless, with all modesty and with all caution." . . .

It is not needful that I preach at all in the pulpits of Philadelphia; but it is *very* needful that when I preach in my own pulpit, or any other, I preach simply what I believe; neither more nor less; and at all points. And if I be excluded from all pulpits, I shall go to cabinet-making and serve God better there than as a time-serving Minister in a pulpit. I have neither hopes nor fears; nor have I permission to consult such; I must do and say what at each moment I believe to be true and right; nor am I in any way held responsible for the Consequences. But if I fall short, if I mutter and peep and speak out of my belly, as the men of the times do, I shall have a fearful responsibility to come upon me. No, dear Father, do not weaken my hands; it is the privilege of a father to strengthen his son's hands against the world and to believe in him also further than a hundred human examinations.

The Association of Suffolk Co. does not favor me with an opportunity of admission, but is itself favored in having a man apply to act with them, in whose heart God has put an upright spirit, free from all fear and yet anxious to be taught even by a child. I have higher authority and a diviner power within me than that possessed by any human organization however perfect. No ecclesiastical machinery was ever inspired (though Puseyites, from Rome to Cherry Street, assert it); but every Christian *is*. And by the simplicity of a Christian inspiration, I have already and shall again confound the theories of any assembly of divines who cover up their private inspiration, in order to put upon their worldly dignities the surplice of an impossible Verbal inspiration. I shall therefore ever deny the alleged inspiration of the written word, in order to establish the inspiration of the Holy Men of old who wrote the written word, and of all in every age in whom likewise dwelleth the Holy Ghost. When Paul says *to* me, what the Holy Ghost of Christ says *in* me, then will I believe him, not before. When David curses his enemies in plain words, and Christ bids me bless mine in plain words, it will take more than the scholasticism of Princeton or the subtleties of Cambridge to make me believe that he (David) spoke

just then by inspiration of the "one spirit" "that speaketh and worketh in all," and in Christ first of all. . . .

My engagement with the Church runs on until May. Perhaps they will get over their bashfulness and ordain me themselves. If not, I shall continue to employ some one to administer the ordinances, and of that they are already sick. If they get tired of me, I shall go to school-keeping. At any event I have a wife who will bear me on angel's wings, for she has even a more determined will to give up all for truth than I; and we will eat bread and drink water together with a good conscience, if we have no other thing to season our meal. Mr. Robbins gives me every encouragement, and all my friends express sympathy enough. But I want strength, and will try what the press can do. I shall probably take steps at once to publish a number of my sermons, and an essay or two. Affectionately your son,

PETER.

To this letter my grandfather, January 17, returned an affectionate reply, regretting still Peter's peculiar views, yet offering to assist him in the expense of the publication of his proposed "Address" and some sermons, and sending greeting to Susan, "the beloved."

20, 1849. TO HIS FATHER.

. . . I do not wonder, dear father, that you think my course a foolish one. But think of it as rather forced upon me than chosen. I have humbled myself to appear before a body of men, most of whom are my inferiors in experience, knowledge and, I dare to add, the love of the Truth. I offered to submit to the usual examination and begged the usual license. They violated their acknowledged duty, denied me my acknowledged rights, refused me even an examination, though they claim the right to license and examine, and sent me away to get along as best I can. . . . How often have I heard you, these twenty years past, complain of the sermons you listened to, meagre technicalities and stale generalities, coming from a brain gone to sleep these years past, and finding no access to the heart! I preach another way. I say nothing—I never will say, what I do not *feel* myself, and which I can make the ground of some new resolution to a better obedience in the lives of my parishioners. And if I cannot make my friends here more *godly* as well as more devotional, better sons and daughters, wives and husbands, fathers and mothers,

as well as better Church-goers, I shall quit preaching with the conviction that the Lord has not sent me. . . .

In one sense you are quite right in saying, Father, that the points of difference are unimportant. Technically it is so, but really my very foundation principles are different from theirs. In theology I agree with them; in Christianity I am at swords' points with them. My logic makes me explain the Bible as they do; my experience in life and the grace of God in my heart make evident to me gross defects in the modes adopted by men of learning and influence to regenerate the world.

I am convinced that to be a Christian, one must follow Christ in all things; reject all unlawful authority; scorn all worldly bribes; work hard; suffer much and with patience; be forgiving to the utmost extreme of non-resistance; oppose and rebuke all falsehood and evil in the world, be hated by many, reviled, slandered by many, misunderstood by almost all.

I cannot give up my Christian liberty. I cannot say or do anything to violate my conscience, at any price, or for any advantage to myself or others. Truth, honesty, simplicity, diligence, love—these are the *only* agencies I can employ to save men. . . .

MILTON, *December* 23, 1848. TO HIS BROTHER ALLEN.

. . . You asked me how I voted? I did not vote at all; primarily because I was not at home; secondarily because I am something of a disunionist, come-outer, no-church, no-state man, Quaker, or what you please. But so far as I *have* a political heart, it was every fibre of it for the Free Soil movement. I know nothing about the Candidates; but I *do* know something about principles. I cannot distinguish Whig principles from Democratic very nicely (though so far as I can I am a Democrat and not a Whig, *i.e.* I am opposed to all restriction, monopoly, etc.), but I find no difficulty in determining the value of the new Northern principle, and wish it to obtain from Maine to Mexico. I would therefore have voted for Van Buren had I been at home, though I have no assurance that he could have played fair with the principle. It was everything, however, to poll 300,000 votes *upon a principle.* It matters very little, I suspect, what sort of a *government* or *of what politics*, we have; but it matters everything what sort of a *people* and of *what principles.* I never would think of overturning a government, however bad. Reform the people's views, and rectify their feelings, and everything desirable is accomplished. Louis Napoleon, Cavaignac,

and Lamartine will in turn become presidents, as the people become Louis Napoleons, Cavaignacs, and Lamartines, in a progressive series. When all the Citizens of this "free land" become freemen by principle and not by custom, and peaceable on principle and not on expediency, then General Taylors can no more easily be elected to the presidential chair than Frelinghuysens can now. Such are my politics in the rough. . . .

Jan. 2, 1849. To Susan I. Lyman.

. . . I am preparing two sermons for publication and an address to the Association expressing my views and detailing the history of our affair in brief. This last I shall write in Northampton. I think this is the best way of correcting common rumor. The people here are very determined, and I believe very unanimous, but naturally anxious. They are both timid and angry. Nothing will be done, and excitement will gradually allay itself. By May they will be prepared either to renew our contract as it stands, with the inconvenience to which I must submit next Sunday, of getting some one to fill my place,—or to pass a resolution as a church, empowering me to fulfil all the functions of a Minister. This will be old-fashioned Congregational ordination. . . .

January 22nd.

To-day I went into town and read my paper on Roger Bacon to the Club and afterwards dined at James Savage's, and spent an hour at Mr. Revere's where I found Dr. F., Mrs. Davis and their beautiful little girl, your namesake; Mrs. Howe also came in. I did not see Mrs. Hillard to-day. Nor did I see Rogers again, with whom I spent two very happy hours on Saturday. He is in fine health and spirits and will commence his lectures in six weeks. Yesterday I preached two sermons on Government, from the fifth Commandment, which to my great astonishment were very much approved. The California fever has attacked the best young men of Boston Bay. Married men are leaving their families too. All eyes are strained in the direction of the dear Idol. All ships, casks, crackers, preserves, hams and divers other things are bought up for the ships, and not to be had by honest folks for love or money. Come, Susie, shall we go?

January 24th.

. . . Adam Ballou's masterly tract upon Non-resistance has made me more than ever unwilling to use any language which

might covertly practise retaliation or exhibit the least spirit of revenge or even self-defence. Still I feel the strongest leaning to an open utterance of opinion, let the consequences be what they may. Why should truth come to us but to be again distributed! I am dissatisfied with everything I write, but that is but the lees of endeavor. Aristotle in his great Ethics makes Energy, and not Success, equivalent to Happiness. . . .

January 30th.

. . . I heard Fanny [Kemble] Butler read "Midsummer Night's Dream" last evening. She read two hours, and came as near as possible to doing the impossible. The best evidence to me of her success, and the reach of her exquisite art, is that I could with all my introversion detect no trace of that ringing recollection of one tone, which always follows the continued reading of all other persons to my ear. . . . There was too much acting, shaking the head and baring the gums, in it, as she sat before the great folio copy of the immortal bard, . . . but the intonations of her voice were the most melodious music. . . .

We will talk some day of this. The best test of genius perhaps is that it makes a spectator or listener feel himself endowed with some exaltation of his own talents, or with some new talent which he never knew before.

My father had written once, bewailing his many moods and variable temper of mind and spirits, fearful lest he should prove a trying companion as the years went on. My mother in a letter written only a few days before their marriage comforts him in these words:—

You often speak of your variable moods, as if you thought they would trouble me. But it is never so. I rejoice that you express them all, and I rejoice that they all give a variety to my own thought, which my more monotonous temperament fails to supply me with:—indeed I am constantly rejoicing in the unlikeness of our temperaments, as much as I delight in the likeness of our hopes, aims, tastes and purposes.

I would not assert that the hours of deep depression which my father was always liable to, were never a sorrow or trial to my mother, but that she was never irritated by

them I can say. And she never allowed them either to disturb her own inner serenity of spirit, or the underlying happiness of the household. The fact that they were but fleeting shadows over the brightness of our family life, neither she nor my father ever forgot.

Feb. 8, 1849. PETER LESLEY TO SUSAN I. LYMAN.

. . . My plans, notions, thoughts, often suddenly formed and crude, may not always please you, and may sometimes even make you a little anxious,—but better that than not to know them all. We must lead but *one* life between us. I desire to have no pleasure that I cannot share with you,—and I am afraid to keep a sorrow back from your sharing it. And I am very sure that you will let me help bear all your sorrows, whatever they may be. That will be the great joy of my life. . . .

PETER LESLEY

From an old Daguerreotype

CHAPTER XI

Marriage, and Milton Life. 1849–1851

My father and mother were married by their friend Rufus Ellis in Northampton, February 13, 1849. My mother was in such delicate health that the wedding was of the quietest, and no friends even were invited. The young couple repaired at once to Milton, where they lived for some months at Mr. James Robbins's home on Brush Hill. Mr. Robbins was my mother's uncle, and he and his wife were affectionately devoted to her, and to her husband. Later in the season they found it best to set up independent housekeeping, and took rooms on the Brook Road, in a house backed up against a large sand pit. This not proving a healthy residence, they moved to Mattapan, and finally spent their last year on Milton Hill, in a little house which stood, I believe, on a front corner of Mr. Watson's place, and which was later moved away. During these years my mother suffered much ill-health, and at times was very near death. No one thought it probable that either she or my father was fated to live out a long life, and the many friends in and around Milton did everything which friendship could devise to make their days happy; and, in spite of all anxiety and suffering, very happy years these were. My father eked out his slender salary as pastor of a small church, by constant work of various kinds on week-days. Mr. Rogers supplied him with geological and topographical drafting, and he wrote occasionally magazine articles, and gave a lecture here and there, as opportunity occurred. What would have been a sufficient income with health, was insufficient to the needs of constant illness, and it required all his efforts to keep out of debt and a little "ahead." This state of things, however, was what both the young people were prepared for, and they met it with a brave spirit. I find no repining or complaint in the letters written during this time.

One great blessing, among others, they had. My mother's aunt, Catherine Robbins, came to her, and again and again tenderly nursed her back to health, guarding her for months at a time from over-exertion. My mother loved her dearly, and my father became deeply attached to her,—an affection which she most richly deserved. During this period she was an almost constant member of their household.

My father was himself the tenderest of nurses. He had the gentle yet firm touch of hand which brings comfort to an invalid, and he knew instinctively how to lift and carry a sick person or a child in such a way as to give most relief and least pain. He was also full of devices for the comfort or amusement of a sick friend, and untiring in his devotion.

My mother told us once, referring to these happy yet anxious days, how one day, after weeks of hard work over some map-making, he came running into her sick-room and threw twenty-five dollars into her lap, crying gleefully, "There, Susie, my map is done, and that will keep you in little birds for a month."

He was often away from home for weeks at a time on surveying trips in Pennsylvania, in spring, summer, or autumn, whenever he could make arrangements for leaving his parish, and during such absence they wrote daily to each other.

BRUSH HILL, *Thursday Morning.* SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER MOTHER.

When we reached the Boston depot, there was Uncle Edward and the man, with the covered sleigh. . . . We rode over Milton Hill, the day was bright and beautiful, and the view perfect. We stopped a few minutes to see Mrs. Ware and leave my flowers, which had kept very fresh, and looked lovely. . . . Her eyes are very large and unnaturally bright, and her whole appearance gives you the feeling that there is nothing left but the spirit. . . . Peter sends his best love to you. He went right to work the minute he got here, and he is to-day quite shocked that both his sermons are not written. In vain I tell him that this is a remarkable week. He does not seem to think that being married can take a person from his work, only just long enough to have the knot tied.

BRUSH HILL, *Thursday, Feb.* 15, 1849. TO HIS FATHER.

Your kind letter gave me great pleasure. How much I owe you in the past! and the future will only bind me the more closely to your heart. I can now present you with a daughter, for we were married day before yesterday, and returned yesterday, stopping at Worcester to permit of my making G. Bushnell's acquaintance. He is a very agreeable man and holds a strong position. He has lately been attacked by the Champions (?) of Newburyport (Eells and Dana?), but laughs at them.

We are in our own nice room, at *home*, and so good a home few have ever had. Susie is as happy as an angel, and I—still happier. We feel disposed to doubt our ever having lived asunder, it seems so natural to live together. Our tastes click together like two clocks. . . .

MILTON, *February* 21. TO HIS ROTHER WILLIAM.

. . . Last week I went to see Miss Frederika Bremer, the celebrated Swedish Novelist, who is staying at the house of a friend of mine, Mr. Benzon, now in Europe. I found her very good-natured and thoughtful, modest and ladylike. She is small and not what would be called handsome, but with fine soft eyes. She could not tell me about my German friends, the Tholucks, because they did not correspond with her after leaving Sweden. Miss Bremer last Monday dined at the Hillards with the English Professor Johnson, who is delivering a course of Agricultural and Scientific lectures at the Lowell Institution this year. After dinner they persuaded her to go to see the new Euharmonic Organ invented by young Poule, and the only successful attempt of the kind since Liston's celebrated organ at Calcutta, which was a bungling concern compared with this. . . .

Last evening I lectured before the Lyceum here on the Aboriginal settlement of Europe. [A long ethnological description follows.] Then I showed them a map in distemper colors which I completed yesterday, on which I laid down the original boundaries of the older races. . . .

His father wrote him a letter February 21, in which these words occur:—

I sometimes feel very gloomy about your situation—would that I had more faith in the great Head of the Church, that my fears might be calmed. I send you a number of the *North Amer-*

ican—look at the Article on Fourierism—I hope you have discarded that crotchet.—I cannot but say that your entertaining that theory has given me more alarm than anything else—for it does appear to me to be utterly impracticable in practice, and being so, highly mischievous in all its bearings on Society.—Man is not fitted for the system—and will not be until the Millennium.

To which his son replied as follows:—

February 25th.

. . . I laughed at your paragraph on Fourierism. The paper did not come; it will perhaps by to-day's mail and I shall read the article. But you know that a newspaper article seldom either exhausts a subject or plumbs any great distance towards its bottom. As to the Science of Social life, I treat it as I do the science of Geology, or of antiquities,—I have established its foundation principles, and accept all further light, incorporating all new facts as they come. More than that I cannot do. I preach, *i.e.* express my convictions of the Science, when opportunities occur, just as I do about any other science,—but that is all I can do. Everybody knows I am a Fourierite, just as everybody knows I am a Geologist and a Calvinist,—but I cannot help that; and no one seems to care—and why should they? I do not preach any of these ideas or convictions of mine, as Mohammed did his, with a Scimetar. But I always say what I think, at all times, on all subjects, and surely that is right. But how seldom the subject of social matters comes up in any dogmatic or polemic mode, you would see if you spent a week or two here,—and fail to feel any more anxiety. . . .

To which Susan adds:—

. . . How I wish too, you could go to our little church, and see the devoted attention that all the people give to dear Peter's words.—Their affection for him is very beautiful, and I feel sure that this is a useful position for any one who is faithful and devoted. . . .

April 13, 1849. PETER LESLEY TO MRS. LYMAN.

Susan wishes to write herself, but is not able. She is in fact a very crank ship; I wish she could fairly right herself, and keep righted. Providence sent her off through life with a very evident label "Crockery. This side up with Care." All her sweetness is Muscovado: a sort of broken-loaf. She's like an

old Cremona: the more she is broken and glued up again, the sweeter and clearer is her tone. I have a notion that in spite of all prophecies adverse thereunto, our destiny is to grow old together. We call ourselves Cherubim,—and we have six wings, all right,—with two we cover our eyes (for no poor couple ever thought or cared less for the future),—with two we cover our feet (nobody knew less or cared less about ways and means, or the ground on which they stood),—and with two we do fly,—nicely. In fact you never saw such flying. Life is a simon-pure dream, of the Château d'Espagne kind, to which I hope there will be no waking. . . .

I have told in the last chapter of my father's application to the North Suffolk Association to ordain him as minister, and of their refusal to do so. At that time, December, 1848, it will be remembered, he wrote to his father, "I shall probably take steps at once to publish a number of my sermons and an essay or two."

In the following spring he carried out this intention and published "An address to the Suffolk North Association of Congregational Ministers."*

This little volume was a vigorous plea for the rights of the congregations and people to take charge of their own affairs, choose, ordain, and depose their own ministers, etc. It was also a demand for individual freedom of belief, for the right of change in that belief, of development, of enlarged vision, from the experiences of life. The address closes with these words:—

And does any of you, *O Veritatis filii immutabiles!* know what he shall be to-morrow? By the grace of God you are what you are, if you have either goodness or truth. Perhaps God has not taught you everything yet; and certainly by his good grace alone can you stand in your present faith, if it be the right one. . . . I lay no claim to consistency, because the very law of life is Change and Progress, and he [a minister mentioned in the address] is inconsistent from the necessity of that law, working in the marrow and

* An Address to the Suffolk North Association of Congregational Ministers, by J. P. Lesley, Minister of the First Evangelical Church, Milton (58 pages), Boston, 1849. Also sermons on the Rule of Faith, Inspiration of the Scriptures, and the Church (pp. 59–130).

joints of his spiritual being—let him profess consistency as he please. Is *he* a fit overseer of souls? Read his autobiography and see. Am I? Read my sermons, examine my conversation and see. Try all trees by their fruits. And in the end all fruits will be tasted.

Farewell, brethren of the Suffolk North Association. God give you light, and light to us all, and help us walk in the futherance of the Gospel and the setting up of the kingdom of his dear Son. I have said but little with all these words, and some of them may pain you, and some may anger you, for which I shall be sorry. I have friends among you who will know how to take my words when others mistake them. To the good, I can do no injury; the good are always safe; there are none but chained lions in the Way of Life. To the influence of the bad I wish I could do irreparable injury. Every plant that our Heavenly Father has not planted must be rooted up, sooner or later, by agencies of his own appointment, of the number of which are we. I have said nothing new, nothing that has not been said better, a thousand times repeated, a thousand times ridiculed, rebuked, punished, and put to silence, and a thousand times spoken out again. I am but one of a thousand, and speak in sympathy with thousands. If I can by the sacrifice of peace which this will cost me, nerve the heart of one young man, whom the clerical system is about to rob of Sincerity and Liberty, and to turn into an agent of tyranny, I shall be compensated.

I remain with due respect your friend and Christian Brother,

J. P. LESLEY.

His father sent an earnest appeal to him to refrain from publishing his "Address," saying, "You may take pride in raising a 'hubbub' among your clerical brethren, but depend upon it, your Master who called you to preach His Gospel never constituted you a veritable Don Quixote to drive a lance at every error, which a young man like you may suppose to exist in the world." To which he replies as follows:—

BRUSH HILL, *May* 10, 1849. TO HIS FATHER.

Your kind letter of the fifth met me on my return from Cambridge this afternoon, and sensibly touched me. I not only deserve your rebuke, but would be a better man for more like it. . . . But with respect, dear father, to my ecclesiastical connec-

tions, I have been actuated not only by the passions of the human heart (oppression making even a wise man mad), but by an irresistible sense of duty. I feel myself called upon to say calmly certain things that now ought to be said, by somebody; whoever says them must suffer for it; I shall suffer less than many others would. You know what the shepherd boy sang, "He that is down need fear no fall." It is impossible that anything I may put into print can hurt me now, for my ecclesiastical condition is as bad as it well can be,—for me still to be respected as an honest and plain-spoken man. On the contrary it is due to my opinions and character that I say what I can in self-justification. But that I think little of. I am sure that such things as I say, are needful and good, and I am neither ashamed nor afraid of them. What they are, and how I have said them, you shall learn in a few days, the second sheet duodecimo being to-day under the press. Some things will offend and startle you perhaps, but the greatest part you will affirm to be just and good. I have shrunk from publishing, *because* of the "hubbub," which I am *the last* to desire to raise or to endure.

No, dear Father, I have allowed everything to hinder me and to postpone this publication. I read it to five several persons, three of them ministers, and one of them a member of the Association, accepting his corrections, and carefully rewriting facts after his dictation, lest I might do any injustice. I struck out paragraphs that Susie thought too hard, and others which Mr. Guernsey considered unjust. And now that the text is in publication, I give the issue into God's hand, for in God's sight I have tried only to do my duty. . . .

I thank you many times for your mention of Susan. She will appreciate it, as I do. But the dear girl sustains me when my courage fails in what I believe to be my Duty. I do not war with Truth, nor Orthodoxy, nor Society, nor any man or set of men, as such; but with a system of despotic power from which I have suffered severely, and which I have the fairest opportunity and excuse for attacking, doubtless to the great comfort and strengthening of some hereafter. It is true that I wish to degrade the Clergy—but only to their true platform of duty; and in order to elevate private Christians to their proper height of privilege and duty also. . . .

NORTHAMPTON, *May* 19. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

Before going to bed last night I looked over your Address, for the last time, Mother having read and liked it; and then I

prayed most earnestly that if it did no good, it might not lose you any of the real influence you already possess.—You would not thank me for keeping any thought to myself, and so I do not. I feel confidence in its being printed because you sacrificed taste and feeling to what seemed a painful duty, and I shall ever be regardless of any consequence, that does not affect your power of doing good. But I see in you, every moment, something so far higher, and more beautiful than you could by any possibility express in an effort of this kind, that I cannot but rejoice that you will never again have such a duty to do. . . .

May 22. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I have read the last proof and joyfully join you in believing and praying that no duty of this kind shall come to me again. . . . Do not think any more of the address; it is odious to me; yet it *had to be.* I do not regret—I only feel disgust. Nor do I fear anything. . . .

Whether the Address produced the "hubbub" dreaded by my grandfather or whether it was taken seriously enough to produce the small amount of good which my father hoped from its appearance in print, I have no way of knowing. My father, having accomplished any piece of work, turned his mind to other things, and seemed to regard with slight interest what might follow from it. He was singularly devoid of personal ambition, which may partly account for this. And he was also so fully and constantly absorbed in present work and present duties that for him to let "the dead past bury its dead" was a necessity, as it was also a natural habit of mind.

MILTON, *May*, 1849. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I spent an hour with Hinckley * on my way home from the lower village yesterday,—his deer picture is very pretty; six deer in sight, on highlands overlooking the sea. . . . A little note from Wendell Phillips lies before me, inviting me to speak next week before the Anti-slavery Society. I do not feel called to do so; and if I did, I should have to say some practical truths which they would not like to hear perhaps, and which I certainly

* Thomas Hinckley, an animal painter of some note.

would not like to utter. I cannot endure their neglect of exact truth, any more than their lack of the spirit of tenderness and love, in what they write and speak. At the same time I see the cause, and appreciate it,—they roar by instinct like lions, and wise people must interpret. . . .

BRUSH HILL, *July* 13. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO PETER LESLEY, SR.

. . . Peter has made seats out of boughs, and put them in every little nook about the place, so that in our walks we can rest wherever we like.—He has now taken his books and writing, and gone to one of the shadiest, to work till dinner-time. He has not been as well as I wish he were, all summer, but he rarely has to stop writing a whole day, and I keep hoping that when the extreme hot weather is over, he will be much better. We spend the evenings in visiting our good people, which often takes us a circuit of six miles through the most beautiful scenery and wooded lanes in all the country round. We have been reading together a book that has delighted us much, "Earth and Man,"—you would like it too—it is by a Mr. Guyot whom Peter has seen. . . .

MEDFORD, *Aug.* 20, 1849. PETER LESLEY TO HIS FATHER.

. . . The scientific Association has been meeting all last week and this, at Cambridge. Susan and I have therefore made our headquarters here at Edward Head's, and I walk to Cambridge every morning and back in the evening. The sessions have been of high interest. The walking has done me material benefit. I need more exercise than I get. My sermons are of a kind to require much time, and I am also preparing a course of lectures for the winter, and with unlooked-for success in the investigation of the particular subject which I have selected. I shall try to deliver the course next year in Philadelphia, with illlustrations and diagrams. It embraces the whole ground of ethnological and mythological Unity of the human race and refers all ancient history back to the facts of the Noachic Deluge. . . .

MILTON, *Oct.* 6, 1849. PETER LESLEY TO HIS AUNT HALL.

MY DEAREST "MOTHER AUNT,"—. . . How can I describe to you how we live in living by ourselves! It is a paradise. . . . We do as we see best, with none to molest or make us afraid. Sometimes Mother Lyman comes from Northampton and dines with us, and lives the rest of the time on Brush Hill. Sometimes Aunt Kitty Robbins, who is to Susan what you are to me,

comes over from Cambridge and stays with us. . . . Soon we expect Dr. Henderson, my old and valued friend at Chelsea, to come and pass a night with us. Then we have visitors enough in the afternoon to prevent life from stagnating, and so the days move on. I am as busy as a bee laying up honey for winter, for I expect to lecture in a good many places this winter and must be prepared, and that too will help us make both ends meet. . . .

Then I went to Cousin Susan Hillard's; and after tea the artist Cranch and his wife from Italy came in, and the music enthusiast John Dwight, both Susan's friends, and two young ladies and another friend,—and we had songs, and pieces from Mendelssohn and Wolf and Schubert and other fine composers, quite as much as my poor quiet country head could bear. It is good to hear sweet sounds occasionally, to revive one's ideas of the beauty of the world of sound, the counterpart and complement, equally fair and almost as infinite, of the world of sight. The ear is as much a window looking out upon the universe as is the eye; and why should it remain close shuttered up? I play a little on the flute still. But I long for your sweet voice and Aunt Anna's. Miss Ballard's singing would have been applauded by a concert audience; but I thought of yours, and felt how poor it was. I would rather hear you sing five minutes than her five hours. . . .

MILTON, *Nov.* 2. PETER LESLEY TO MRS. LYMAN.

Susan has been so ill for several weeks that all my time has been taken up in tending her. I have had no exchanges in my pulpit of late, but have got on very well by writing a little and speaking extempore. The church is full, and the attendance as good afternoon as morning. I have begun to lecture before the Lyceums. . . .

In answer to a letter regretting his outspoken anti-slavery views, he writes:—

Nov. 6, 1849. TO HIS FATHER.

. . . Let me here say, Father, that so far from knowing your interest in Gen. Taylor, I did not even know you voted for him, and thought that in many things your political views had become radically democratic. I am sorry to have hurt your feelings by my zeal for what I think to be real private and national Christianity. But I am as unfortunate before my friends here too. My politics are very heresy in Boston, even with my best friends;

just as my theology is laughed at as "self-destructive" by the *Independent* of N.Y. and the Congregationalists of New Haven, and considered fearfully Parkerish by the more strict sect of the Puritans in Washington St. and Cornhill. But, dear Father, I have thought and felt and seen too much for myself in the last ten years to be the sport of any local wind of doctrine, or to see a bugbear before me in any man or set of men on earth. . . .

MILTON, *Dec.* 16, 1849. PETER LESLEY TO HIS BROTHER ALLEN.

Your letter of October 9th, your sceptical letter I mean, has been punished sufficiently. I shall now answer it. In truth however it has been absolutely impossible for me to answer before. For Susan has not only been sick, but sick for six weeks, ten miles off, beyond the city, and my sermons and lectures before Lyceums, and goings to and fro between Milton and Cambridge, and house-cleaning, furniture-seeking and fixing up generally have made me a slave without manacles.

Now for the letter. How shall I handle it? What an intolerable scoffer you are! How remorselessly you have twisted off the budding fancies of my Arkism as they timidly sprouted in your presence. But I wish you could have examined the ground in which their roots ran. I tell you what it is, Allen, I shall yet maintain my position and prove that chess is a druid game symbolic of the Deluge. What are the *pawns* but *pens*, *i.e.* (Welsh) heads, peaks, or mountain tops, little magic moveable pyramids, tumuli around the cœr side, the druid cell, the shrine of the Patriarch,—like the thousands that cover the plain around Stonehenge.* . . .

I greatly prefer at any rate this Don Quixote campaigne (that word I never could spell, to save me) in old, older, oldest regions of antiquity, against cromlechs and barrows, to any participation in any of the campaigns of political parties of any shade or side.†

* My father had a lifelong hobby in linguistic and symbolic investigation, which he later called Arkite Symbolism, and it filled many a happy hour for him throughout his active life. His brother Allen was also much interested in Oriental languages and kindred lines of investigation, and was a great traveller, so that to him my father was wont to write most copiously on these subjects.

† Politically, the brothers were quite out of sympathy, which was later a great grief to my father. Allen had been settled in Delaware for a number of years, and together with the two next younger brothers had become decidedly Southern, not to say pro-slavery, in his sympathies, while my father and the two youngest brothers were most warmly anti-slavery and abolitionist.

I believe more fully every year that all politics are useless and hurtful, all governments not based on true Christian socialist principles retardative of the Millennium. I have no love for Whig, Democrat or Free Soil politics, but of the three I think the Free Soil are the most plausible because based (however slightly) on a real spiritual principle. I have no respect at all for the Democrats, for they prostitute the principle and betray it at the same time. I think the Whigs are as selfish and unprincipled as the rest. But the great mass of each party, I mean the people who are *not* voted for, nor desire office, are honestly infatuated with the idea that governments are good for something, and that tariffs, excises, internal improvement bills, bank charters or private banking bills,—in a word, special legislation, will save or sink a nation. The cork may as well think it supports and directs the river. Governments are feathers on the flood of great social and natural laws, which have their way through and over governments, like freshets through a froth dam. I pray that the fools at Washington may continue at their ridiculous schemery [*sic*] all winter; the wise would willingly pay them their $8 per diem to keep them at it—and out of mischief. So much for politics. You will laugh when I tell you that while I was nursing Susan at Cambridge on election day, I was actually run as a Democratic candidate for legislature, and got 38 votes, none of which of course were from my friends, who laughed heartily at the joke. The fellows who put me up gave as their excuse, that I had no enemies, and would therefore run well against the Whigs. I guess they had never heard my two fast day sermons,—nor divers other discourses of like tone.

But serious times may come. Things look squally. There may be a short collision between the infatuated South and the indifferent North, which now feels its true might, and the result will be much trouble and perhaps many lives lost, until things settle on their proper basis. The South must become cured of its madness by a crisis more or less dangerous. When a Mountain stands on its Summit, its turning over must crush many things. To suppose that the world can last much longer with slavery as a *protected thing*, is inconceivable. Free-soilism is no power, no force; it is a mere *indication*. It announces, like surface ice, the chilling down to the bottom of the whole pool; Free-soilism could never have made in a night over the north, had not the north become very anti-slavery down through all strata of its depth. Let the ice melt again and disappear; another colder day will freeze all solid. Thousands of Abolitionists in New England

never took part in the Free-soil movement. You haven't the least Conception of the universality and fixedness of the anti-slavery sentiment of all New England and the North West settled by New Englanders. I predict that in ten years the whole North will not only *feel* with the Free Soilers, but *act* with the ultra-Abolitionists. And all the struggles of the South are those of a maniac in a strait-jacket. It is of no use. Destiny will have its course. The world was made for freedom and freemen; for an endless movement and mingling of races, and the gradual improvement of the whole. I shall live to see a black man governor of Georgia. . . .

MILTON, *Jan.* 23, 1850. PETER LESLEY TO HIS YOUNG BROTHER ALEXANDER.*

The great secret of letter-writing lies in this: never to write unless you have something to say; and to say what you wish to write *in the shortest, clearest* and *kindest* manner possible. The next rule to remember is: that a *good* and *short* letter is more likely to be read twice, than an *ill-written long* one. And the third rule is this: *Never make apologies;* they are always more or less impertinent; for if they are good ones, your correspondent will make them for you; but if they are poor ones, only made to excuse yourself for slovenly, hasty or selfish writing, they are worse than none at all, and "add insult to injury."

MILTON, *Feb.* 3, 1850. PETER LESLEY TO HIS BROTHER ALLEN AND HIS WIFE.

I am diligently at work upon my Arkism; have lately studied Fellow's "Lycia," and got some ideas from the analysis of the Lycian almost unæcipher language. It was an oddity; a sister of the Zend, written with a Greekoid alphabet, with ten vowels and sixteen consonants. I have also been studying J. C. Pickering's ethnological volume of the Exploring Expedition, and got large materials from it for future use. He makes eleven races, Mongol, Malay, Papuan, Australian, Negrillo, Felingan, Abyssinian, Ethiopian, Negro, Hottentot and Arabian (or White, Caucasian), etc. . . .

MILTON, *Feb.* 8, 1850. PETER LESLEY TO HIS FATHER.

My scientific studies have taken almost exclusively the direction of *history*, and I pursue them not only from affection, but as the best safeguard against a garrulous and empty old age such

* Then eleven or twelve years old.

as Dr. ——'s and a hundred others, which I regard with feelings akin to terror. They in fact fill up the cask which is continually tapped to the lees. . . .

I hear that our church intends to pass a vote that I be empowered to dispense the ordinances. This is the only ordination necessary according to the old New England practice and principle, and will make my position respectable in the eyes of the most bigoted. A silent pursuit of the right will in the end bring about every good man's best desires. . . .

Feb. 14, 1850. PETER LESLEY TO HIS FATHER.

. . . I lectured at Medford last night (but one) on Stonehenge. I have lectured twelve times this winter, and it has brought me in $70. I am still to go to Worcester once or twice.

February 20. PETER LESLEY TO MRS. LYELL.

I am told that Susie wrote you a few days ago that Mr. [James Freeman] Clarke would not live. He is however decidedly better, and we will be spared the pain of so serious a loss. I know few in this part of the world with whom I can less easily bear to part. We sympathize in many matters, and have the same constitutional tendencies towards a sceptical eclecticism, and the same hopes of a good time coming.

Wm. Thayer, you will be pleased to learn, is told by Mr. Elliot that he (Mr. Elliot) has certain books to publish, and will employ him (Wm. Thayer) next summer for several months, in writing, after his commencement graduation. I lectured yesterday at Medford with great pleasure, being kindly received by all. And last night here in Milton on a new subject, the Aboriginal settlement of Europe. . . .

The William Thayer here mentioned was brother to James B. Thayer, for many years Royall professor of law at Harvard. Both brothers were much loved by my father and mother. William died, still young, in Egypt, where he was for several years consul-general.

MILTON, *March* 1, 1850. PETER LESLEY TO HIS FATHER.

Many superstitious people will rejoice in last night's snowstorm in confident anticipation of its causing a lamb-like exit of the month now just commenced. The storm caught us at Joseph's

in Roxbury, whither we went on Wednesday last; and where I had the pleasure of bringing Susie and my dear friend Cook face to face.

I find at Joseph's the library of Russell Sturgis, mostly composed in China. For two days I have been hard at work upon two of the radicals in Medhurst's Chinese Dictionary, and have succeeded in exhuming materials by which I can finally demonstrate some very troublesome conjectures of mine upon certain things relating to the South and South West of Asia and of Europe. The language itself is of the most curious construction. . . .

I have hardly left room to say that Mr. Ellis of Northampton has lately published a little memoir of Susie's uncle, Judge Howe, and in it are some beautiful notices of her Father. I shall send it on by to-morrow's mail if possible. . . .

MILTON, *March* 6, 1850. PETER LESLEY
TO DR. FREDERICK WINSOR.

MY DEAR WINSOR,—I have had to think a great deal about the right method of preaching, and have found myself sometimes tossed about upon a sea of conjectures; but I never found my preaching itself much influenced by my theories of the what and the how. Nor do I think, in fine, that a really independent and self-alive man can alter, to any great extent, the directions out which his teaching will run itself, nor the vehicles it shall invent or accept for itself. One who thinks by rule, can preach by rule; one who submits to outward law, can regulate his methods by theoretic formula; but he who accepts truth as he happens to pass it by, or as it happens to pass by him, cannot say as to his utterances of truths so received, "I shall utter them so and so." The free thinker is not his own master; whatever he is to be, he strives not to become, but to be; and, whatever he is to be, he becomes, not of himself, but by destiny. Therefore he becomes sometimes one thing and sometimes another; and what he is, he says; what he becomes, he reveals; he is his own *logos;* only what he thinks, he knows; only what he knows, he says; only what he says, he feels. If I be wholly immersed in art, I speak only poetry; if in devotion, I preach mysticism; if in science, I can only tell and try to explain. To be full of beauty, divine love and human knowledge all at once and in true proportions, is to be—at any rate more than *I* am yet. Find such a proportion in a man, and the world will assemble to listen to him; strive to be such a soul, and you will be the preacher of preachers. Such in fact was our Lord Christ. . . .

About this time he wrote a long letter to Jesse Tucker, deacon of the First Evangelical Church, Milton, in which he says that he should be glad to preach for the Milton society another year, provided that the church and parish desire the same; and, secondly, provided that the church do, before the opening of the year of engagement,—*i.e.*, before the first of next April, or before the recurrence of the next communion season—pass a resolution to the following or like effect, viz.:—

"Resolved, that we, members of this Evangelical Church in Milton, do, by virtue of our Christian liberty and right, select, appoint and ordain our brother Peter Lesley, Junior, to do for us, in his place of teacher and preacher of the gospel, and at the proper and usual times, and in the proper and usual mode, all that is necessary to lead our devotions, both ordinary and extraordinary; both at times when we do not meet for the breaking of bread, and at times when we do, and also at times when we profess our faith in Christ by the baptism of adults or of infants; —thus lawfully ordaining and making him hereby our minister in all these services,—and praying for God's blessing."

It is with heartfelt gratitude and pleasure that I herewith acknowledge my obligations to the members of this Church and Parish for their very uniform and considerate kindness to me and mine; and pray that, whether the will of God be that I remain for a longer or shorter time among them, or be called to some other place of usefulness, the best blessings of the love of God in Christ may always and abundantly abide with them.

I remain, dear Sir, with the sincerest affection, gratitude and respect, Your brother and friend in the Lord,

J. P. LESLEY.

The church was not able to make up its mind to defy the Association by performing the simple kind of ordination which is proposed in the above letter. Therefore, in April, 1850, my father left them, and, followed by a portion of the congregation, began to preach in the Town Hall. It was, I believe, intended by these friends to build another meeting-house at the "Upper Village," now Mattapan. But this was never accomplished, and later on, when my father had

left Milton, his little society dissolved. A few of its members returned to the Orthodox Church, and the remainder joined the Unitarian Church, at that time served by Rev. Dr. Morison, who remained many years its honored pastor.

March 23, 1850. PETER LESLEY TO HIS FATHER.

. . . Please forward the enclosed appendix to my last letter to Allen, to him. I have opened a new country to the Ethnologists. Our science of the distribution of the races and the relationships of language must be put upon a new basis. [This sounds like vast conceit,—it is really only enthusiasm.]

I went down to Salem last Saturday, and spent Sunday with my good friends the Pickerings and Stones, and Judge White. The old man's great lingual library is scattered to the winds; but the old house, built by his lineal ancestors of the sixth and seventh remove in 1651, with their own good adze and hammer, stands as it always stood, surrounded by its grounds, and little altered by a few new eaves and windows. Immense rooms, low enough to touch the great brown timbers that support the ceiling, and oddly partitioned off from one another with a mighty central stack of chimneys, open to receive all friends. Old family portraits grace the walls, and the silence of the quaint, old, unpaved city, makes the home most beautiful.

April 3, 1850. TO HIS FATHER.

. . . I have often thought of you of late, but it has been a distracted month.* The end of the year came round last Sunday. The church is a close corporation, and the parish has no voice in matters. They wished me to stay on the old conditions, but I said that was impossible. So they did not vote to re-elect me. A Church is to be formed out of the old, leaving it very poorly furnished I fear, and a new house built here at the Upper Mills. . . .

April 29, 1850. TO HIS FATHER.

. . . Last Monday I went out of the house for the first time, and was very weak, but quite well. I have now my usual strength. . . . If the student's feelings are sharpened to the keenest of all

* During this spring my mother was very ill, at the point of death for many weeks. My father also seems to have had a short but severe illness, after which he was persuaded to go southward for change of scene and air, my mother being temporarily better.

edges, happily his studies are the surest and safest of all reliefs. Hand me an edition of Dupuis' "Origine des Cultes," and I am no longer a person, but an impassible idea. Set me down to explore the worship of the Lion or the Crocodile, with the Edinburgh and Penny Cyclopedias on one side, and Malcolm, Kitto, Hyde and Anthon on the other, and I belong no longer to the present, and escape from the dominions of accident, and am for the time being a disembodied spirit, among the disembodied spirits of every age and clime. . . .

NEW YORK, *April* 30, 1850. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

I missed the cars yesterday by our being detained between New Haven and New York,—a beautiful road. Trumbull I found was in Phil'a. I went up and took tea with Isaac [T. Hopper] and all the rest of your lovers, and then went with John, Rosa and her sister Sarah [Hopper], Mrs. Silsbee and Mrs. Appleton to the opera, and shall never go again. The minutes of good music cannot atone for three hours of bombast nonsense, and the degradation of music and man's imagination to a lower level than I ever believed it possible.

After a few days with his father, a short stop at New Castle, Del., to see his brother Allen, he went to Washington:—

WASHINGTON, *May* 8. TO HIS WIFE.

The road to Baltimore is not interesting, and that to Washington is much like that from Providence to Boston; . . . I amused myself with making out an immensely Arkite analysis of the Abyssinian calendar; and with the half school-boy half senatorial conversation of one Mr. Wise. He kindly pointed out to me Lord Baltimore's descendant's mansion, a man quite worthy every way of his illustrious ancestor. Also the bridge at Bladensburg, over which the British charged upon the cowardly militia, scattering them in all directions; and the house that General Washington built for himself near the Capitol to encourage the occupation of the district; and gave me direction to the House in which I am now writing—the National; and where I find my friend Dr. James Rogers. He tells me that Prof. Bache holds a levee to-night and [Joseph] Henry and his brother Henry [Rogers] will be there. . . .

MORVAN, NEAR NEW CASTLE, *May* 13, 1850. PETER LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . I spent part of a day and night in Baltimore, but saw nothing new, except two meals and a plate of oysters, a fresh cold bed-room, and a damp slow steamboat, in which we puffed up the bay to Frenchtown, a city of one house and a horse-shed attached. It rained all the voyage, but I rejoiced in the merry companionship of the old son of Elisha Tyson, the celebrated philanthropist of Baltimore. The old son said his age was seventy-three. His cousin, a Quakerish hardware merchant, and a funny chap, gave me all sorts of *addenda memorabilia* to the old son's life and conversation.

But I breathe freely now that I am (almost) off this accursed slave soil, and out of that dank and damnable atmosphere. I could almost feel the mildew it deposited on all things. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *May* 14, 1850. TO THE SAME.

. . . I am this minute arrived from below, "*ab inferno, inferioribus, infimis—si non infimissimis*" as either Dante's or Maro Virgil's hero would say, that is from the pits of the oppressor (cries of hear, hear, from the W. L. G.), as happy and sound in wind and limb as a thoroughbred from the Marquis of Waterbury's stud. Four letters,—I read three which were your good gifts, backwards; not Hebrew-wise, but last first, according to a higher prophecy. . . .

But he returned hastily to Milton to find his wife at death's door, and the following weeks were spent in alternating despair and hope. He writes to his father with an almost broken heart, yet with a patient and uplifted spirit. As soon as the crisis was over, and Susan's recovery assured, he fell to work again,—writes of copying "Bache's Harbor map." He expresses the most heartfelt gratitude to the good doctor: "He will receive nothing but my lifelong gratitude. And as for the nurse, the quietest, kindest, most cheerful, faithful, inventive woman that ever lived, she has saved Susie's life almost by the loss of her own; I feel as if I could give her all the little that I owned in the world, or could earn for years."

MILTON, *June* 5, 1850. PETER LESLEY TO HIS FATHER.

The people here wish for some ceremony like an ordination, and I shall gratify them next Sunday week. For the present I have settled my mind to my regular pastoral duties for this summer.

June 21, 1850. TO HIS FATHER.

Last Sunday morning the people had their lay ordination service, which was simple contract in public between me and them for our mutual good order in all the public services of religion. I preached a sermon on the organization of the church; and two members of the church, in turn, read papers, recounting in brief our church history, and announcing our church creed. One of them requested the church as a whole to rise and signify their will respecting my ordination to be their preacher; the other requested the communicants to do the same as to my leading them in the sacraments. All express themselves pleased with the service and satisfied. The house was quite full. A number came from a distance. This sets the matter at rest, for even the Editors of the *Puritan* dare not deny that this is the very order of the Puritans down to about the year 1660 or 70; since which time only one such has occurred (that is, about seventy years ago) in any orthodox church; a number have occurred among the Unitarians. . . .

During August my mother was moved to Rainsford Island, where she remained several weeks, and rapidly gained health and strength. My father went back and forth from Milton to the island, and was very much occupied with some maps of the Shamokin Basin, which he was preparing for Mr. Rogers. He writes to his father in a letter of August 19 of the impossibility of his becoming a Unitarian, as follows:—

I never come into close contact with Unitarians, but I am chilled and repelled; and I am returning daily to the mysticism of my childhood. . . . Neander is just dead. I feel as if the sun were put out in heaven. He was the greatest man of our day; and as good as the best. . . .

MILTON, *Oct.* 2, 1850. TO HIS FATHER.

. . . This turns my thoughts to a theme of real horror to many here, indeed I trust to all good people everywhere, I mean of

course this new and dreadful law for returning the slaves. The newspapers will give you many details of the excitement it has produced everywhere, and the only mitigation of the horror that all feel comes from the hope that, as Satan always overreaches his own ends, the very enormity of the thing will produce a speedy repeal. . . .

I find a long lette. to his friend James Freeman Clarke at Meadville, of November 3, 1850,—a letter-press copy,—of which I give the greater part:—

. . . When distinguished men retire to the hills and lakes much is expected of them; at *least* a Dom Daniel Thalaba, a Prelude or a Traveller, a Vicar of Wakefield or an essay on Man. Tell me what you are about, what you propose to do; let me into some of the secrets of your present life: you will find nothing more amusing I assure you, at least it is to my interest to persuade you to think so. You have, I suspect, left the world of books behind you, and ramble like a moth now between the leaves of the great book of the World, therefore, ceasing to collate and criticise, you must needs begin to discover and create. We spirits are like cats that fall on their feet from whatever windows of heaven they may be thrown. That's a great comfort, in this "Vale of tears." . . . You will be pleased to hear that Susan is quite well again and has just made me a waistcoat. That is, I suppose, a coat to be wasted, as all my garments are, unaccountably fast. I wish we could go back to the good old time when coats of mail were worn. We have just been reading Irving's playful life of Goldsmith and have had many a hearty laugh over his "bloom-colored suit of breeches" and crimson over-cloak; his blue velvet dancing dress, etc., etc. The poor fellow thought himself so ugly that even the radiant beauty of his soul he did not dare to trust with the duty of making him acceptable or rather pardonable to the World. Nobody is perfect. It's a pity however that the homely good can't forget their noses. The ugliest man almost I ever knew was I think one of the very handsomest.

I have had a crowd of projects thronging my brain of late. I am translating (half and half paraphrasing and condensing) Hengstenberg's two-volume treatise on the "Authenticity of the Pentateuch." I have been reading Newman's books, his "Hebrew Monarchy" and "Phases of Faith," followed by Norton's "Genesis," and want to know what the curious erudition of the great

German bigot will make out in favor of the antiquity of those strange old scriptures. I wish to publish it in the *Bib. Sacra*, and have written Parke to that effect.

Buddington has returned from Europe, and put into my hands Sherer's two letters on Inspiration, the first one of which to D'Aubigné, on resigning his chair, made such a stir. With this come two attacks upon the man, one by Darby, the Celebrated Irvinite, who opens by saying that he never read so bad a book, etc. Susie and I amuse ourselves in the evenings translating these letters, which I shall give to Morison to print if he will. I had to write a sermon against the Fugitive Slave Law last Sunday and then had to allow it to be published in the *Liberator* and *Chronotype*, which by the by, is on its legs again. I wish Wright could use better English in better taste. We are terribly tossed about, like very Sanchos, in the blanket of this law, by the Southerners.

Everybody in Boston is armed in one way or another, if not with dirks and pistols, at least with scripture and indignation. A hundred extra fugitives have already entered the City as a place of refuge. Tell me how matters go in Western Pennsylvania.

I said I had a hundred projects in my brain, and I have,—I want to write a poem (cries of hear! hear! from the left) on Fanaticism. I should like to choose an Abolitionist for hero, make him a pure, consistent, noble, intelligent, eloquent fellow, hunted and slain in Boston in the year 1830 or thereabouts. Why should we always go upon matter 1800 years old?

I have another crotchet. I would like—I mean some day to collect under a score or two of heads the sayings of the wisest men of the East and old, and collate them with the scriptures. For instance under Faith, all that can be found from Confucius, Mencius, Zeno, Plato, Seneca, and the Hebrews,—and what Christ and the Apostles have taught concerning Faith. And so on with the subjects of the ten commandments, and the cardinal maxims of universal and particular creeds. Why should we not see clearly what is peculiar to Judea, and what common to man?

I want to write a novel. What shall it be about? Oh for the hands of Briareus and the heads of Hydra! I am at work on the map of Virginia which will occupy me all winter; and I am just finishing my suite of pictures to illustrate my lecture on Caves. . . .

He had been asked to preach as candidate by a society wishing a man "free from denominational shackles," liberal, with fixed opinions of his own of the orthodox type, and yet one willing to exchange now and then with the Unitarian clergymen around.

Dec. 16, 1850. PETER LESLEY TO HIS FATHER.

New England is full of parishes ripe for such a project as this, and in ten or twelve years will be full of just such Union Societies, and of Ministers of a new stamp, undogmatic, inquiring, devotional, charitable, reformers, intolerant of the old theological intolerance, and yet as much averse to the cold-blooded moralism of the Unitarian reaction. The mutual influence of the two great factions of New England religious people, the orthodox and the Unitarian, upon each other, has been the greatest of blessings to the country. The Orthodox will bequeath to the next generation their devotion, zeal and earnestness of purpose, and the Unitarians will have established the reforms on an intellectual basis; the two elements combined will carry our whole country forward a great step. You would be surprised to see how your religious side would lean towards the orthodox people of New England if you lived here, while your sentiment of justice and benevolence and your intellectual powers would be listed in favor of the others. Everybody feels the difference and owns the power of both. . . .

MILTON, *Dec.* 20, 1850. TO HIS FATHER.

. . . I am at work on the Virginia Map, and on some distemper scenes to illustrate my Cave lecture. We had tickets to a concert given us, and went, but the heat, crowd and light made Susan's head ache, and I was far from having my expectations in all points realized. She [Jenny Lind] is an angel, that is true, and I shall always love to remember having seen and heard her. And her singing is the most wonderful imaginable; but her voice is not first-rate and she makes a good deal of effort sometimes. She has no passion, but a singular and irresistible earnestness and goodness. Her character seems perfection itself, and her archness, simplicity and unconsciousness captivate all. Everybody wants to hug and kiss her. I entreat you to go *once, at any price*, and rather to *see* than to *hear* her. If you could take Aunt Hall, it would make me *very* happy. You won't wish to go again, but you will never regret going once *at any price*. . . .

MILTON, *Jan.* 2, 1851. TO HIS FATHER.

Where we are now* the number of the children on the hill is a happy incident, being well bred and full of frolic. They enjoy themselves more than any children I ever saw, for the Society on the Hill has gradually been collected about one or two original wealthy families, and has a certain family character. We meet with the whole troupes and companies of children wherever we go out to visit, and they have their own plays and evening parties, and whatever in the way of enjoyment as well as instruction they require. . . . My last week's geological lecture was very satisfactory to me. . . .

MILTON *Jan.* 26, 1851. TO HIS FATHER.

. . . Our home and the air about us and our habits of life are all that we could wish, and only leave room for an apprehension that they may not be long bestowed upon us. We shall never be happier or in a better position for enjoying life than we are now, unless in such a home we may hope at some distant time to have you with us. . . .

My business and my sickness have prevented me from going into town for the past month, since my lecture at Concord, and pleasant visit to Ralph Waldo Emerson, the great Impracticable. Next week I am invited to lecture at Great Falls in New Hampshire. Two of my Geological Course in Milton have gone off very successfully, and the third will occupy me next Wednesday night. . . .

Feb. 25, 1851. TO HIS FATHER.

. . . The month has been a remarkably agreeable one in point of weather. But the storms that have raged in the communities of Eastern New England, about these centre-points of tyranny, the so-called Courts of the U.S. Fugitive Commissioners, have caused our moral skies to be anything but clear. What with the selfish pro-slavery cotton merchants, with their unlimited command of the means of bribery and intimidation, and what with the Conservative Tories of the ——, ——, and other families, connected often by marriage with the slaveocracy of the South,—and what with the enormous preponderance of foreign and Irish population of late years over the native New England inhabitants, justice is denied and dishonored, and righteousness is trodden down in the streets. How long the tyranny with the

* They had moved to the house on Milton Hill.

long arm, which sits in Washington, and is worked by the wire pullers further South, will be permitted to grapple in the bowels of liberty and conscience here, God alone knows. I am ashamed of my American birth, and more shocked than grieved to find that in *New England*, the very sanctum and last refuge of liberty, the poor fugitive is as unsafe as elsewhere. I send you the letter of the son, only son and worthy scion, of the great man who is gone before the evil came, John Q. Adams. It will repay your attentive perusal and please you much. . . .

MILTON, *March* 23, 1851. PETER LESLEY TO HIS BROTHER ALLEN.

. . . I wish to consult you about something else. John Forbes wishes me to undertake a foreign correspondence with the London *Times* or *Chronicle*, and supply them with weekly or fortnightly matter illustrative of men and events in America. I can't. I am worn out and good for nothing. But if you will undertake it I will go shares with you in the business.* . . . I am under electrical treatment in Boston for my eyes which have been put out by drawing, etc.—It works wonders—I mean the electro-galvano-magneto manipulations. . . . The whole country here is moved to its foundations by the Fugitive Slave Law. . . . The poor wretches are hid away in garrets and cellars, and starving because afraid to work. The very law and measures meant to confirm the Union, will assuredly dissolve it. We are all trembling upon the eve of an eruption, over a volcano just ready to break out. I never knew such a state of public feeling, so deep, so still, so fierce, so expectant.

* Allen was at this time either in England or about to start for England.

CHAPTER XII

Summer of 1851 in Pottsville

In May, 1851, my father took his wife for her first visit to his family in Philadelphia. She became at once devoted to her father-in-law. Their opportunities to meet were never frequent, but the warmest sympathy subsisted between them, and she always spoke of him with deep affection.

After a short visit in Philadelphia and several weeks spent among her relatives in Brooklyn and on the Hudson, she returned to Milton, where my father joined her in July. Later in the season, however, he went back to the coal regions, and in September she joined him there, where he was again engaged with Rogers in a geological survey, and where were gathered also several other men of science. It was for her an entirely new experience, and one which she greatly enjoyed. I think it was the only time in her life when she was able to be near her husband when he was engaged in field work, for the later cares of married life prevented her ever again accompanying him in his geological trips. Her letters give a pleasant impression of the little group assembled in the dingy town, busied with the scientific interests which opened a new world of thought to her, and which she entered into with sympathy, if not with much understanding of the technique of their conversation. In the philosophic side of their thought, and in the generalizations of science, she always took great interest and delight.

Pottsville, *May* 6, 1851. Peter Lesley to his Wife.

I wish you every happiness. We arrived an hour late, and Shaefer met me at the Hotel at which you can live in the fall with me, if you please, with great comfort, as then my headquarters will be here. I go this noon to Mt. Carmel, Northumberland Co., fifteen miles hence, and immediately take stage to Shamokin to sketch the gap. The storm has overlaid the

Mts. with five inches of snow. All the land is one complicated puddle. My first purchase is a pair of Sancho-Panza boots—like Father's. It was a most melancholy ride yesterday slowly up from spring and paradise to winter and desolation; everything seemed dead or dying. . . .

MOUNT CARMEL, *May* 8, 1851. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Yesterday was a tremendous tax upon my young enthusiasm. We started about 7 o'clock on foot, for a certain coal drift two miles east of the house. How beautiful were all things! The forest was in the happiest mood, the air exquisite, the wild cherry, June berry and dogwood in full blossoms, and arbutus and purple violets peeped innumerable from the leaves. All sorts of happy little brooks danced down the mountain side, and our party of five, with slouched hats and surveying gear, moved on along the old grass wood road in the most picturesque manner. . . . Presently I found myself in the forest alone with the flowers and birds, and my memories of former years. . . .

MOUNT CARMEL, *May* 9, 1851. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I feel very tired, but the recollections of the stillness of the Mountain Summit—oh, how often have I enjoyed it in past years! I am a TARTAR, TURK, or TUARick by every right, you see, a child of the mountain and the woods,—of the millions of fresh Houstonias which have all peeped out since yesterday,—of the sudden blow of insect life, on feet and wing—of the glorious views I obtained from a few fine bench promontories looking out over clearings to the North West—of the delicious breath of the air, a very zephyr in quiet sweetness. . . . Then the sense of returning vigor, the fresh feel in my bones and vitals, the relief which my brain experiences, are unspeakable—you must imagine them and rejoice with me. . . .

MOUNT CARMEL, *May* 11, 1851. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I spent the whole of yesterday over the drafting table, plotting lines and mapping out the Valley. . . . To-day I have been sitting in the quiet room all alone, all day long, in the rocking-chair, reading all sorts of things, with an intense relish of liberty I cannot describe. Stuart's book on the Old Testament chiefly. Also extracts from the finest orations of ancient and modern days. . . .

May 12, 1851. TO HIS WIFE.

I wish you knew my Shaefer, he is a jewel, a religious, strong-minded, gentle-hearted, noble fellow. . . . It is good to be with him, and it reminds me of so many dear good words of yours. . . . Oh, the grandeur and awful beauty of Goodness in its simplicity! I would rather be a good man than the wisest of sages, the most brilliant of orators,—I cannot speak of the lesser fortunes of fame, power and wealth. But I would a thousand times rather be good than learned.

Peter Shaefer became a lifelong friend. In later years he was always spoken of in our household as Shäferlein, a suggestive term of endearment. When he died, my father was chosen by the American Philosophical Society, of which they were fellow-members, to prepare an obituary of his friend.

THOMPSON'S, *May* 29, 1851.

We have just had the monotony of Country life broken in that pleasant way, by the passage of the stage and the arrival of friends. Désor* and Rogers stopped and had a chat with us and half persuaded me to pack up and go along with them to Shamokin, but I must once more cross the Green Ridge with Patrick. Shaefer went promising to hunt out good quarters for me, and here I am alone. How still it is! Nothing but the patter of the eaves-droppings on the doorstep, and the shrill of the tree-frogs and locusts to be heard. It has been a day of adventure once more. . . . The thunder-gust of the night had not improved the air; it was very sultry; it had however wet the bushes and the party did not take the road until late. I was occupied until after dinner with my scale and protractor, and then, half undressing, sallied forth with Patrick. Turning aside at the first left-hand wood road, we were soon behind a ridge, on a great flat, lost in the underbrush, plunging among morasses, tearing our way through vines, running along fallen trees, hunting out old cow-paths anxiously, taking obscure sights over the bushes at nothing, and sweating until every thread was a thread of fluent exercise. Presently we emerged upon an ancient clearing, now grown up like an English park, but in clumps of evergreen. Here through green aisles, a perfect paradise, the deer are frequently seen, and often

* Édouard Désor, of Neuchâtel, Switzerland, eminent geologist.

quietly feeding with the cows, who know the place and resort to it from a distance. A road once used to haul out coal skirted one end of it, and on this road at a great distance to the Northward were the coal openings which I was searching for. . . . I kept on drafting until tea time, and then the old woman came and sat down with us, for a rarity. She had been out in the broiling sun, shearing the few sheep which her husband keeps. She toils the whole year through with unabated cheerfulness, talking without intermission, now in English, then in Dutch, and both with a most amusing brogue and rare simplicity. . . .

The conversation ran upon witches and sorcery; "I don't know what to think about that," said she. "Dere is an olt man ofer in Mahony, what kin brauchen as tay kall it." I pricked up my ears, of course, and asked all about it. But all they could tell me was that the old Germans say that when a man is bitten by a snake or is otherwise diseased, there are some people who profess to "brauch" them with a powwow; but they always employ conjointly with the powwow some herbs which they go out and gather in the woods. Especially one "dragon's blood." "*Brauchen*," said I, "means in German to *need*, or *use;* "Yes," said she, "but it means also *Hexerei*" (*i.e.* witchcraft). "It means in Hebrew to *bless*" (*Baruch*), said I. "Ah! can you talk Hebrew?" said she. "What a joy," she continued, "it must be to a person to talk both German and English too!" The "old Mahanoy" (Valley) to the South of this is famous for the superstition of its inhabitants, who are indeed shut out by long unbroken mountains from the civilization of the open country. It is the home of many a rare old Arkism, I will warrant.

We talked of land warrants, of the difficulty of finding old lines. "Now there is Indian Creek Valley," said Shaefer to old Thompson, who had come in and sat down to his supper.—"One day I went over to look up an ancient tract there. We were out three days, would you believe it, without finding a single line tree or mark of any kind. We hunted the whole Valley through, and ran all the adjacent main lines, but not a stump or a stone could we find. The agent of the Philadelphia owner was with us, and fortunately was a man of great resolution. He insisted on trying another day. 'Now,' said he, 'my men, I will give a dollar to the first fellow who finds a line tree.' We were scattered all over the woods, but we got together again at noon, and gave it up; but he insisted on finishing the day; 'now,' said he, 'I will give five dollars to the first man who finds a line tree." We all set to work again hard. And just about four o'clock I was going

through a beautiful oak grove,—they call it the Fairy's Dance, for it is quite free from underbrush, and covered only with soft moss and grand old white oak-trees,—I thought I saw a pine-tree marked. I made for it, I tell you, and saw it had been blazed. If it was a line tree it should be blazed on both sides; I popped round the other, and there *it* was blazed also, and right in line. It was the first sign of a survey we had seen yet. I called an axeman, and got him to block out (*i.e.* to cut) the blaze and we counted the rings and it was just fifty-six years, the very date of the certified copy of the warrant which I held in my hand."

I expressed my surprise. "Oh," said he, "there is a great difference in trees. A White Oak grows so fast that you can tell how old a mark on it is, when it has been made more than fifty years, and hardly under that; but a pine-tree it is very easy to tell; and a hemlock, it grows so slow, that I have known a blaze to be shown on it for 120 years. I once blocked out a young hemlock only 5 inches through, and counted 52 years since the line mark was made upon it, and it was exactly the date to the survey. The rings are close together and you can read them with a microscope, or by getting the axeman to cut in very slanting, it puts them farther apart."

I sat for some time musing upon Truth, and the Record of Facts. How immortal is Truth! How irrevocable is a Fact! How simple and severe is the Truthfulness of Nature! How easily it hides, how readily and completely it utters its secrets,—hides them from the fool, utters them to the Wise Man.

Shaefer continued—"In the Pottsville Valley, where every inch of land is claimed, and four or five Warrants of different dates cover the same tract, and the whole country is covered with stone corners and stakes and line trees, every tree almost marked, the only way we can settle anything is to study the dates of the marks. Rockfelder and Fisher and I have got so that we don't often need to block.—'How old do you think that is?'—Fisher will say to me. 'Oh, it is a young mark—it isn't twenty years old.'"

It seems that the flat scar of the axe is encroached upon each year by the new ring of wood, until the bark covers it and only an unshapen cicatrice remains. But inside of all this new wood, the old flat axe-cut remains unchanged, and of course signifies the very year of its event.

Many were our anecdotes, and many you would neither understand nor feel interested in, about land surveys in old time, when the Quaker Lightfoot made his first surveys in a forest of fifty

miles' unbroken sweep. But these I have written with fear of wearying you, but in hopes of interesting you.

I spoke yesterday of triangulating. You may wonder what that is. In fact, I was running up and down the only open farm in the region, standing under all the lone-lorn widder trees I could descry, examining minutely into their mutual relationships,— not of family, but of compass direction,—with all the assiduity and perseverance of any James Savage or James Robbins in the Antiquarian World. . . .

I have copied nearly the whole of this letter, as a good example of many others written from his surveying days, giving a fair impression of his busy life, occupied by turns with field or table work, full of interest in nature and the simple society which surrounded him. They show also how he tried to share all things with his wife, knowing well her affectionate interest in all that was of interest to him, whether she fully understood it or not.

June 1, 1851. PETER LESLEY TO HIS FATHER.

. . . I have a grand companion in Shaefer, and another in Désor, the Swiss, a man of celebrity in Europe, and of great genius. . . .

June 1, 1851. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

Désor gave me an amusing description of his travels with the Cumberland Presbyterian delegates to Pittsburg, on his return for Cincinnati. But I cannot relate it. Let me tell you instead an anecdote of Robert, the great painter, whose pictures hang in Joseph's (Lyman) dining-room. Robert was a citizen of Neufchâtel, and fell in love with one of the family of Bonaparte. Unable to obtain his desires, he fell into a profound melancholy, and his friends sent him off to the Maremma, or great harvest plain of Italy, to see the scenes of joy which there occur at the harvestings in autumn. There he painted his celebrated pictures of the return, and of the *fête de la Madonna*, in both which you remember are immense oxen and dancing peasants crowned with flowers and fruit. Remark the joyous scenery of either of these paintings, and you will nevertheless observe that *every face* has a certain tinge of melancholy, quite inconsistent with the nature of the scene and the habitual aspect of the people. Poor Robert! Afterward he undertook to paint the

departure of the fishermen going to fish for tunny. This was a scene of mournful action, wives and husbands and lovers parting, and a deep melancholy covers all. He painted it and erased it three times. It was announced for one of the exhibitions at Paris and a prominent place reserved for it, but it did not appear. Finally Robert informed his friends that on the morrow it would be ready in his studio for exhibition. At the appointed hour they knocked at his door, but it was shut and all was still within. They entered by force. There lay the artist dead at the foot of his easel, and the glorious work completed over him. A letter on the table said that life had for years been a protracted misery, that he had felt obliged to finish this his greatest painting, but when that was done he felt himself released.

The picture was purchased for a large sum by a wealthy Parisian, who exhibited it for one franc, and five francs on Monday for the benefit of a charitable institution, and all the city poured into the chamber to see the *chef d'œuvre* of poor Robert; so that its proceeds realized an ernormous sum, some 150,000 francs.

Now let me tell you a different anecdote, and one of the florid and honest Dean of York. Buckland travelled in Switzerland once with Désor. He was always too late. One night he was to go off for certain, early in the morning, and had to pack some valuable fossils in a box. "What are these little boxes?" said Désor, laying his hand on two that rested on the one he wished to open. "Stop awhile," said the Dean, "I will show you." So in due time he opened one of them and there was a snake, a large common snake of the country, alive and as hideous as nature. "Eh! What you want to do wit tis?" said Désor. Buckland gave a funny tweak to his eye, and opened the other box.—There was a great huge toad, not at all extraordinary, and as full of life as the snake. "But what do you vant tees ukly tings for?"—was again Désor's question. "Why," said Buckland, "you see that when I come to land in England, I don't wish my boxes opened and disturbed. So I put these boxes on top of the rest, and when the officers at the Custom house ask me what I have in them, I shall say—oh—some objects of natural History. "Well, but what are they?" they will ask. "Why various things; open some and see." Then they will open this and out will come the snake. They will clap down the lid on him, and I shall have no more trouble." And the old gentleman laughed heartily.

"That is just like one of the Buckland's funny tricks," said

Rogers, when we had recovered from our amusement. Poor man, he is now—not insane—but idiotic, quite fatuous.—Think of that, Dear! The author of the Bridgewater treatise, the great Dr. Buckland an idiot! . . .

SHAMOKIN, *June* 6, 1851. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I . . . have had pleasant work running a remarkably interesting railroad line, with the transit instrument, to lay a base line whence the whole country is to be laid down, and all our other plotting corrected and proved. It is also an unusually important geological section line. . . . I have nothing new to tell you to-night, except that Shaefer returns home, and his absence will be a great loss to me; but Désor is enough to keep a dozen men in humor. . . . Haldeman has written me another full sheet of Philology, in apparent high spirits to think that he has found a person who can sympathize with his hobby. He proposes my joining him in a joint publication of a new English Dictionary!

No, I thank you, Mr. Sam! . . .

Samuel Haldeman was another of the group of friends who belonged to these early survey days. I remember him as a whimsical-faced old man, very genial and kind, who could make the most outrageous guttural sounds in his throat when pronouncing impossible Indian and other alien languages. He and my father had many points of sympathy in their precious linguistic hobbies, and had a warm personal affection for each other.

June 6, 1851.

. . . Désor is a most entertaining fellow, and keeps us in good humor when we would be at loggerheads. His company at meal times is invaluable. He is every inch a man, and nobleman. . . .

June 9th.

Désor told us yesterday about one Count Dégens of Napoleon's army in Egypt, an anecdote that will please you as a fine illustration of the organization of labor. He became a great favorite with the hussars under his command, and being himself an entomologist he induced each man to provide himself with a tin case into which he could pop every insect, bug, fly, etc., which he encountered. The result was the grandest entomological collection in the world. It was sold lately in Paris.

That is the way to do things. What an enormous collection of minerals and fossils might have been made to Pennsylvania, had all the local land surveyors been attached by some means to the State Geologist, and interested in his exploration!

I give you another instance. ——,* I forget his name, whose great work on the Fossils of Bohemia is just coming through the press, ten years ago made himself master of the stratigraphy of that region of Europe, *i.e.* learned the order of the strata, and especially some remarkable fossiliferous beds,—selected ten laborers, taught them the elements, gave them a hammer, microscope, bag, basket, and pick each, and kept them at work on laborer's wages, ten years. What is the result? The finest local collection of fossils in the world,—but better yet, the discovery of the entire life of many of these fossils, the tracing of trilobites, for instance, through all stages of growth, from the embryo to full maturity. He has been able to throw 20 species and 12 genera into *one*, as showing that what were considered 20 different kinds of creatures were but different appearances of the same creature, at different stages of its development.

Verneuil has done the same in his region. He has got all the quarrymen in Picardy to know him, and by paying them a few sous for any curiosities they had, he has got them into a systematic way of laying such aside until he comes again, and thus his collection has become so fine, and his name now stands out prominent among and before most of the palæontologists of the day.

This is precisely what I want so much to do in my own field. It is high time that I had students or boys at work analyzing the different languages of the world. And if I can only pursue such a system ten or fifteen years, I shall attain wonderful results, such as I can discern thereof the distant mountain tops. . . .

June 10, 1851. TO HIS WIFE.

I wrote yesterday, about Volk's polyp at Nice, and the law of natural progress in Creation. A very wonderful discovery—wonderful to those who have fixed immovably their theories, I mean,—to others nothing is wonderful, all is wonderful;—but a very unexpected discovery has lately been made by Logan of the Canada Survey, about which I can scarcely restrain my enthusiasm. It is that of a long train of footprints, a trail of

* Joachim Barrande, probably.

parallel steps of some quadruped, extending for 120 feet along the surface of a sandstone exposure.

Perhaps I have formerly told you that much geological reasoning necessarily rests upon negative facts, that is, upon the presence of certain phenomena in certain ages, and their apparent absence at other (later or) earlier epochs. For example it was taken for granted that fish were first created quite recently —in the formation preceding the Tertiary. There they were discovered abundantly in the New Red. For several years all arguments assumed this as the era of their first appearance on the globe. One day they were discovered in the carboniferous, and now it is known that they extend far down in the oldest sedimentary deposits. Theorists are greatly troubled by this backward movement of the dates of the first appearance of the different orders of creatures. Especially does it disturb bookmakers.

So it was with the reptilia. It was an astounding blow when the footprints of the Connecticut Valley (New Red) were discovered to be not only reptiles, but birds. It was a new world for conjecture opened when the creatures of the old red sandstone (under the Carboniferous) were found to have shells like tortoises, but everybody rejoiced that they were *not* real tortoises (reptiles, quadrupeds), but only fish with tortoise shells. Now comes the footprint of a *real tortoise*, not in the Old Red, but miles below it, even at the very base of the whole known series of sedimentary fossiliferous rocks in this or any yet explored Continent, in the Potsdam Sandstone, our Primal S. (No. 1).

The tracks were cast and sent to London; the great Owen pronounced them to be those of a Chelonian * or Turtle, or something of that kind. A creature with four legs, stumpy and without *long* claws,—four legs, the two hindmost the largest. A creature wider than it was long, *i.e.* which waddled as it went—took very short steps and yet very wide apart, etc.—A creature also that either had a tail which trailed along the mud, or whose bony under-shell was sharp and made an impression between the steps, a long channel or groove, like that which a pendent tail would be likely to make.

Lyell speaks of this in his address. At the Cincinnati meeting, everybody lifted up their voices and wept—or rather flew into a rage both with Logan for finding, and Owen for discovering. Désor alone took their part. Jorne urged that Logan must have

* Chelonia, order of reptiles containing turtles, etc.

mistaken the rock for one at the very uppermost limit of the series—which was a great impertinence. Logan is no boy, and is on his own ground, and has been there five years, and close by the place where the rock received its name. Others said that Owen was mistaken. But Owen has the greatest of names to protect, the first of modern reputations to maintain, and when he asserts an opinion it dare not be on slight grounds. Agassiz said it was nevertheless an impossibility—and if it were a fact even, then the thing *with* its four legs must *still* be a *fish*. Others like Henry were struck with a sort of amusing terror, saying that if so then all geological rules were overturned—as if that would bring the world to an end,—as if we would not go right to work to make better ones. Henry was also frightened by the discussion; he thought it so dangerous to attack wide-spread views of things.

The discovery itself is a grand one. It is a windfall to Lyell and the old Huttonians, who hold that there is no progression but an eternity of matter, cycle following cycle, in everlasting repetition and return. That all things have been and are what they have been, is the motto of such, and they cannot but rejoice in finding a turtle even earlier than any fish has been as yet made out to exist.

I feel a sort of placid admiration at it. It renders speculation for the present speechless, and thus gives pause to the conflict which ever rages like a storm in the higher regions of philosophical inquiry. It helps me to believe that there never was a time when God was not,—his wisdom and power embodied in admirable forms, and those also not the lowest. It removes further back the possibility of the beginning of his creative inventiveness as a divine faculty in only an incipient or embryo state, and rather on the contrary gives me a glimpse into his eternal glory backward *through* our beginning of things,—*through* the dark night that hangs over our beginning of things, into other preceding and equally luminous days beyond, under the suns of which planets before this were covered with their various creations.

SHAMOKIN, *June* 16, 1851. TO HIS WIFE.

I rose from a grand day's work, eight hours of plotting, and ascended the mountain at the mouth of the gap, making sketches as I rose upon its side. But suddenly the path turned and I stood in presence of one of the sublimest scenes it has ever been my good fortune to behold. To think that it is not a mira-

cle, but always there, is admirable. I stood at the head of a timber slide three hundred feet high, plunging into the jaws of the gap which lay in shadow beneath. The Mountain rose opposite with its broken conglomerates in great stairways confronting that on which I stood. Its mighty flank swept far out down into the Valley, to my left. Over the tree and bush jagged line of the same I saw forward up the valley an immense distance, fifteen miles at least. . . .

Last evening after writing to you I heard a bell, and following its sound found myself in a Methodist German Church or schoolhouse rather, crowded, filthy and with filthy people. A man stood up in the pulpit who looked something like a dog, and something like a fox, and something like a goat, and something like a hog, and a great deal like a real hard one at both temporal and eternal things, and his preaching corresponded. How *fearfully* he bellowed! . . . But the singing was glorious. Oh, those old German hymns of Luther and Melanchthon, and the hundred poets of that terrible age of madness and melody, how they peal like the organs of Europe down the great aisles of Time! Never will their voice cease—their sounding chords go forth throughout all the earth; they preach in hamlets where fools follow their diverse wisdom with inanity and mischief, but the folly is forgotten and only these angelic verses and their soul-moving melodies sink into the memories and lives of the people. Blessings on thy head, O Luther, prince of bards, rival of the son of Jesse. Endless honors crown thy head. In every land thy name, thy verse, thy soul, shall be the watchword of devotion, the inspiration of crowds, the delight of the weary and woful, the wonder of the young. Where thou passest by, singing, magic virtue drops like dew upon the heart, heaven opens and the Lord descends again, faith stands up refreshed, feuds are forgotten, earth is absorbed, dissolved, dissipated, and there remains but the absolute, the infinite, eternity, goodness, love, praise, God the Father, The Son and The Holy Ghost and man worshipping.

We stood and sang together, and none could discern whether we were miners, scholars, speculators or princes. We stood and sang together, and at every repetition of the "Herr Jesu" every hair stood on end, as if we saw a spirit. There I saw dull fox-fire eyes lit up with supernatural radiance. Blessed be the Creator that hast given Poetry to man. Blessed be every poet who inspires the multitudes with holy and happy words, and the poet of music, who furnishes the voice, the vehicle of

the thought. Dear Susie, Music and Poetry are Mysteries, as the Ancients said they were.

June 21, 1851.

. . . I have enjoyed a new Arkism mightily. The feud of the Montagues and Capulets I suspect to be the same as that of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. . . .

How like hunting diamonds—gold sand, or rather fossils, all this work is! A happy hit and a crowd of indices lead you to a vein—to a stratum—to a systematic understanding of the whole why and how.

Désor illustrated this beautifully yesterday when he described his last journey to Lake Superior. He and Whitney entered the unexplored wilderness of swamps between Lake Superior and Green Bay. Three days they travelled without seeing a rock. Giving it up in despair, they returned to a river and encamped. Going down the bank, as was his wont, to examine the height and form of the drift, he saw a stone apparently in place—struck it with his hammer and out leaped a fossil.—Yes, there was one of the little characteristic shells of the Trenton limestone. He shouted this to Whitney who would not believe it; but he heaved the mass on his arm and ran with it up the bank—how he did it he could not tell—and convinced him. That *one* fossil and rock paid them for their three days' search, and made out the geology of the whole region.

A few extracts from my mother's letters of this summer are not out of place:—

DANZKAMMER [her sister, Mrs. Delano's, home on the Hudson], *June* 1, 1851. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . Aunt Kitty speaks with much enthusiasm of a lecture of Mr. Emerson's on the Fugitive Slave law, which he has been delivering everywhere about Boston. She says she particularly respects him for it, because all agitation is particularly distasteful to him. . . .

June 19. TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . I have been reading some excellent tracts of Mr. James Hamilton, a Scotch divine, and wish I could put them in the hands of all our people. Aunt Eliza made them presents to the domestics here, thinking as they are all Scotch Presbyterians they would like them. They are addressed to the working classes, and are full of good practical religious instruction, entirely different

from the vague appeals one often finds in such tracts. What an excellent library we would put in our kitchen for Mary and Nancy if we could, containing Hannah More's beautiful tracts, these of Hamilton's, and many others I can think of. . . .

Aunt Eliza . . . told us a story about the Duke of Sussex, Victoria's Uncle. On a journey in Scotland he met a lady with whom he fell deeply in love and after a long correspondence, he married her. This, you know, was entirely out of rule, for one of the royal family to marry into the family of an obscure Scotch nobleman, and the marriage was pronounced legal, but not regal. As his wife could not be admitted to court, he retired from court and they lived on a beautiful estate in Scotland, quite out of the world, and caring nothing for its favors, as they were both superior to them. They devoted themselves to the improvement and education of the poor on their estates, lived piously and beautifully all their days and found such entire peace in each other's affection that they had nothing left to desire. Their love was such as poets might have sung. When Victoria was a very little girl, she was occasionally sent to her Uncle in Scotland for the benefit of change of air, and she became passionately attached to her gentle and accomplished Aunt, Lady Cecilia. Though she had not seen her for many years, the very first thing Victoria did when she ascended the throne, was to send messengers to Scotland, to inform the Duke of Sussex that she had conferred upon his wife the title of Duchess of Inverness and wished them to appear at court. The good Duke was affected to tears by this remembrance, but they had lived too long in their happy retirement to wish to quit it, and they begged the Queen to excuse them. After a few years more he died, leaving a direction that his remains should not be buried at Windsor Castle, where the rest of the Royal family are laid, but that he might repose in the churchyard of his own estate, "where my Cecilia may rest beside me." The story impressed me very much, as Aunt Eliza told it, simple as it is. I loved the good Duke from my heart. . . .

MILTON, *July* 4, 1851. TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . After church in the afternoon Edward Hale, who was preaching at Dorchester, drove over with Lucretia and spent an hour. Aunt Eliza has found Charley Hale an excellent listener to her discourses upon education, and has explained to him the value of her books over all others of the kind, and is charmed to have found such a young man. . . .

Yesterday after breakfast we heard of Cousin Bennett's [Forbes] arrival and very soon saw him. He came in to give us a greeting, and seemed very well, and happy as he could be to be at home once more. He went into Miss Shepherd's school and proclaimed a holiday for all, and kissed the children all round. There was a great careering over the neighborhood, Margaret and Fanny, Bennett and Rose and John's family driving in and out of the avenue all day long. Mother was greatly moved, and lost her spectacles continually, also her thimble, and everything but her head. . . .

My father adds in a letter of the same date to Catherine Robbins, "Charles Hale has carried off the prize from all competitors, and is now usher at the Latin School, at which William Thayer rejoices greatly."

By July, 1851, my father and mother had returned to Milton, rejoicing to be again in the little home on the hill. They were surrounded on all sides by relatives and friends; and besides themselves the little house seems to have given shelter to Mrs. Lyman, Aunt Kitty Robbins, and the young friend William Thayer, and several others who came and went. There was also of the family one Mary Walker, an escaped slave, who seems to have come from Philadelphia the previous winter, and her safety, after the passage of the "infernal" Fugitive Slave Law, was a matter of great solicitude to my parents. I find letters of 1850 and 1851 from my father's cousin, James Lesley, who had evidently befriended her in Philadelphia and who had aided in getting her to Milton. She is often mentioned in the letters of this date and later, and eventually went to live with Mrs. Lyman when she established herself in Cambridge, and was most faithfully devoted to her. Mary was a fair quadroon, and a finely trained house servant, an exquisite seamstress, and a woman of refinement and considerable beauty. I remember well her gentle voice and sad eyes. When the war broke out, she went South under the auspices of the Freedman's Bureau, and taught, I believe, seeking to find her three children. She was not successful, but later, through General Howard, two of her children were found, and re-

turned to her,—a grown man and woman, whom she had last seen as little children. After a month in Milton my father returned to Pennsylvania for another season of field work, and this time my mother was well enough to accompany him; and, after making a visit in Chambersburg to James Lesley, she established herself at Pottsville for the autumn months.

POTTSVILLE, *Aug.* 17, 1851. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . You will certainly be received with Vivas when you arrive, so intense is public expectation on your account. Désor was there with his good face, and his deaf friend Lesquereux and Peter Shaefer, and I was borne in triumph to the hotel, R. insisting on attending to my luggage. . . .

POTTSVILLE, *Aug.* 21, 1851. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Désor with his usual good fortune, and he is a veritable child of good luck, has just made a most happy discovery, and thus set the seal to the demonstration that these curious nuts and branches belong to true palms. Lesquereux was hammering away an hour in a good locality, when D. returned, picked up a rock, cracked it open, and there was a cabbage or young suckling palm, as big as a child's head, and when broken open full of young leaves all branching from an axis or stalk or root. It is a splendid discovery. I am sitting in the midst of palm branches, ferns, algæ, slime plants and turtle tracks, all discovered in the red shales,—and—to think!—how many years our whole corps were crossing and recrossing these strata, and never knew what we looked at. For many years the finest specimens of fossil tracks yet discovered stared down upon all passers-by from the face of a cliff not a mile from this. It is beautifully illustrated, now and then, how the eye must be trained to see. Rogers and Désor sat for several hours looking at some rocks, and saw nothing but ferns: after a while they returned and suddenly saw palm leaves: they went to another locality to see some tracks, and returning, saw suddenly a multitude on the very surfaces where they had been gazing so long.

But the conditions of light and shade are all-important. A change of light will instantly produce or obliterate the appearance upon many surfaces. . . .

POTTSVILLE, *Aug.* 23, 1851. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . My work here is very mechanical, mere clockwork, but extremely interesting. You will be charmed with Lesquereux, he is a rarity.

In September my mother joined my father in Pottsville.

POTTSVILLE, *Sept.* 11, 1851. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . I came from Phil'a . . . last Thursday. . . . The hills round Pottsville are beautiful. I had no idea that there was so much to admire here in the natural scenery. It is true, the town itself is a dirty little coal hole. But we are surrounded on all sides by mountains covered with verdure, and we cannot see out of them. One feels shut in from all the rest of the world. Our hotel is very comfortable, and we have a very good room, though it does not possess either closet or bureau, both of which articles Mr. Rogers says are the last and highest efforts of civilization.

You may imagine, that it requires some contrivance on my part to keep the room in tolerable order, which is quite necessary, as it is the rendezvous of Mr. Rogers, Désor, Lesquereux, Shaefer, and Colter, at all hours of the day when they are at work indoors, and need to consult continually with Peter, or bring him new materials for his map. I am delighted to be here, the air is fine and bracing, and I never felt better in my life. It is also delightful to see Peter so completely in his element, working very hard, but uncommonly well and strong, free from all nervous troubles, and as happy as the day is long. I had no conception he could go through so much fatigue and exposure without sickness, but he sleeps as he never has done since I have known him, and wakes refreshed. It is certainly the best life for him. We had a beautiful Sunday. We walked and read together, and took one of the loveliest rides at sunset, that I ever saw. We rode through the gap of the mountains, to Schuylkill Haven, and home through fragrant pine groves, with one of the finest skies I ever saw all round us. I see very little of the gentlemen, in any way to converse with them, they are all so busy, and so wholly absorbed in their work. But I enjoy very much seeing them come in to their evening meal, tired to death; but Désor always good-humored and full of talk, and poor deaf Lesquereux, the most interesting to me of the whole group. I think I must tell you his history as Désor told it to Peter. Perhaps you may not know that he is the greatest fossil

botanist in the world. He was born in Neufchâtel, the son of a poor watchmaker. He was very earnest and devoted in his piety and early studied for the ministry. . . . Later he earned a livelihood at Stuttgart by teaching, while he devoted himself to fossil botany in his leisure hours. Among his pupils was the beautiful Adelaide Von Wolffskeel von Ruchenberg, a favorite of Goethe and Schiller, and the daughter of a nobleman of high rank. She was very accomplished, was much at court, and the favorite of the literary circles of Saxe-Weimar. . . . Their intimacy ripened at length into a sincere attachment, and her father consented to their marriage, being willing to overlook Lesquereux's want of birth and fortune, on account of his talents and worth. Lesquereux was soon made a professor in the University of Stuttgart, and was much honored and beloved. Suddenly one evening while at a literary party with his wife, he saw the lips of people moving around him, and many addressing him, but heard no sound. From that hour he has been stone-deaf.* He cannot hear the loudest sound through a trumpet at his ear. Of course his Professorship, his happy home and all his prospects for life vanished in a day, and he was left with a wife and five children quite destitute. He bore his affliction like a man and a true Christian, and at once set himself at work at his father's trade of watchmaking, and maintained his family for some years in that way. But his hard labors in ways so foreign to his early habits and tastes wore upon his health, and he fell sick for two long years. Then his wife Adelaide laid aside all the prejudices of her early education, and with astonishing perseverance learned a branch of the watchmaking trade, and supported her husband and five children for nearly three years. Was she not a wonderful woman? When Lesquereux recovered, he sent some papers he had prepared to some Scientific society and he was soon made commissioner on Peat Bogs in Switzerland, and afterwards by the Prussian Government for the whole of Scandinavia. These reports were greatly admired. But Désor told him that his five boys would have a better chance in this Country than in Europe, and advised him to bring them over and settle in the West. . . . He followed Désor's advice and took his family [West] . . . Désor has the greatest affection and respect for Lesquereux, and indeed no one can help it. He has the sweetest and most gentle spirit, the most calm and Christian fortitude that I ever met with. He has all

* In my father's memoir of Leo Lesquereux, read before the National Academy, April 16, 1890, the account of his deafness gives it as a more gradual appearance.

those lovely ways that one rarely meets with in our countrymen. He brings his slate and pencil in the parlor for me to talk with him sometimes, and he is very quick in observing the motion of the lips. His broken English is very funny (his wife taught him to *speak* English after he became stone-deaf). He wanted to tell me that a good wife is the best gift of Providence, the other day, and this is the way he expressed it: "A goot vife is the most petter present dan Providence can never gif to somebody." He is longing to see his wife (who he says is a great deal better than he is), for he has been here three months. . . .

Peter has this moment come in from a continuous tramp of nine hours. . . .

My mother found kind friends in the Walkers of Pottsville, who had been friends of her brother Joseph at a former period. Here she stayed sometimes when my father was away in the field at some little distance from Pottsville.

FREMONT, *Sept.* 19, 1851. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I have just had a scuffle with my bottle-nosed landlord, who swears that the country will never be safe until some of these abolitionists are swung up by the neck. So I must keep cool or I shall be lynched in this land of the free and home of the brave. I reproach myself for not giving a greater preference to the *suaviter in modo*. . . .

FREMONT, *Sept.* 20, 1851. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I have been pleased with the simplicity of the amiable Yakuts who saw Erman make his astronomical observations at Yakutsk (the coldest place on earth) and were told and believed it that one of the St. Petersburg stars had been lost, and he had been commissioned to traverse Siberia and see if he could find it *in their skies*. The story finally spread through all the Yakut region and even among the wandering Tunguses on the confines of the Kamchatkan sea; and when at last he crossed the Aldan, and ascended to a yurt in the mountains overlooking the Pacific he was again accosted with the question whether he meant to hunt the star up in their sky. . . .

Sept. 21, 1851. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . Désor told me last evening that he thinks he has solved the mystery of the mushroom. A fine mould covers the earth, im-

perceptible except by microscope. This is the real plant, covered with polyps, and the mushroom that grows up in one night is the flower. . . .

I hope you have had as good a Sunday as I have—I garnished our room, sat down and read the Bible, then Désor's Paper on the Analogies, . . . you must read it, for it is highly interesting. . . .

Sept. 28, 1851. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER AUNT CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . We have very comfortable quarters at a little Dutch tavern at Fremont. Our little bedroom opens into a nice little parlor, which is only occupied by our own party. Here, Rogers and Shaefer, Colter and Désor sit of evenings, and talk of coal and conglomerate, and all sorts of geological matters, and I am becoming very familiar with all their talk and their peculiar language. They arrange their plans for the next day, and suggest to each other different arrangements. You would not know I was in the room. I sit on a corner of the sofa with my knitting and listen, and am none the wiser for a great deal of their talk. In Pottsville I had all sorts of discussions with Désor, upon the Immortality of the soul, the various analogies in the Natural World for his own belief, and many other subjects. His religious ideas are entirely rationalistic, and I should think that he believes in the *final* absorption of all souls in God. But however this may be, he has very clear views of the individual consciousness and progress through many successive stages of existence, and I was much interested in hearing him speak of the insight into spiritual things which his constant observation of natural laws, had given him. The decrepitude of old age, which to so many of us is a mystery, is to him one of the most clear and beautiful proofs of a progressive existence. I will try if I can explain it to you, though I cannot do it as he does. As I understand him, all living beings are subject to two laws, that of procreation, and that of death. All the lower animals, as soon as they have fulfilled the first law, yield to the second. Man also, after having lived to carry on the race, must die. But he does not [do so] for a long time. Both soul and body endure for many years after the birth and education of children has been completed. *He* resists the second law of all animal life, and though he cannot so entirely overcome it that both mind and body shall not become weaker, and finally die in an earthly sense, yet the fact that he does resist it, alone of all creatures, proves him to be fit for immortality, and that he will pass into another form at death. Peter has found a beautiful analogy in the growth of a grain of wheat,

so beautifully observed in Corinthians, with which Désor is highly delighted. I shall show you when I come home Peter's description of the wheat, also Désor's beautiful one of the star-fish and jelly-fish, and the changes of the intestinal worms. Sometimes it seems strange to me to hear people trying so hard to prove the Immortality of the Soul from Natural Phenomena when we have the promise in scripture and the record of Christ's resurrection; still all the added weight of testimony derived from these analogies, is a great thing to some minds, and ought to be interesting to all. . . .

Oct. 26, 1851. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER AUNT CATHERINE ROBBINS.

I often think how much Désor would please you on this account, he seems so entirely free from the usual vices of scientific men. He seems never to think of himself or of his own advancement, never makes any secret of his discoveries, is not afraid of other people at all, and possesses his own soul in perfect peace. I do not think he has the least charity or sympathy for nervous people, or irritable sensations of any kind, but this is not strange, as he has a perfect constitution, has never known a day's ill-health, and says he does not know what people mean by feeling nervous. He is always genial and good-humored. We call him our sunshine and shall miss him much, in leaving here.

You can't think how Peter and I are longing to be at the little home once more. I saw Peter smiling the other morning, and asked him why; he said he was thinking of the little house under the Elms and Aunt Kitty running out the door to meet us.—But we shall not be there before the first week in December? . . .

On the way home a visit was made at Fort Plain, N.Y., to my father's sister, Elizabeth Stilwell.

FORT PLAIN, *Nov.* 21, 1851. PETER LESLEY TO HIS FATHER.

. . . The New Yorkers seem really determined to go the whole figure in their reception of the Man of the Age. Is it not amusing to hear of Lord Palmerston's note assuring the Vienna Cabinet that the British Government "will endeavor to bring the Kossuth Mania to its limit, in as speedy a manner as possible"? Kossuth's cool way of showing the shoulder to the Socialists is admirable, and what he says at London settles the question what government he desires for Hungary—viz., English or American.

FULTONVILLE, *Nov.* 26, 1851. PETER LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . I have been studiously inclined of late over Martin's Volumes upon Eastern India and admire the many strange perversions of good taste and morals, in the horrid rites and manners of the Hindus and Mohammedans. . . .

. . . But how unsatisfactory it proves to wade through a history of the conflicts of barbarous nations! We certainly feel how little we have to do, as far as our immortal thinking principle is concerned, with mere acts and facts and the movements of matter, whether organized or not. Unless through all this as a waving veil, we can behold behind it the quiet living face of some *idea*, which alone is the reality, we feel ennui. After all there is nothing real but the idea. Fact is only phenomenal, transient, and the interpreter of the Ideal or Eternal. I grow more inclined to believe in the eternity of matter, the infinite back extension of history, and the infinitely slow progress of any change in the fate or *modus* of nations, every day.

I find my health improving, but it is difficult to remain satisfied with inactivity after a few active months. I rather dread the coming of winter because I shall have more than two months of close drawing, and I have a settled conviction of inability so to do.

MILTON, *Dec.* 11, 1851. PETER LESLEY TO HIS BROTHER ALLEN.

I never ought to have an excuse for writing you, but this time I have one which you might think frivolous, but for the sacredness of all the little ceremonies of family life, hallowed by tradition and memory. Among these one of the most beautiful is that of making New Year's presents, and the way that all old families have of concocting these in the utmost secrecy, and bringing them suddenly forth on the great day invested with all the charms of surprise. Our friends the Hales of Boston keep up this custom, and are busily occupied just now behind sofas and rocking-chair backs in the manufacture of certain, as yet anonymous and unmentionable bonbons, boons, as our old English calls them, and in Swedish Yule Claps. Years ago they established a Mede and Persian law; that the question "What are you making?" should be unlawful any time within three weeks of Christmas, and might be lawfully answered by "it is Corban." That year they called their Christmas gifts Corbans. The next year they got an Italian name, and so some different term in each succeeding year. Last year they were Yule Claps,

because Miss Bremer was arrived, and all the world (of Boston) followed after her. This year they are fairly ashore, having exhausted all their comparative philologies, and so I promise to come to their aid, and get from your German Turkish dictionary the *Turkish* word for present or gift, beyond which of course we cannot go because that unfortunate nation holds no Christmas festival; but in lieu of it a Ramazan. They fairly clap their hands at the suggestion now that the Star of Hungary has just exploded from the Turkish heaven upon us. Assist me therefore, *je vous prie*, and receive my best thanks. . . .

An occasional short sentence in the letters of this time—autumn of 1851—shows the sense of an impending change in their method of life.

Susan says in one place: "I sometimes feel as if our life in Milton may close in the spring, and hope this winter may be a happy one in our dear little home. And yet we may live there for years, and none of us can look forward even a few weeks." And again, in another letter, "Peter says it breaks his heart to think of closing the church."

MILTON, *March* 13, 1852. PETER LESLEY TO HIS FATHER.

Your kind favor of the 9th met us on our return from a short visit to Mrs. [Lydia Maria] Child, now living in West Newton, near Boston. . . . I have no time to say more than that Rogers is now in Phil'a. If all were ready, I would be tempted immediately to go to Philadelphia and soon to take the field. . . . I am sorry to say that Susan will not accompany me. It is risking too much for her to leave home as she did last year. She may meet me somewhere in July or August, but otherwise I shall be alone. . . . I cannot discuss the reasons for my feeling so deeply about my brother's residences and views,* but these pain me deeply when I permit myself to reflect upon them. For we might view every evil, vice, ignorance and accident in the world as permitted by a wise providence, and therefore to be *let alone*,—but Christ taught the reverse of that. He bids us *be* our brother's keepers—to hunt out wrong and redress it,—to war against all unrighteousness to the death—to keep no brotherhood with avowed evil-doers—and to *preach* the gospel of liberty, good will and a right

* Allen, Henry and William, lived at this time in Delaware.

life, to all men, all the time, at all risks to themselves. And if slavery existed in the Ancient Hebrew polity (which I doubt—viz., such slavery as ours), it was allowed "for the hardness of their hearts," and done away by Christ. To conceive of a *Christian* slaveholder is simply an impossibility. Although it is easy to conceive of a Calvinistic or a Methodist or an infidel or a good-natured demoniac slaveholder,—but a Christian slaveholder is grammatical nonsense.

But, as I said, I cannot discuss a subject which in dividing loving hearts by the cold steel of a money-making, political policy, gives the keenest pain. I am no fanatic in my abolitionism; but it is my life, and goes to the extremities of all my politics and religion, as all life must.

I hope soon to be with you again, dear father, until when—with best love and blessings I remain your affectionate son, Peter.

CHAPTER XIII

Last Days in Milton.—Removal to Philadelphia and a Scientific Career. 1852

April 1, 1852, my father again left home and his Milton parish, and went via Northampton to Philadelphia. My mother remained in Milton, occupying herself with the sick and poor of the parish, with the sorrows and anxieties of her hand-maiden, Mary Walker (the fugitive slave), and other cares which she willingly undertook for those she loved and those who needed her love.

My father was at this time in great uncertainty as to what his further course in life should be. He had been for years becoming more and more a man of science, and probably the life of the ministry was becoming increasingly difficult to him. I think he was temperamentally unsuited to the life of a pastor. Personal social relations of a formal and regular character were always difficult to him. To make calls at stated intervals, to talk of neighborhood interests and small matters of personal import, to prepare two sermons every week, etc.,—all these things were alien to his nature. On the other hand he dearly loved to preach, and loved the pulpit as his chance for spreading abroad what seemed to him truths of vital import. He used to say that there was no pleasure greater or more inspiriting than to feel one's self holding and swaying the thought and emotion of an attentive audience. Moreover, he had the warmest personal friendship with those of his parish who needed comfort, help, encouragement. To them he could come with counsel and hope. Then, too, he was essentially a "man's man," and the country pastor is too much confined in his parish work to feminine society. In one of his letters he says in a fit of impatience, "A man should have to do with but three women,—his mother, his sister

and his wife, and hardly so many as that!" But, above all, in my father's case was the great strain he was under of fulfilling double duties,—his sermons and church work, on the one hand; his drafting, geologizing, lecturing, and writing for print, on the other. The time had come when he must choose between the two, and in view of his health it was almost inevitable that the choice should fall on the side of science. For in field work, variety of occupation, and exercise he found the best chance for vigor and physical comfort to himself. I may have given the impression that he was unsocial. This is far from true. He was of a very social nature, and absolutely democratic. His life from the beginning was full of friendship. He was a hearty lover, his affection was strong, intense, and lasting. But for formal, so-called "society life," he had no taste, and no leisure time to devote to it.

MASSASOIT HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, *April* 5, 1852.
PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

I reached Northampton Saturday P.M. and was warmly greeted by Ellis and your brother Sam, who wished me to go home with *him*. . . .

It was bleak and cold and I tumbled incontinently into bed and dreamed of murdering somebody, and being pursued all night long by the officers of justice, through snow heaps. As you may suppose I woke quite *refreshed*, and preached twice,—in the morning the sermon you selected on Living and Dying and felt it much myself. The people were as quiet as mice. . . .

Mr. Joy's sage head and glorious eyes stood ready to give me a hearty shake of the hand at the door, and Mrs. Clarke walked home with us. In the afternoon I chose Aunt Kitty's sermon on Conservatism, and was shocked to find myself pulled up in mid-career—to the unbounded astonishment also of my very respectable audience—for the other half was missing. So they escaped with a short sermon. Going home with Sam Lyman, I saw his wife and daughters and little Jane Brewer, and had a most agreeable visit there. After tea we sat an hour with the Joys, who have both swallowed an air-tight stove and can scarcely speak loud, but were interesting enough even at that. Miss Cochrane was too sick for me to see, but Mr. and Mrs. Thayer and Sarah came to the Ellises in the evening. After which I talked

with Rufus until I almost dropped from my chair into the open fireplace with sleep. *Voilà—c'est toute mon histoire.* . . .

My thoughts are very much in conflict about my course. . . . I feel immense strength and inexhaustible resources, and now is the time to reap their harvest, if ever—for you. . . . If you could see my inner man you would hardly recognize it, under the energizing influences of an opening season and a wide field of enterprise. The moment I am emancipated from the petty thraldom of the study chair, and shake off the small responsibilities of the weekly sermon, I am a man again. . . .

I shall try to do something in the way of London Times illustrations this summer. . . .

I send love as usual to Aunt Kitty and Mother, if with you, and to William Thayer, and wish always to be remembered to Mary [Walker] and Nancy. A slave has suddenly been captured in New York and remanded to the South. Let them be very cautious,—the sword is always over them. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *April* 7, 1852. TO HIS WIFE.

I have seen all who are to be at once seen about home, supped with our Grand Father and just had him fussing round to light my gas-burner and see that I am comfortable before he goes to bed. It is nearly nine o'clock. I feel at rest, and wish to revise the hours. When I travel I live many days' lives in one. In the streets, in the boat, in the cars, infinite trains of reflection, all vehement, succeed each other. Every new person condenses the intercourse of months into an hour or half an hour. *In medias res* is the motto, and an arrow sticking in the white spot of the target is the symbol of travellers. Hence the fatigue from which you suffer so much, and which only insures me sleep. . . .

April 11, 1852. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I got into lively conversation with my old friend Dr. Hare of Princeton, David Trumbull's favorite, upon German, and general theology, history and criticism. He is more of a hare than ever, except in courage, much of which he exhibited, with a full assurance of faith, on the technics of science, which was pleasing. My brain is sluggish;—it has been so overworked of late it needs a rest to-day, and shall have it. I desire some spiritual converse, and surely it is to be had; yet the difficulty which poor Man is made to feel when he endeavors to find food for the body, because he wants fine and rich food, and much more, has

its counterpart in the vain longings we often feel for manna—vain because too high strung; for the soul needs common and even coarse nourishment, or it also becomes dyspeptic. Is it not possible? I have tried lately to restore my appetite for commonplace spiritualism, and the daily fare of the good who are not puffed up with wisdom over-much. Do you not think, that this is wise?

Thank you for telling me about B—— and his family and for doing there what was right. If we don't get on in the world very fast, let us have the happiness of doing a little for others as we jog along. You must feel, my darling, that I am with you in will and act, in all such things, and while you are entirely free to do what your heart proposes, only join me to yourself in spirit in such good offices, and I will be satisfied. . . .

My mother writes, April 12, 1852, these words in one of her long letters: "Whatever plan you decide upon, believe it will suit me. Do not forget how good a Lecturer you may be, if other things fail."

April 14, 1852. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . Aunt Kitty and I have laughed and cried over the first volume of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for two days, and are waiting impatiently for the second. It is a book that will make a vast impression for good, I am sure. It opposes all pro-slavery views, far better than arguments and reasoning could do. There is not a bitter word against Slaveholders in the whole of it, and is written in a wholly different spirit from any of the Abolitionist articles. How I wish Father and Joe and Allen would read it. I am sure they would feel it to be a good book, and as Mrs. Stowe is a thorough colonizationist, they would not be offended by her principles. The religion running through it is the pure religion and undefiled. I wonder that Mrs. Child should have called it Theology, or anything else but *real vital fervent* Christianity, the spirit of Jesus that is to renovate the world, and right all wrong. I don't know whether I want you to read it or not, for you feel such things so intensely, but it is undoubtedly *the* story of the age. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *April* 14, 1852. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . If I adopt the profession of Geologist or topographer, you are aware, dear, that it may carry me off every summer, the Lord

only knows where. That is its worst feature. But man is a pilgrim and a stranger upon the earth. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *April* 18, 1852. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I wandered all day yesterday about the streets, but was remunerated after all by finding that I could hold this tyrannical gloominess in a very effective and wholesome check. I sought out the objects of human woes among the crowds, stood and looked at the wilted and woe-worn apple-women, planted myself on the wharfs for an hour at a time, comparing the mien and expression of travellers entering the New York Steamboat, sympathizing with the seedy old gentlemen in scrimped coats and tarnished metal buttons, and worn-out bank clerks going into the country,—watched the real pleasures, and compared them with the sudden and violent outbursts of rage and misery of the Newsboys, until I became calm and self-possessed. I am always *satisfied* with life; I do not know what it is to complain of my lot. It is not that—but a profound hopelessness and an exhaustive criticism of the instability and general unsoundness of all things, blows upon me like an enervating sirocco from the deserts of No Faith. . . .

I saw Kossuth yesterday also. His shoulder almost touched mine as he went onto the Steamboat. There were twenty or thirty here who suspected the hour when he would pass through. He drew his hat so very low over his brow that I could only see distinctly his lower face. He seemed as full of business, and as completely and unconsciously at home in it, as the best of our business men, as wholly unconscious of the crowd as were the other stragglers who came running up, afraid they were too late. I comprehended then the expression used by so many, and which always struck me rather unpleasantly—I remember Mrs. Bennett Forbes used it the evening of the party at the Chapmans,—"his characteristic feature was that of profound humility." It is inconceivable that a man of his history and make and nature should exhibit it, should look and walk as he does. I took off my hat as he passed and let it fall to the ground, and looked after him, saying to myself, there moves an unconscious universe in space. God bless the unselfish patriot. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *April* 23, 1852. TO HIS WIFE.

Henderson has delighted me, and he says I have made him very happy. He was in solitude, he says, until I came. "We

are much alike in our inwards," as John James Garth Wilkinson ought to say, but probably would not. He is to be appointed to the Asylum here, I judge, for a couple of years, and will not leave the Navy for his farm in Penn's Valley. . . .

A letter from my mother, undated, says: "I went to town yesterday to see the Kossuth reception, or rather *himself*. Aunt Kitty and I had a fine view of his noble face as he slowly passed Mrs. Wolcott's house in Boylston Street where we were. . . . But the best of all is that Estes [Howe] is going to get me a chance to go to Faneuil Hall to-morrow eve, and hear him speak."

April 28, 1852. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I am charmed at your seeing Kossuth. I wish we had seen him together, and I lay awake last night, thinking how you were moved under his voice. I shall be impatient to hear about it.

May 1, 1852. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

It seems a long time since I have written to you, though I did write on Thursday, but so much has happened in the intervening time that it seems a week. I went into town Thursday afternoon, joined the Cambridge party in Court St., and proceeded to Faneuil Hall, two hours before the time. I never had a conception of a crowd before. We soon found ourselves in the midst of a sea of people, pressing upon each other from three directions, there was not space enough anywhere to wedge in a cane. We were literally taken off our feet forty minutes in this position. I wonder that ribs and backbones were not broken by the pressure of large fists and elbows—yet I had also no idea that a crowd could be so good-natured. There were the funniest things said by the sufferers, and repeated through the crowd, with many laughs and cheers. An immensely fat man behind me laid his great palms against my shoulders, when there was an onward movement of the people, saying as he shoved me, with an inimitable Yankee tone—"It is quite important *marm* to give a *leetle larch*." He was certainly acquainted with "Our Seth's boat, when it upsot." Well, your Susie got in unhurt, had an excellent seat in the gallery, and heard Kossuth. I was not in the least carried away, though I am glad I have seen and heard him. There was the greatest enthusiasm in the audience. I shall send you the speech. There were beautiful things in it, but it was not

brilliant, and as for eloquence, that is out of the question, where a man reads every word, as if from a book, with downcast eyes, without gesture, or ever departing from his notes. I was altogether much moved with his appearance. There is a profound melancholy in his whole air, and his eyes have the saddest look I ever saw. Susan Hillard has been very intimate with Madames Pulsky and Kossuth, ever since they came, is with them all the time, and accompanies them in all their visits to the schools, asylums, etc. She tells beautiful stories about them. They are two heroic women,—Madame Pulsky highly intellectual. They are worn out and anxious, always shrouded in the deepest mourning dresses, for Hungary. They say that the whole Hungarian nation wear black, and deny themselves every luxury that comes from the Austrian hand. These two ladies weep over the luxurious entertainments given them in this country. "So much wealth here," said Madame Pulsky to Cousin Susan, "and to think that it would buy life and liberty for our poor Hungary." . . .

Attached to this letter is a curious printed dollar-bill "dated at New York, 2nd of February, 1852," promising to pay the holder one dollar, one year after the establishment of the Independent Hungarian Government. Signed by L. Kossuth.

May 2, 1852. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . For myself I am completely without wishes, sure of being happy anywhere, and free from that strong clinging to Milton I had a year ago, though I have been very happy here and no doubt should be. I wish only for your health, happiness and success anyway, more in the heavenly treasures than any other, and believe that God will allow us to do our small share of good, as well in one place and occupation as another.

On May 5, 1852, my father was offered by Mr. Miller, "Head Engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad," $1,200 a year and "a constant supply of architectural, mechanical, and topographical drawing *here* in the city the year round." This offer, after forty-eight hours of uncertainty and pondering, he thought best to accept. He writes my mother: "The Rubicon is passed, if it will only not grieve my darling. . . . It is a very important step, but I think that I have acted

on the whole for the best." Thus ended his life in the ministry, and the pleasant Milton years. It was certainly hard for my mother to leave the dear friends who surrounded her in the New England home, and in later years she told us of the wrench it had been to all her nature to make the change. She loved the place, the people, the little church, their own parishioners, and the position of love and esteem she and her husband held in the community. But she never allowed her own feelings of sorrow to disturb him, and probably her judgment approved the step on his account. He, however, realized what the change meant to her, and grieved over it, even while he felt the necessity. She was to remain in the little home on Milton Hill until late autumn, and then join him in Philadelphia. In a letter of May 11, 1852, after approving his acceptance of Mr. Miller's offer, she adds, "I cannot help hoping that we may end our days in New England, yet I have no prejudice against living elsewhere, and feel sure of becoming strongly attached to any place and people where I am thrown."

FAIRHAVEN, *May* 15, 1852. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . Perhaps you do not like my little *saving* schemes; you would, dear, if you only saw how they all look forward to a little home of peace, where we can bless others tenfold.—But I do not want, when we have a home, that our liberality should always be cut short by the fear of debt, and you be forced to neglect doing one thing well, for the sake of making both ends meet, which always makes you do odd jobs of every kind, for the purpose of raising money.—In the long run, it would sour your temper and ruin your health. Do not let us *now* take upon ourselves so many burdens, that we cannot finally have a home, where brothers and sisters and children and friends, the poor and the sorrowing may come to find peace and rest. We will never be stingy in the present for any future, but I am sure it is worth saving for, to found a home that shall not be a heavy burden to us. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *May* 16, 1852. PETER LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

I am glad that you saw and heard Kossuth. His speeches are still fresh to me, and the quality of immortality which char-

acterizes only the highest and best of things. At Bunker Hill he was no doubt to a degree inspired, but that could not appear in his speech, seeing that it was written before he went, but it may well have influenced his tones and mien. I have heard nothing about him for a week. . . .

Kossuth's influence upon the age will be immense. His outward appearance, his personal impression upon a crowd, ought to be slight, for he belongs to the world of invisible and omnipotent ideas or universalities, as one of the spiritual imponderables,—not to that of the picturesque form or material, passive and plastic. He is like the magnet shut up within the helix, the exhibitions of its life are at the opposite poles—a thousand miles off—in all directions. The passion and power of oratory lie in the nerves and sensibilities of the bodily frame; the greater the brain or head, the more powerful the effect. But the revolutions of eras are effected by what size cannot measure nor weight weigh, which occupies neither time nor space, the spirit or *logos* of man, which seems to be merely *vivified and self-conscious truth*, clad in flesh to exhibit itself and multiply its consciousness. This cares nothing for mere exhibition, or that which appears to disappear. It always seeks in its deeds its own immortality and its own universality. The Kossuth therefore cares nothing for local effects, but only for permanent realizations of Right, and their multiplication and repetition everywhere where they suit. It is a great misfortune not to have seen a Kossuth—once. But the men of wealth and form must hate him. It is the fate of luxury to hate permanent ideas. It seeks perpetual change, for it lives only in the passing moment, is chagrined at the past, and is fearful of the future, and therefore its punishment is to be *ennuyé* with the present, which is an eternal punishment. God give us the freedom of the Great Jerusalem of thought and truth! There alone can we live. . . .

My father's dear friend Henderson was married in May to Miss Virginia Picot, of Philadelphia, a very beautiful and charming woman. He describes the wedding to my mother at length, in a letter of May 23, and winds up thus:—

Presently it was at an end; the benediction was echoed from heart to heart, they turned and faced a crowd of prophets and prophetesses of their future happiness; every one flew down upon them with a hand-grasp, or for a kiss. Virginia ran about kissing

everybody, red as a sunset, like the Jungfrau when she takes good-night of the Bernese people.—Two old Scotchmen in one corner shook hands, and said one to the other,—"Wull, wull, late us nu gang bock into thaw Woruld." I felt that for me there was no going back into the world—it was all "well, well," in too high a sense to leave the world our prison. Nothing like the great facts of the world, realized by the good, with beauty, for lifting us out of the dungeons of the satanic trade and cant world which we call the "woruld." I went, it is true, down Chestnut St. to my office, and met hosts of coats and frocks walking, but I was still at the wedding and at our wedding; . . . and then I wished to make some present to the pair, to bring my bodily life up into the spirit life where my soul moved. I mooted the question of an immediate resurrection, so to speak, through some tangible present. Some one had brought in to Virginia just at the hour an exquisite flower basket of biscuit ware. That was well—but I had something better. I could lend them new eyes to see nature with, I could bring the beauties of their route closer to them. I could command the elements, and subsidize light for their marriage tour,—that was much better. I rode home in the first omnibus, got my lorgnette in its old case, with the band still round it, torn and dusty, jumped into another bus that passed just by, and found them as they stepped into the boat. They were of course pleased with my lenses, and when the bell rang, we left them alone in the crowd together on the waters, with the evening sun lightening up the trees of the Jersey shore, boats crossing each other's wakes over the whole stretch of the river, and the sky just so tempered in its blue with cloudy fleece as to typify to them subdued hopes and chastened joys. In half an hour I was deep in calculation how many feet must be taken from the north boundary of the Powell property, so as to leave just 30 acres of land on each side of the R. Road curve in West Philadelphia. At half-past six I locked my door, strolled up Walnut Street, bought some nuts at the corner of 5th—fed the squirrels and peacocks in Independence Square, turned from Chestnut Street up 6th under the scaffolding of the new buildings, bought six oranges at the Confectioner's in Market Street next to Uncle's store, who told me they were as sweet as strawberries, and some taffy at the old woman's in Sugar Alley, where I used to get it 30 years ago—for Aunt Hall—and sat down, tired as a hod-carrier and happier than any lord, to tea with my dear old Governor and his very tolerable and almost amiable wife and my *petit beau-frère*, and talked and joked and read Kossuth's

last speech—and—went to bed and dreamed I was married myself—but I won't say to whom, for you would be shocked.

May 24, 1852, he moved out to Germantown, where he lodged first at Buttonwoods, "a famous hotel for thirty years back."

May 26, 1852. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . Susan [Hillard] is entirely absorbed in the business of raising a subscription for the poor Hungarian ladies who are expected this week. The mother of Kossuth, an old lady of seventy, her three widowed daughters and eleven children, will all arrive in a day or two, without money or clothing, sent from an Austrian prison to this country, without time or means to collect the necessaries of life. They are going to Cincinnati, to open a school, but they have nothing to get there with. Kossuth religiously keeps all the money he has obtained here, for his people, so they cannot be benefited except by private kindness. Madame Pulsky tells Cousin Susan, that Kossuth's mother is a noble old lady, much worn with long imprisonment, and that the daughters are pious, excellent, devoted, one of them possessing great genius, and that they only need the means to get them to Cincinnati, . . . and they can get their own living without anybody's help. . . .

June 8, 1852. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . I wish you would get Sandy to read "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In a private letter to a friend, that I have seen, Mrs. Stowe speaks joyfully of the numbers of children that read it, and says when she thinks of that, she thanks God, and takes courage, and shall try again. Old Mr. Amos Lawrence keeps an immense number of copies on hand, and gives to everybody that visits him, grown or little folks, that have not read it. He also bought two hundred copies, and sent out to California, to be distributed there, and another hundred he sent to friends in the South. Amer Hollingsworth, who never cared a sou for Anti-slavery was induced to read it in a queer way. He had larger demands for paper than ever before, and found he could not with all his efforts make enough. Publishers sent to him asking if he would not set up a new mill. "Uncle Tom" was called for so fast that I should not dare to tell you how much paper was wanted. Amer Hollingsworth kept his paper-mill going extra hours, and then had the curiosity to read the book that kept him so busy. He and

his wife cried over it, and come what will, they are Anti-slavery people henceforth. It is a book of wonderful power, and what a work it will do! . . .

At this time my father was very busy over plans for a new depot for the Pennsylvania Railroad in Pittsburg. His letters are full of architectural ideas, sketches, descriptions, etc. What became of all this work I do not know.

June 10, 1852. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I do nothing but draw, draw, draw all day, and haven't an extra thought to throw to a dog. . . .

He writes rather whimsically:—

June 11.

My pressing piece of work was duly signed, sealed and delivered to Adams & Co. Public Benefactors and addressed to O. W. B. P. A. E. P. R.R. for the benefit of the City Fathers in Pittsburg (a gang of soap-boiling ragamuffins—by all accounts) —to recommence negotiations about shutting up two alleys, to erect an incredible monstrosity called a Station House. Said Station House duly skylighted, towered, plastered, round-windowed, balustraded, flat-roofed, and flattened generally down to the taste of the American public, and conscript Pittsburg Fathers in particular; but in a more especial manner adapted to Mr. ——— ———'s appreciation of the beautiful.

June 16, 1852. TO HIS WIFE.

. . I have been again among the squalors of the newly purchased property between Market and Kelly, Thirteenth and Juniper Sts. There sat a score of feeble and feverish mothers, on doorsteps, in little back yards, watching scores of dirty children playing in the gutters. Some asked me eagerly if I intended to build them better houses. My smile was no doubt a sad one when I replied that I wished I could. The little children fought who should hold the ring end of my tape, as I went from one brick edge to another, and measured one filthy wall after another. There were sheds also inhabited, and afterwards stables innumerable, full of horses, and ending in old wooden houses full of Irish people; and the backs of Market Street flash (*sic*) shops, and so I wormed

in and out like the Devil in Paris, taking the measure of human enormities, questioned by beings of every species.

June 20, 1852. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

How I felt for the miserable people who asked if you were going to build them little houses! What a pity that more rich people do not set about such enterprises!—What a pity that any boy should grow up, with property, without being inspired with the same ideas that have led Charles Barnard, and Sam Eliot, and Charles Norton and Dr. William Lawrence, to devote their lives and money to the erection of Children's Hospitals, schools, and employment houses! Just after you left here, I saw the large house in Channing St., where the Mothers who go out days to work leave their young children for the day. . . .

Here followed a description of the arrangements for the good of the children.

July 1, 1852. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . To-day . . . I have lain on the sofa all day, reading the Memoirs of Agrippina, and rejoicing that I did not live in her day, unless indeed my lot had been cast among the early Christians. Aunt Kitty complains that I gobble up books so fast, she can't keep me supplied. She and I have lately read a novel "The Head of the Family," deeply interesting, and the hero reminds me much of my Peter. I was much pleased with Lesquereux's letter, which you sent me. How I wish I could see him! Do I understand him rightly, that he is convinced Désor will never return to this country? . . . Aunt Kitty sent you a paper containing Kossuth's speech at the Tabernacle, which we thought the most beautiful of all his speeches. I shall send you also a *Commonwealth* containing [Joshua] Giddings' speech on Slavery, which seems to me very fine. I only hope that Charles Sumner will wake up to the same degree of righteous boldness. The Abolitionists are making anxious inquiries after his backbone, but I have faith in him still.

My father had evidently another plan for the depot on hand, for he writes:—

July 9, 1852. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I have devised a noble Egyptian front to my Depot, and will have three artists work in inventing crowds of figures for the frieze to represent in stiff Egyptian style the handicraft, commerce, steam and telegraph of modern days. It's a bright thought, and worth trouble which I shall not spare. If I can induce enough taste in the men I deal with to accept my designs, I shall introduce a new style into our Architectural Art. . . .

Your letters are springs of cool water by a turnpike road, in a hot and hilly land. . . .

July 14, 1852. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . Cousin Susan Hillard is now rejoicing in having been the means of uniting a husband and wife, who have had for years no trace of each other. The wife escaped from slavery years ago, perhaps ten years since. The husband escaped and reached Boston a month ago. Somehow he fell in with Susan and told her his story. She wrote numerous letters to Canada, among others, one to Jones Lyman in Montreal. . . . Jones hunted the colored population through, and when the poor man reached Montreal, was at the station house to receive him, and conducted him to his long-lost wife. . . . Mrs. Stowe has received ten thousand dollars from the sale of "Uncle Tom," and gives largely to any distressed fugitive case. . . .

Do you know that a few weeks since the Consociation in Connecticut voted a second trial of Dr. Bushnell, and that his church were so indignant at it, that they at once withdrew from the jurisdiction of the Consociation, and made themselves an independent church, without even asking Dr. Bushnell's advice or consent. . . .

In August of 1852 my mother had joined my father in his Germantown lodgings, and there they remained for several months, after which they removed to rooms in Philadelphia for the winter. It was, as I have said before, a heavy trial to my mother to leave Milton. My father also regretted the change, but it is evident from the tone of his letters that the new life better suited his temperament and instincts, and that the relief from sermon-making and regular parish duties was very great. He was in truth a man of science, and felt himself now to be working in the line

for which his talents best fitted him. I do not think he ever regretted the years given to the Theological School or to the work of the ministry, and he retained throughout life certain intellectual and spiritual interests which were the direct outcome of those early studies. I well remember his delight in such books as Renan's "Vie de Jésu," Kuenen's "History of Israel," and Stanley's "Jewish Church." They stood side by side on his mantel-shelf with the latest scientific manuals, magazines, and brochures, where in a leisure half-hour he could find them, and, sinking into the neighboring arm-chair, light his short pipe full of mild tobacco, and read (and mark with his blue pencil as he read) either to himself or, if he found a willing listener, aloud, until duty called him again to his drawing-board, manuscript, or proof-reading.

In September they went to visit the Delanos at their new place on the Hudson, "Algonac." My father remained there two or three weeks, and then returned to Philadelphia, and presently went into the field in Western Pennsylvania for the rest of the season.

LATROBE, *Oct.* 5, 1852. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . The work is interesting, the weather fine, the scenery charming. The river winds through beautiful meadows with wooded banks, and dashes its folds against high and steep wooded bluffs. . . . After my work was over with the party, I went along the river-bank, far from any house, under a lovely alley of great trees extending for a quarter of a mile. The setting sun streamed through them, and slanting over the high bank under which I walked, struck full upon the red and yellow trees that crowd up the opposite slope and were reflected, every branch and tinted leaf in the still mirror of the water. I walked with you in spirit, and recalled some fine utterances of Aunt Kitty in her last letter to me, by which I learned that she was enjoying the ever-young nature there, but how much more would she have enjoyed this here! I walked till the sun was long down, and thought with much grateful feeling how work is lightened to the laboring man. I can give you no adequate conception of the surpassing loveliness of these scenes. . . .

To-day a letter comes from Lesquereux, just arrived at Colum-

bus . . . He begs me to come to see him; expresses the greatest joy and gratitude at getting home after five months' absence, well, and finding all well. Says he has everywhere been successful with his identifications, . . . The impression he made at the Summit* was extraordinary; they speak of his visit as of an angel's.

NEW ALEXANDRIA, *Oct.* 13, 1852. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . By the time I had got back to the "big house," it was quite dusk, and an old man with a face like a deacon's, two young men and a woman, all evidently deacon's children (or *elder's* I should say in Pennsylvania), were sitting down at the table in the kitchen where the old lady presided. And there was a vacant chair there also. They had no doubt had a family consultation (as to boarding and lodging me for the night) in my absence, and resolved, on Christian principles, to take the stranger in; so down I sat, and soon made friends of the old couple, for sure enough the old father was an elder in the Presbyterian church, and I could tell him endless stories of Dr. Green and Dr. Alexander, and speculate upon the probabilities of Dr. Humphrey's resignation, and all that. But I never let on that I was ever deeper in the mysteries of Clerical society than a spectator might be. After tea, I drew my boots and opened my charts, and showed him where Slatter's line ran fifteen years ago down Crab tree branch, across his flats, and up McClelland's run. Yes, he remembered it right well. He could show me about where they passed his lane above the locust-tree, and although he supposed the stakes were all gone, yet there was a hickory-tree up the run, which had a long time ago many figures and "strange marks" upon it, and he'd shew me that. A common big-wick tallow candle stood between us on the parlor table, his son drew up a chair, and three newspapers lay on the table, each of us took one and sat a long time in silence reading, the daughter sat still behind, knitting, the Mother in the kitchen. My paper happened to be the *Presbyterian.* A queer sensation ran through me as I opened it, which I now always feel whenever I meet it, as if an enemy whom I despised met me. "What! Here too Billy Engles!" is its translated meaning. "Thou old fox! Thou half-saint sinner of a Church politician; with thy Calvinism and thy sneers at De Hawkes and Oberlin, etc.,—art thou friend and Curé here also?" How ubiquitous—how omnipotent in his way, is the editor of a popu-

* The Summit was at Cresson, on the top of the Alleghanies, and the home of my father's friend, Dr. Robert Jackson.

lar, especially of a religious denominational organ of a newspaper! Yet I never fail to feel my disgust gradually subside into a sort of happy satisfaction as I leave the second page, and turn to the first, and especially to the fourth, where all sorts of tender harmonies of the soul, tales of faith and charity, receipts for the cure of heartsickness, and what not, are spread out like delicious viands on table before these innumerable country families. I hit upon a pretty story (if true), of a mouse that during the absence of the family had got into a canary bird's cage, and when the family returned was not only quite domesticated there, but had begun to take music lessons and actually (?) learned to imitate perfectly the canary's song, but in a low sweet tone, and loved to prompt the bird, and lived upon its seed and cake. Tell that to Dora and say for me that I mean to have a kiss for that pretty story, when I return. Indeed I think she will grant that it is worth one a day for a whole week. . . .

NEW ALEXANDRIA, *Oct.* 15, 1852. PETER LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . The Loyalhanna itself is as beautiful as its name, gambolling (I can call its action by no other name) from side to side in wonderful eccentric loops, down through now wild solitudes, and now most smiling farms. I wish Thoreau had chosen it instead of the tame Merrimack for his description. The biography of such a river, even flowing as it does through almost unhistoric scenes, would if well written arrest the attention of the world. It is pleasant to think that every year helps to make our land historical, adding the tints of age, the mosses of romance, filling local scenery with family adventure, and giving dead nature life. . . .

I have greatly enjoyed my occupation; but you know I have an unhappy habit of soon tiring of everything, and I already heartily wish that I were at home. Dear Aunt Kitty, you little know how intense my longings are after an ideal perfection in nature, temper, morals and manners, which successive years only seem to postpone more surely. These aspirations are probably common to most men; if so, their being so commonly unfulfilled suggests despair. And yet when I see you so patient, self-sacrificing, affectionate, and wise in your judgment and your treatment of others, I cannot despair of some day becoming more worthy of life. What astonishes me is that I ever dared to patronize virtue and preach Christianity. What is it in the difference of airs in New England and in Pennsylvania, that makes a person radical

there and conservative here? For I am becoming conservative, in very fact. One reason may be that here no topic of high morality is ever mentioned. If the traveller introduces a reforming thought, it lies down in a general silence, like a gazelle fawn dropped in the snows of Nova Zembla, and is instantly frozen to death. To talk of anything but courtship and marriage or railroad business here, one must set to and preach, monopolize conversation, and be damned for a pedagogue. Religion is quite perverted to mere orthodoxy, and so great a fear of any liberal thought pervades all minds that people will not dare talk to you. You can no more get them to discuss faith and free will than you could get the Spaniards to discuss the supremacy of the Pope in the days of Torquemada.—You tell us in your letters always just what we most wish to know, about our friends and their affairs. Tell William [Thayer], if you please, that I flagellate my spiritual back daily for not writing to him, but have come to the conclusion that I am too much of a fool to do it. He sent me a *To-day* with a capital critique on Hawthorne, the latter part of which I especially admired, as it gradually cleared itself, and completely, from the few faults of style (to me) which appeared in the first page or two before his pen grew warm. I am in such a desert as to literature, that I cannot find him even a cactus flower to send. I shall die mentally of inanition at this work. . . .

Oct. 17, 1852. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Six o'clock. I have been to prayer meeting, and my ears are full of wind, and my belly of chaff. God knows I preached better than *that!* I thank him for it. Certainly I did not blow such oat-bread dust about, or purvey such stony provender to our little flock at Milton. There is to be a prayer meeting at twelve o'clock next Sunday, in lieu of preaching, as the venerable dealer in chaff is to meet his brethren in Synod. I have a mind to come and preach myself. Surely the words of our good Master would do good, and I could find some wheat even among the chaff of my own unwinnowed life. . . .

NEW ALEXANDRIA, *Oct.* 22, 1852. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . It is very amusing to observe the great variety and distinct individuality of character, as one stops to dinner or to sleep, at one house after another. All are differently composed,—the families I mean,—and every man, woman and child is himself and no other person; yet some remind me of others whom I have

known elsewhere. The Postmaster here, for instance, strongly recalls to my remembrance Wendell Phillips. But these are rare exceptions. I can run over in my mind now fifty different people, old and young, whose acquaintance I have made this week, and whom I know as well as if I had seen them under ordinary circumstances every day or two for half a year,—who are perfectly well defined in face, mien, and mental culture, and spiritual nature. Family resemblances, however strong, do not obliterate, but rather set forth this astonishing individuality, which the open air, hard work, scant resources of pleasure, and free room for the will, in such a land as this, are sure to generate. I wish you were a man, my darling, that you could go with me where I go, see what I see, and become as much one with me in these infinitely varied sceneries as we are one in all things else. . . .

Oct. 22, 1852. To his Wife.

I have spent this week down the valley at farm-houses, far from any post road. . . . Yesterday and day before I suffered great pain, but the weather was too fine to stop, and my anxiety to get through kept me running and climbing until I fairly conquered the pain, and it left me entirely to-day. I surveyed the wildest gorge yesterday, walled in with sublime cliffs hoary with age and moss, and at their feet ran the little river, among immense rocks fallen from above, and broken hemlocks, and matted laurel. The sun went down, the owls began to hoot, the river began to shine out like one of Turner's pictures in the dusk, and I looked about in vain for some path, however rough, out of this Purgatory, as the neighbors have named it. I at length faced the vast wall of rocks and shingle, and clambered straight up, twice as high above the water as Warren's house is above the Hudson, and then to the summit of a noble hill, whence I could overlook the region far and wide, even to the Mountains. I espied a house also down to the right, in a lovely concentration of little vales, and there came up from it a sonorous blast from the supper horn; so taking one sight to the great brick church at Saltzburg to fix my place, I shouldered my tripod, hurried down some lanes, and was received like an old friend by a charming family of North Irish people by the name of Johnston,—of the worthiest sort; and nothing they could do for my comfort seemed to satisfy them. We sat up late (for us), then they gave me the big Bible, and with a happy heart I went with the old man up to the nicest of bedrooms, full of beds, and slept within curtains, in lamb's-wool blankets, a sweeter sleep than I have had since

leaving home. . . . When I left this morning, they all begged me to "call again," which I heartily promised to do.

Oct. 24, 1852. To his Wife.

. . . The oddities of country life come out in many unexpected ways. They have new idioms here—such as the use of *Vast* as a noun, "a vast of houses,"—or "of snow"; this is our original *waste*, a great stretch of desert. Talking of the new hotel putting up here in Latrobe, two men agreed in my hearing that "it would be a real bully house"; I suppose this to be the vulgar English of *belle*, as jolly is of *jolie*. I have heard it used by many vulgar people, but especially by boys, which proves its great antiquity. Traditions of great old fashion are here in general vogue; for instance they would as soon dispense with the bread or with the wine at communion as with the little round leaden "tokens," which are here a perfect absurdity, but in Scotland were a necessity, inasmuch as it was impossible to "fence the tables" without them, where six or eight large congregations met to commune by thousands, governed by ten or twenty ministers. Without tokens of some sort, all sorts of wolves would get in among the sheep. They retain also the beautiful custom of spreading long tables in open parts of the churches and sitting round them. You would be surprised and charmed with the sound common sense and acute argumentative powers of the elderly people. I think they resemble very much the inhabitants of the Connecticut valley, but are not quite so well educated. Books abound in the farmhouses, and in many of them an exemplary neatness and great comfort. Others are horrid, bare and miserable in their lives, and many are filthier than you could conceive of. . . .

Oct. 27, 1852. To his Wife.

. . . We have just heard of Webster's death. It gave me a great shock. I then realized first his true and awful position in the universe—in universal history.

Oct. 30, 1852. To his Wife.

. . . Sat up reading Tom Hood's "Up the Rhine"; but how soon protracted humor palls! It is the lowest wholesome food of the human soul. It makes me doubt whether there really be any humor in heaven. Wit is quite another and a better thing; it is the soul, to humor, the body. I had a most forlorn time here Wednesday afternoon and evening. It rained, and I fell into the

dumps, and megrims of all shades beset me, and I began to doubt and hate everything and everybody, and would have gone to bed so, but for my kind hostess coming in with two nice volumes of "Uncle Tom," which I read and reread till quite late, wondering that there was so much in it that I had neither seen nor heard, and wondering more and more at the perfection of the book as a mere work of art. . . .

November 6 my father returned to Philadelphia, where a few days later my mother joined him. Long letters of this date to my grandmother Lyman tell of how they settled themselves into rooms on Arch Street, and of the various friends they made,—Dr. Furness and his brother James Furness's family, Mrs. Palmer (Isaac T. Hopper's sister), and several others. Of Dr. Furness my mother writes: "He is a remarkably genial and happy man. One feels that he has really attained to the liberty wherewith Christ makes his followers free."

PETER LESLEY

From an old Daguerreotype

SUSAN INCHES LESLEY

From an old Daguerreotype

CHAPTER XIV

Professional Life. 1853–1858

The ten years from 1853 to 1863 were years of anxiety and struggle, but at the end of that time my father's reputation as a competent working geologist was fully established, and he had become widely known as a man of science.

My father and mother had left Mrs. Lyman and Miss Robbins in the Milton house, where they remained for some months, after which my grandmother moved to a house in Cambridge, on Garden Street, where she remained eight or ten years. Here my mother usually spent her summers, while my father was occupied with geological field work, not only in Pennsylvania, but occasionally in the South and West. He was often obliged to be absent from home on these expeditions late into the autumn, and even until midwinter. The exposure and hardship of the winter trips was often very great, but, on the whole, the life suited his health better than a purely sedentary occupation would have done.

He and my mother were deeply interested in the anti-slavery question, and they felt the gathering clouds of national trouble, which were to culminate in the Civil War. They were personally interested in the fate of several fugitive slaves, chief among these Mary Walker, their faithful handmaid in the little Milton home. The letters make frequent reference to her sorrows and anxieties, to the Fugitive Slave Law ("that wicked law," as my mother once expressed it), to the Kansas and Nebraska sufferers, and to the hopes and fears of the reform party in the national election of 1856.

It seems best here to make some small reference to the most painful episode of my father's life,—his rupture with his old friend and master, Henry D. Rogers.

He had always great respect for Dr. Rogers's abilities as a geologist and a man of science, and often mentioned with great satisfaction the honors paid to him at various times by scientific men in Europe, as well as in this country. But I fancy he had always found it difficult to work under Rogers, and probably they were temperamentally antagonistic. Both were extremely nervous men, and probably suffered from the irritability common to such sensitive physiques. I find in the letters of the summer and autumn of 1851 a growing anxiety on my father's part lest he should not much longer be able to work under Rogers. He was still at that date, apparently, under his direction, for he says in a letter to my mother, June 15, 1851:—

> Do not be uneasy yet about the Survey, for at the bottom I can rest securely upon R.'s honesty and good will, altho' he is a most uncomfortable partner in any work. If I have made those I have been with this winter half so uncomfortable as he has sometimes made me, it is high time that I were under ground or above the clouds.

The following spring, 1852, my father and Mr. Rogers decided to break their business connection, as it had become impossible for them longer to work together. I suppose also that Dr. Rogers considered that my father had deserted him unwarrantably, but I am sure that such was not the case, and that it had become impossible for him longer to continue in the relation towards Rogers which he had held for years. In a letter of April 20, 1852, to my mother, he writes (after describing the final arrangements for this separation), "I felt . . . as if I had waked from a long and frightful nightmare, to find myself in a summer morning among the trees of an orchard, and the birds."

Possibly this breaking of business relations would not have caused the complete destruction of personal friendship which afterward resulted. Several years later, however, when Dr. Rogers published the Report of the First Geological Survey, my father and other assistants on that survey found that he had not given sufficient credit for the

large share of that work which they, the assistants, had done.

Very possibly this fact was not due to an ungenerous intention, but to the theory that, since the responsibility of a survey rested on the head of that survey, to him also was due the credit of the work done.

However that may have been, my father felt that an injustice had been done, and one that should be taken note of. Therefore, when he published in 1859 his "Iron Manufacturers' Guide," in its preface he gave a stinging rebuke to the "so-called Author" of the Report of the First Pennsylvania Survey, and enumerated with spirited emphasis the names and deeds of the various assistants on that survey unmentioned in the geological report.

This public criticism finished matters. It was an unforgivable insult. Thus, no doubt, Dr. Rogers considered it. The breach was completed, and he never spoke to my father again.

I do not know that my father regretted what he had done. The *truth* as he saw it demanded personal sacrifice, and he was ready to accept that. But I know that he suffered deeply, nevertheless. He never talked about this lost friendship, and I have had to chiefly construct my own theory as to the catastrophe from what I have found in the letters.

When he came to write his own Reports of the Second Geological Survey of Pennsylvania, while fully carrying out his theory that credit should be given to every aid on his survey, he took satisfaction, in his chapter on the history of the First Survey,* in giving full credit to Dr. Rogers for his great ability in carrying on that work.

In 1853 my father took his young brother Joseph as assistant to himself, and very soon trained him to be an excellent aid. Joseph later left the profession, and became

* Second Geological Survey of Pennsylvania: Vol. A, Historical Sketch of Geological Explorations, chap. iii. pp. 53-197. Note also in the same Volume A, in a second edition, 1878, in the preface, a letter from William B. Rogers, Jr., concerning the work on the Final Report of the First Survey.

in after years secretary of the Pennsylvania Railroad. A year or two later a nephew of my mother's, Mr. Benjamin Smith Lyman, also became his assistant, well known later in the scientific world as a distinguished geologist. Mr. Lyman was also a valued friend, one whom my father throughout his life loved, honored, and trusted.

In September, 1856, my father accepted the office of secretary of the Iron-masters' Association, "with a salary of $1,200," he writes. "I am to be allowed my own way of doing things, and will have half the year to devote to coal, etc."

The taking up of this work involved the visiting of all the iron works of the United States, and occupied many months of the two following years. The financial crisis of 1857 caused great distress in all departments of activity, and I judge that he rarely or perhaps never received the remuneration for this work which the Association had intended. He, nevertheless, continued the investigation to the end, and published the bulky volume recording the statistics of the Iron Industries up to that date,—a volume considered of great value by contemporaries.

He had, however, in 1856, before publishing the "Iron Manufacturers' Guide" (in 1859), published his own little "Coal Manual," a volume which has always been highly regarded. He evidently intended this first edition as a partial statement, and hoped in later editions to fill it out with fuller text and illustration; but a time never came when he could do so, because of the constant press of business which filled his working years.

My cousin Benjamin S. Lyman, in his biographical notice of J. Peter Lesley, speaking of the "Manual of Coal, and its Topography," says:—

This modest little octavo of 224 pages was, in geology, an epoch-making book of the highest importance and novelty; for it was the first to show how clearly and strongly the topography often indicates the geological structure through the varied effect of the outcrops of underlying basins or saddles of harder or softer rock-beds upon the form of the earth's surface, the mountains,

hills and valleys. He briefly, but no less vivaciously than correctly, describes, with many apt and striking illustrations, the varied results of the erosion of the outcropping surfaces of rock-beds of different hardness and disimilar inclination. But, perhaps betraying some traces still at that time of the supernatural influences of his theological training, he insists, throughout, that the erosion was done by a cataclysmic flood rushing southward from the Arctic Ocean, and was accomplished "with infinite force and speed, and ceased forever," in the way Rogers had conjectured. Lesley, however, already feels doubt as to the correctness of Rogers's twin conjecture, that the rock-folds had likewise instantaneously been caused just previously by immense waves of the molten interior of the earth raised by tremendous cataclysmic earthquakes, waves rolling northwestward and steep on the northwest side, and gentle on the southeast; yet he displays unstinted admiration for the grandeur of the idea. The book also gives concisely his excellent practical methods of topographical surveying, the result of his own experience in an art that was at that time little understood and still less practised in America, even by engineers to whom topography was important. Only a small edition of the book was printed; and it has been too little read, too seldom understood, and appreciated by too few. After the lapse of some years, he dreamed of rewriting it, with a young assistant's help in the surveying part. But though the plan was discussed from time to time for many years, the moment of convenient leisure never came. Its careful, painstaking way of really surveying and making an accurate topographical map, in order to study out the geology, is distasteful, compared with the magical plan of perceiving the subterranean facts merely by second sight.

In the summer of 1855 my father began a large survey on the Broad Top Mountain region, of Central Pennsylvania, a notable piece of geological work; "a minute survey and contour-line map of the Broad Top semi-bituminous coal fields, with over eleven thousand stations levelled."

In 1854 their dear friend, Martha Swan, became one of the family for the year. She spent many months of future years with them.

In the winter of 1855 my grandfather Lesley died,—an irreparable loss to his family.

During this summer my father was anxious to invest safely a few thousand dollars left him by his father, for the good of his family, and finds it difficult to settle upon a proper investment. In reply to what he has written her concerning this matter, I find this answer characteristic of my mother:—

JAMAICA PLAIN, *July 29th*, '55.

I can well imagine that you should be much troubled with regard to purchasing lands. I feel with you that it will be better for mind and soul to stick to your profession. Money certainly gives great power, but when the uncertainty and risk of obtaining it is so great, it is hard to have to sacrifice so much time and peace of mind to it, and worry one's self with dealings with people whom one has no confidence in. There is after all something far better in professional life, and certain though small gains, than all the harassing turmoil, that belongs to the making of fortunes.

About 1857 he devised an aneroid barometer, and several other mechanical inventions, of which Mr. B. S. Lyman says:—

About 1857 he devised one that was made for him by the skilful Becker, and was in successful use for many years. It had twelve vacuum-boxes and a dial plate 14 in. in circumference, corresponding to only 2 in. of the mercurial column, or about 2,000 ft. of height; and was well compensated and light. In 1862 he experimented a little with stadia measurement, and was convinced of its advantages; but encouraged a young assistant to elaborate the method further within the next two or three years. A highly convenient micrometric pair of dividers for plotting field-notes was an invention of Mr. Lesley's in 1868, and was described by him in a paper read before the Philosophical Society in April, 1873, and republished in the *R.R. Register*, June 28, 1873. It was so published in order to save his fellow topographers from any risk of having to pay a royalty to anybody else, though he did not desire a patent upon it himself.

Early in 1858 my father was elected librarian of the American Philosophical Society,—a position which he held

for twenty-five years, with enjoyment to himself and advantage, I may say, to the society. During all that period he gave much time and attention to its affairs. He took entire charge of its publications; and he was a constant attendant at the meetings, whose discussions he aided to the best of his ability.

The hall of the society and its other rooms are in an old building within the precincts of Independence Square, with a view of the tower of Independence Hall opposite its back windows. Here, in the quiet of the old rooms, were spent many hours, full of occupation, but from the repose of the place refreshing to the tired brain.

I had the privilege of being my father's assistant in this library work for a number of years, and I have a vivid remembrance of the tranquillity of the hours spent there, and the chances for comparatively uninterrupted work. It is true that, when he was known to be there, there was less quiet, and many people came to see him for various reasons. But he often sought the privacy of these rooms after hours, and worked in the peace which he could gain nowhere else in the city.

In his day the rooms were surrounded by deep glazed bookcases of colonial architecture, filled to overflowing with books and magazines, memoirs and brochures, "Proceedings" and "Transactions" of the scientific societies of every civilized spot in the world. Above the chimney places and over the wide folding doors hung the portraits of the various presidents of the society, from Benjamin Franklin, its founder, to Frederick Fraley, who presided in the latter half of the nineteenth century. On a raised dais at the upper end of the room stood Franklin's leather-covered arm-chair, with the president's table in front of it. Below the dais were two baize-covered tables, around which the members sat at the meetings. Everything was a little shabby,—carpets and table-covers and old chairs; but it was a delightfully retired and cheerful retreat, with the sunshine slanting in through the large and rather dusty windows, which on two sides overlooked Independence Square. Since those days the old rooms have taken on a more modern

aspect, have good carpets and uniform tables and chairs and better-arranged bookcases, and no doubt serve a greater number of aspiring young men of science and letters. In our day it was in truth a rather sleepy place: not many books were taken out, not a great many people attended the meetings. But it had its activities of a quiet kind. Many a notable publication was brought forth under its fostering care, and much intercourse with the first scientific minds of the age was carried on. If the actively present membership was small, it was of the kind that made it a most honorable body to be numbered among. Something of the flavor of those homely but beautiful old rooms will hang round the place for long.

The "Library" of the society supplied our family with interesting work for many years. It had never been properly catalogued, perhaps had never been catalogued at all. With characteristic energy my father at once undertook to provide a "card" catalogue, and invented a method of classification, which, I think, might still be useful in connection with a scientific library. My mother and Miss Swan used to devote much time to this card catalogue. I find also from her letters that in 1858 my mother was assisting in making up the Statistical Tables of Forges and Rolling Mills for the "Iron Manufacturers' Guide." She writes to Miss Robbins, "I write four hours every day, letting nothing hinder." It was always a great delight to her to be able in any way to help on her husband's work. She had a beautifully even and clear handwriting, and wrote rapidly, so that she could often assist him in copying lists, etc.

PHILADELPHIA, *Jan.* 11, 1853. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER MOTHER.

In the evening he [Peter] read to me, as I was able to hear, Parker's sermon on Webster, which I think is one of the finest that has been uttered; also Wentworth Higginson's Installation Sermon, a beautiful discourse, which he sent us last week; and another very fine sermon, a farewell by the Rev. David Wasson, of Groveland, Mass. . . . He is evidently a Come-outer from Orthodoxy, and a very original thinker. I was surprised to

find Parker's sermon so very tender towards Webster. There is none of his usual bitterness of tone in it, he only mourns sadly as any Christian must over his fall, but casts no stones and utters no anathemas. I have had two or three beautiful visits from Mrs. Gibbons, who is visiting Mrs. Palmer. She is one of the salt of the earth. . . .

At this period my father and mother were much occupied with the sorrows of Mary Walker. She was placed, soon after their departure to Philadelphia, with my grandmother Lyman, and lived with her for many years. There were great efforts made by her friends to obtain her children for her,—by purchase,—but, as Mary herself was liable to be arrested and returned to her master, all the negotiations had to be carried on with great caution and secrecy. There are many references to this difficult business in the letters of this date and later.

March 9, 1853. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . Oh, dear! What a horror and nightmare over the land this slavery is! Some days it oppresses me like a thick darkness, and the hope seems so dim and faint. Now I can understand all the intense indignation of the Abolitionists, all their expressions of bitterness. Christ himself would utter the same, were he now upon the earth. You must assure Mary that we never pass a day without thinking of her and wishing to see her. . . .

[CAMBRIDGE, MASS.] *June* 6, 1853. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . I must tell you of the latest evidence of Robert G. Shaw's insanity, in the minds of R—— and other old conservative fogies. They considered him a man remarkable for common sense all his lifetime, and cannot account for such a departure on any other hypothesis. About an hour before he died, he desired his children to be summoned. He then told them he had just had a vision, in which the other world was revealed to him; that there he had seen multitudes of fugitive slaves, who had not only suffered much in this world, but were still suffering from the remembrance of their woes, and the sorrows of those they had left behind. He then solemnly charged them (his children), whatever they neglected in life, never to refuse the claims of the

fugitive. These were his last words, and the crowning proof of his insanity to all but his children, in the circle he moved in. . . .

It was the grandson of this Robert G. Shaw who died at Fort Wagner, leading his negro regiment to the hopeless but glorious charge, and to whose memory Saint-Gaudens has reared so noble a tribute.

NEW FLORENCE, *June* 15, 1853. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Our evening walk from the blacksmith's shop to-night, over the Fishmill creek to Mr. Hewson's, neither Joe nor I will soon forget. "This is a place for lovers to walk in," said I. We hold sweet converse together, this dear brother and I, Susie. He is a treasure of treasures to me. . . .

About three o'clock a tremendous gust swept over the valley. We took refuge in a cottage with an old man and young woman and little boy, whose hearts we made a conquest of,—or Joe did,—he comes, he sees, he conquers everywhere. It is marvellous what a magic is in his smile, what wonders it works. . . .

We crossed the hill to where we had left our instruments, and then toiled along the road towards Fairfield till noon, when we dined with a family on a high hill, made them laugh heartily, read "Pickwick" to them, returned for shelter from another thunder-gust, and then the old woman begged me to prescribe for her daughter. It was my gold spectacles,—but I couldn't laugh, for the poor girl had taken to coughing last winter. . . . I saw she was destined. I prescribed little blisters and no drugs, and extra clothing at nightfall.

BLAIRSVILLE, *June* 19, 1853. TO HIS WIFE.

Graham is a tall, spare man with a dark, kind, sad face, quiet, firm, always active, but noiseless, and the father of six sons grown up, and two younger ones. He told me that his home was all changed—and I saw it was—his wife died eighteen months ago. I cannot help it, but whenever a man tells me that, he might almost as well fell me with a blow on the head.—I shrink together and feel a sort of death envelop me in which I cannot breathe or hope. The room grew dark as he spoke, and his dark, tall, thin form grew darker, like a black oak in the twilight in the woods. Is it because I am so selfish? I think not. But to belong to some one, is the deepest of human pas-

sions, the most absolute of needs. . . . To me life is worthless, unless it be devoted to making other lives more real and true and good. To lose the wife is to lose the life,—its end and aim, its thole-pin, its lynch-pin, its mill's grist—the hopper burns itself up for want of grain to grind,—it is home lost—honor, wealth, knowledge accumulated in vain, wasted. . . .

Sunday, June 20, 1853.

. . . At two o'clock we reached the furnace. Descending the stairs behind the old and silent stack, we entered the deserted village, a broad, grass-grown street between neglected gardens in which stood immense trees and under these tenantless houses. It was a scene beautiful as Eden after the first pair had left it. We walked on up the great avenue towards a large white house embosomed in verdure, and surrounded by a wilderness of roses. We knocked, but there was no answer. The ground was covered with rose-leaves. We pushed through the bushes round to the other side of the house, and saw an old negro sitting on the kitchen steps. A white woman then came out and soon sat down with us to a nice little dinner, to which we did ample justice after a bath on the front steps. Then a man appeared who led me through a splendidly furnished parlor upstairs to one of a suite of noble bedrooms, all furnished equally well. I was amazed. We had fallen into the hands of the proprietor's son, young Mathiot, a homely, shy, thin, quiet person, who explained that they had run the furnace so long through the hard times, that now they could not take advantage of the present high price of iron. There were but two other families therefore left in the place. It would be tedious to tell you how comfortably we read and wrote and supped, what a nice walk we had in a curious garden beyond the creek, and what a pleasant chat with two ladies, who made their appearance in the parlor in the evening. Our beds crowned all. Our morning breakfast was as good. . . .

I had not heard of Mrs. Bigelow's death, and can comprehend the shock it must have given you, and also—*perfectly*—the peace and quiet faith it left behind in your heart. I understand it all. Yes. Let the universe roll and unroll and roll on, as it must and will, and let nations and men and women open and close their destinies in course and season marked out, let the inevitable envelop us as a fog or a terrible thunder roaring, we will quietly possess ourselves in knowledge that the inevitable though inexplicable is all right, that we are at home always in our Father's

house, and nothing can harm us if we be followers of the Good. . . .

The little household at Philadelphia had a small and uncertain income at this time, and yet they seriously contemplated purchasing (if it could safely be accomplished) the young daughter of Mary Walker. In a letter of June 27, 1853, I find these words: "I am still of the same mind about Mary and perfectly willing, if you are, to cash our investments and buy her child. Why shoudn't *we* invest in Southern Securities as well as the R——s and L——s of the land, with the additional advantage over them of purchasing the soul, where they only purchase the flesh and blood?" There were many negotiations, and some efforts made to reach and obtain this child, and, although it was all in the end unsuccessful, quite large sums of money (considering the family income) were spent in the attempt. After the Civil War, as I have said elsewhere, two of these children were found, and joined the mother in her Northern home.

[Perhaps Dumm's Tavern, CHESTNUT RIDGE], *July* 2, 1853.
PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . There sat beside me a fine-looking, stout, fresh, rather German countenance, evidently accustomed to both city and country life, one who was a commissioner I believe for a wool house in Phil'a, and collector of dues, etc. An open, generous-looking, intelligent, powerful man, of 45 or 50, who began a conversation with me, which I enlivened with an episode on Irish brogues or brogans, and the history of boots and shoes in general, to which *he* added notices on sabots, and the talk wandered upward through the various attire of the sexes, to the caps and hats, and especially to those of the low countries, Friesland and thereabouts. Then it flew upward, and lit upon a higher theme, the towers of Ghent, and the history of that quaint burgher city. Finally he gave me *his own* history (*in petto*) and said that he was born in Ghent, so many hours (*Stunden*) from Brussels and so many from the field of Waterloo, which was fought when he was there a boy, and Louis the 18th was then in Ghent. His father was from the further side of Russia, a Russian, and his mother, a Hollander. "Why, how did your father find your mother out?" was my involuntary exclamation—although had I stopped a moment to

reflect on the mystery of the universe life, I need not have put the question, any more than how the Canada thistle got into Chester County.—"Ah, that's the very question,"—said he with a serious sort of interested twinkle,—"he was a political refugee, you see."

And so it is. The persecutions of this bedevilled earth, the whips and fires of politics, are but the winds which scatter human seed about far from the family trees, and cause that intermixture which is the health and improvement of the nations. Bedevilled! no—the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof—and the cattle on a thousand hills—that is—the statesmen of a thousand capitols, the courtiers of a thousand courts. Full of Providence, as it is of electricity. Admirable framework—admirable motions—its eccentric wheels, which look so blundering, are its very life gear, and without their eccentricity the great pistons could not for a moment go. Whatever is, is right. The worst is best—if we can but bear it—as God does. . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *July* 5, 1853. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . I have some beautiful books now reading, the only drawback being that I keep coming to passages I want to read with you. The "Life and Letters of Niebuhr," Henry Taylor's "Notes on Life" and Brace's "Life in Germany." I have nearly finished the "Notes on Life," and the other two I read alternately. I wish Father had them both, particularly Brace's book. . . . He gives very interesting accounts of Neander and Tholuck, also of many philanthropists, particularly of one lady in Hamburg, a Miss Sieveking (?) who is a second Dolly Dix.—He says it is much more difficult for a woman to take such a position there than here, for she immediately gets the name of an "emancipist"—which is a term of great contempt, and let her be ever so pious, and modest, and quiet, in carrying out her ideas, she never meets with the respect that is shown in England and America to Mrs. Fry and Miss Dix.

I am delighted with Niebuhr, and so would you be. Some anecdotes of his childhood, I long to write you, but it would tire me too much. There is a splendid essay on Children and their Education in Taylor, which has moved me much. . . .

BLAIRSVILLE, *July* 16, 1853. FATHER TO MOTHER.

How beautiful are your letters! The one of Wednesday, which I have this moment read, is—I will not tell you what it is,

lest you become puffed up. It is a perfect thing in its way, I assure you,—and a positive garden of Eden in mine, *verstehst du?* Your résumé of Niebuhr's life is a masterpiece. Gretchen, Amelia, Mad. Hensler (whom however I never could forgive for not becoming Niebuhr's wife) stand out against the gray confused background crowd of German literati, politicians, poet-philosophers.

In olden times, monarchy and the ancestral worship made isolated statues of the great names, and we have no task in looking up and outlining the Cæsars, Sardanapali, Davids, Aarons, Achilles. But when democracy lifts all to the level of the bard and baron, and every man shouts his own name, reads his own philosophy, announces his discoveries, states his opinions, shoulders his musket, and lynches his naughty neighbor with his own hand,—to read history becomes not merely a task, but an impossibility. Hence the specialties in which our historians and biographers now indulge. Thus must [it be.] Everything has become microscopic, for democracy makes the atom noble, and sees the spirit of life not in the whole, but in its ultimate constituents. Hence the little Gretchen becomes historic, like Juno, and Aspasia, and Marie Antoinette. I am equally charmed with Guizot's Corneille. He draws, under the same democratic impulse of the age, the titbits of the landscape so large and round, that they fill the eye as much as would kingdoms and pageants. And he can masterly evolve, from the occurrences of the boudoir and green-room, the laws by which European civilization is reaching its development.

I never told you how Jackson talked about Kossuth. . . . Kossuth, he said, was a glorious being, but bound still by some very strict and narrow views. Especially he has never freed himself from the prejudices of government. [His belief in] its necessity, or rather the necessity of its infinite and eternal painstaking solicitude for the poor helpless people—is a great drawback to his advancing spirit. "What strikes you as the most wonderful development of life on this side the planet, Mr. Kossuth?" —asked Jackson. The question roused him—he pricked his ears, and began to speak. "Freedom;—the immense boundless freedom of the development itself"—he replied; "the room—the liberty to do as one likes—the unconsciousness of constraint from a superior organization or government—the restless movement of the whole population, free to move and not drugged to keep it quiet." This was his endless astonishment. And when I am disposed to scoff at the half-done-up look of all things in

these villages, from a dining fork to a church and its preacher, —and sigh for the urbanity, arts, landscapes, ruins and associations of the old world, and lament that I am not wealthy enough to take you to England and France, to live and die—I am checked and satisfied again by the same wonder which fell upon Kossuth. Here is an embryonic world, a strong man-child of the future, born of a weak mother of the past. Here are to be the workshops, and here also the museums of the Millennium. Here new forms of human society are to appear, and prove the world not to be decrepit—that God is not yet dead. Here is to rise the river of life, for the healing of all nations. We are born upon its laurel-covered banks. The laurels are to disappear. Cities, cathedrals, palaces (of the people), arts and sciences, are to grow like elms and pines upon its meadows and mountain sides. It is a goodly land, the best for freemen, the best for future men to live in, and I will not *go back*—go back into the luxurious feudalism of Europe, or the effete childish barbarism of Asia, to find a happiness unworthy of the manhood of a man whose youth was spent in young America. . . .

Last night I lay in bed and read to him [Joe] Emerson's "Threnody." He lay quite still and I thought he was asleep, but he was not. This morning I found him reading it himself. What a stout fable that is:—

"The former called the latter 'Little Prig.'" "Neither can you crack a nut."—And that exquisite "Forbearance."

"Hast thou named all the birds *without a gun?* Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk? At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?" etc. "Then be my friend—and teach me to be thine," goes right to the heart. We say that to the dear Father in Heaven, with an infinite enlargement of desire, hope and joy. Oh . . . the desire to become good—perfect, becomes at length a passion—an absorbing *passion.* What an easy thing is martyrdom then! provided it be quick. It is *slow* martyrdoms that weary down virtue and aspiration. These are the devil's bailiffs, making so many rogues and mad people, prostitutes, trade-thieves and hypocrites. God save us from slow misery, for who can endure it? . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *July* 20, 1853. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

This morning came your fine letter of Saturday and Sunday. I longed to sit down at once, and answer it, . . . but Mrs. Morison arrived to spend the day, and Wm. Ware and Chauncey Wright dropped in, it being Commencement Day, and the sounds of music

on the Common, all made the day seem a confused one; so I gave up my portfolio. . . .

I am sorry you wish that Madame Hensler had married Niebuhr; you would not could you read the letters. . . .

To-day is Phi Beta day, and I hope that Mother will go to hear Mr. Bellows, who is the Orator of the day. . . .

Here is an undated letter of my father's, containing the following judgment in regard to his own literary ability:—

What you say about my writings is very true; they are too careful, you might have said careworn; but it is an ingrained fault; it resides in my *thinking* and *speaking*, and therefore must appear also when I write. I am sorry for it, and especially since it robs me of what I hoped would be my crowning pleasure, and in fact for which *almost alone* I now write,—your approbation,—I mean by your pleased applause. When you smile, I am proud. If you would dance, I would pipe all day. But when you seem to put your hands to your ears—why, what remains for me to do, but to break my flute? The sustained elevation of Gibbon or Guizot, even the cold classical faultlessness of Everett, excite my admiration, but my training has forever forbid them to my pen. I must use my own style, which is like myself, impetuous, irresolute, zigzag often, full of solecisms, a sort of flying-fish dashes at the upper air, followed rapidly by modest and homely flipflaps in the lower water. But all readers have their writers, and all writers their readers, and it is no slight honor to be called "suggestive," and it is not well to torture one's self too much with introspection. An author will find himself among too many wildcats, as soon as he hies out, without turning his own claws against himself. I have such a horror of slovenliness in writing or thinking, that I am always in danger of primness.

I think this is apropos to a chapter on *Music* which he had sent to my mother early in August, and which she "read with real enjoyment," but criticises, after a sort, thus: "The last half of all you write is always better than the first. It was so with your sermons and lectures. You get up the steam as you advance, and I doubt not that the alternations of dull and vivid are quite as important in a book as in a landscape."

BLAIRSVILLE, *Sunday, Aug.* 14, 1853. PETER LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

You say . . . that you are so old-fashioned as both to believe and rejoice in the superintending care of the All Good. I rather think that is the newest fashion, likewise. It is a faith so natural to Man, that everybody has it, and it is never supplanted but by the most elaborate and systematic force. It is, however, certainly not in many so calm and effective a principle of life as I think it is in you, nor will I pretend that it has remained to me a machinery of practical comfort, as it was some years ago. In lieu of it, I have what *for me* answered better, namely an ever-strengthening stoicism. I feel more and more content to have things worked out according to their natures; I do not assert to myself either the abstract proposition that *as a whole* things are best arranged or best natured; on the contrary I rather think this world, or any other, might be improved, or have been originally constructed on better principles; I do not know nor care. Whatever is,—let it be. The remedy is in one's self. Mohammed can go to the Mountain. In old orthodox quaintness—if God will not as we will, why then we will will as God wills, and so again all will be well. One comes very near hereby to shaking hands with Mad. Guyon, only I think it is rather from above than from below;—but that may be "Spiritual pride." Any way—it amounts practically to the same faith in Providence, or Law and Order, wise and good,—which founds the virtue and happiness of all the innumerable faithful, who have learned in this way not to kick too hard against the pricks. And now, dearest friend, you may be quietly smiling, and sadly too, to think how soon you may see all this stoicism and pseudo-faith disgraced and overthrown, and lying breathless on the ground, in some instant unexpected and inevitable calamity. Well. But herein lies our real immortality; there is a well-spring of will and hope and faith within us, which may disappoint him who comes in a hot day to drink and finds nothing there but fetid mud, and the tramplings of oxen's feet—but will run again in a week or a month as copious and clear and sweet a rill as ever. He who sweats and thirsts on wooded mountains many years, can never lose his faith in man's *immortal courage;* it has too many visible analogies in nature. . . .

You tell me Susan is doing well—in both senses. I thank God, and take courage. I half believe that when I am an old decrepit man sitting all day in a well-worn arm-chair, my volatile and restless nature fixed like carbonic gas into a solid, snow-cold equanimity, she will be briskly moving round me like a bright

planet round a gone-out sun, and returning me the little borrowed light and heat I have ever been so happy as to give her."

LATROBE, *Sunday, Aug.* 28, 1853. PETER LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . You wish to controvert some things in my last? It is needless. The same actual landscape is a different ideal from different points of view. All are equally true. There is no such thing as positive truth. It is always relative and conditional. This fact, while it explains the innumerable ethics and metaphysics of men, allows infinite latitude also to the freedom of the individual. It is my belief that God doesn't disturb himself about the ways and thoughts and sufferings of men, except by a sort of ubiquitous sympathy. He is, in this view, at once Himself and all men. Having set laws to all things, it is his delight to see them work, nor can what we call evil or sin interfere with, but only illustrate their working. If we be also little gods, little lower than the angels, we are free to think and do what we please, and reap the weal or woe accordingly; but as for His interfering, I cannot think it,—except in the way of sympathy; which, after all, is all we could wish to ask of any being whom we reverence and love. If I were to pluck my wife from a destruction, in which I thereby perished myself, all I could ask to make me happy in it, would be to see the love and sympathy shed upon me by her eyes. So with God, all I want is for him to know and love me—not to superintend my dairy and brickyard. That sort of special providence is a great annoyance to me. I want him to let me alone—but to sympathize, console and strengthen me. . . .

GATISS'S ON TOWANDA MT., *Sunday Morning, Sept.* 18, 1853. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

Yesterday was the 34th anniversary of my birthday . . . We have been working in the heart of the hemlock forest, untouched by the hand of man, dense, dark, silent, full of marshes and rills, undergrown with endless forms of mosses and fungi, paved with immense prostrate mouldering trunks and branches without number, and broken rocks by the thousand ton, infinitely old and gray. Deer browse in the brier patches, and in the laurel swamps in winter, or dash over the knolls at full gallop. Bears lurk in the low places. Wolves and wildcats are plenty. Pigeons rustle from tree top to tree top, in the deep shadow of the meeting roof of hemlock boughs, far up. Rattlesnakes and copperheads

crawl over the cliffs, whereon the table-land breaks down to the ravine or main valley. The north side of the whole mountain overlooking Towanda creek is alive with black snakes. Porcupines are everywhere. Such is the projecting finger of the great forest body which stretches hence westward, over all Sullivan, Potter, Lycoming and Elk Counties. How vast is the interval that separates this animated nature from the art of cities! Analogies exist between them, and between their corresponding details —rank growth, desperate rottenness, multitude, belong to both, and the solitude and silence of the soul is as sincere sometimes in New York as that of the sense is here; and windfalls rive alleys through cities in pestilential seasons, as they do through the forest in storms. But the hum and roar of that immense cascade of life—a city—so wearing to the stoutest soul, is here a *remembered* sound, as is the ordinary rustle and whaugh of the wind, round the house corner, or through the solitary apple-tree. In such a wood as this, infinitely old, interminable and immutable as it seems, a whole world in itself of ancient and natural life, the man walks beneath its canopy, in its silence and over its floor in a perpetual reverie, in converse with the beginnings and meanings of things; not questioning, for all seems right; not doubting, for all is real; not hoping, for nothing other or new seems possible; nor fearing, for it is a world at peace, in order and evidently obedient to man's slightest wish; his will is the master, in this ancestral hall. How often have I longed for a home on earth, which my Fathers owned, and my children might inherit! Here it is. This is my father's dwelling-place, the bosom of nature, the veritable paradise. I am never a freeman, until I re-enter this my castle; then I defy the tyrannies, and no longer pines my soul at the disorders and woes of the race. The great primeval forest, the mountain upland, the swamp, the lake, the glen, the fall, the crag, the windfall, the cave, the trail, the lick, the cabin—these are the true ancestral home of man.

GATISS'S, *Sept.* 20, 1853. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I also am very happy, in my work. . . . Sunday we rested, it was a bright, calm, quiet day. I preached a little sermon to them all, four or five families of English people, in the school-house, an old deserted log hut nearby. In the evening I plotted our lines out, and we pasted up a levelling rod with white paper in lieu of paint, and inked the feet and tenths upon it. . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *Sept.* 26, 1853. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

... Had a delightful visit from David and Maria Child on Saturday. She told me many pleasant things, and gave me a "Life of Friend Hopper." "Tell Peter," she said as she went laughing out of the room, "that I am as wabid a wadical as ever, and give him my love."—Poor David! poor, broken down, trembling old man! He kissed me fervently, as he bent over my bed, stroked my hair, and said "God bless you, dear Susie."

Would not my story of Cuvier's meeting with the Devil, after he left this world, come in nicely, somewhere in your chapter on the Devil? Theodore Parker sent me by Sarah Hunt last week a splendid bunch of fringed gentians, with his regards; but they got pitched out of the omnibus, and trodden in the dust. I am reading a dear little quiet book, called "Cranford," and learning a beautiful poem to wile away the long night hours with, every verse of which ends with these lines,

> "For God, thro' ways they have not known,
> Will lead his own."

In November the first child was born,—a girl,—and a new kind of happiness came to the little household. My father and mother both had a great love for children. They were very shy of making advances toward the little people with whom they came in contact, waiting until some reciprocal interest was shown on the child's part. I have seen my father watch a child with silent attention many minutes, and then cautiously begin an acquaintance with a sign of friendliness, or a question gently spoken. He respected its individuality too much to demand any recognition of friendship suddenly. They reprobated talking about children before their faces, either in praise or blame, or simple comment, for they prized greatly the unconsciousness and simplicity of childhood, and would run no risks of spoiling those children with whom they had to do by such careless speeches. They had greatly longed for children, and now that this little daughter came they fully rejoiced in her possession, and the letters between them are frequently full of hopes, fears, and plans concerning her.

Almost immediately after the birth of the child, my father

returned to field work, which continued until winter's cold drove him back to town.

In January of 1854 he took a trip south on business. He did not like the South, and even the genial hospitality of its inhabitants could not make up to him for the aristocratic social forms and theories of life which were alien to his belief in the equality of personal opportunities and rights. In one letter he remarks: "A certain coarseness and rudeness runs like broad smooch lines across all this southern life. I observe it here, as in Richmond, and Washington, and in Virginia, as I did last spring in Georgia and Tennessee."

WYTHE, VA., *Feb.* 21, 1854. PETER LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . I beguiled my ride this morning with book-making. You laugh,—but in fact it is time for me to write.—First, a small book on Coal *—Chapter 1. Its position.
Chapter 2. Its quality.
Chapter 3. Its history, past, present, *et avenir*.
Then a book on Topography.—Both small manuals, practical, saleable, and such as will best do for advertisements—for what else are books now written for. No Epopœa can be born in an iron and coal age.

The spring of 1854 seems to have been a hard one for him. Whether the discomforts and exposure of the winter month or two among the Virginia mountains had exhausted his strength, the letters do not say, but my mother, in a letter to Miss Robbins, writes: "He has had on the whole a miserable spring, suffering more from nervous exhaustion than at any time since we left Milton." In May he took short trips into Ohio and Virginia and New England, and in June he started on a longer journey, going by way of Chicago to St. Louis.

MONROEVILLE, OHIO, *May* 30, 1854. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

Here once more in New England! How plain and dear is the welcome-home! from the white cottages and pillars, gardens

* This may be his first thought of the "Coal Manual," published later.

and neat fences. There is music in the very slang and snuffle—suppressed as they are. I have ridden—whirled through the garden of the Earth to-day. I am enchanted with the fertility, beauty, freshness, largeness, homishness of the land. The houses are seldom seen from the railroad, they are all over the country. The villages are groups of workshops, mills, factories, iron-works, but clean and wealthy-looking, not squalid, tasteless, reckless masses of brick and ruined stucco and filth piles, as in Pennsylvania. . . .

I rode yesterday till after midnight, having in the dark a long discussion with a Southeastern Ohio man (Irish?) on Nebraska, he referring it to the Pope, and upholding law and order, etc. Everybody talks about it; mostly with caution, as if it were dangerous to say much,—or difficult,—but commonly remarking that the Boston riot is but the beginning of its evils. I can as yet get no later telegraphic news than Sunday evening. I hope to hear that poor Burns* has been rescued,—but hope against hope,—for the New Englanders are not brave like their ancestors—they have become cowardly, through trade and unbelief. Ideas are not longer worth blood and life. Dollars are worth more. They have too much to lose in this world, and too little to gain in another—to endanger their lives even for liberty. *Honor*, to the Southerner, stands in place of the old Northerner's *faith*,—therefore *he* [the Southerner] continues to be rather brave. But the New Englander dare not fight a duel, nor commit suicide, nor stab a tyrant, because he has lost his paradise reward. . . .

In St. Louis he remained a week or ten days, and made some surveys in the low lands of the river bottom. The labor and heat, and incautiously working after sunset in order to finish his work rapidly, caused him to fall a victim to malaria. He had a series of violent chills and fever immediately on the conclusion of this piece of work, which much exhausted him, and for the remainder of his life he

* "Then came the Fugitive Slave Law, under which runaway slaves were arrested, tried here, and sent back to their owners; the last and bitterest case being that of Anthony Burns, who, guarded by a marshal's posse of hired roughs, by United States troops and by our best Massachusetts militia, acting from a sense of duty and in obedience to law, was marched from the Court House in Boston to the United States revenue cutter lying at the wharf and bound for Virginia." (*From address by Major Henry Lee Higginson*, delivered in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, May 30, 1897.)

was troubled by similar attacks, whenever in a depressed condition of health.

In St. Louis he met pleasant friends in Dr. William Eliot and his family and Judge Krum and his household, who made him at home whenever he had a free hour from his business.

WAVERLY, *Monday*, 9 *o'clock* [*July* 10, 1854]. TO HIS WIFE.

... What do you think I do with myself these long two hundred and fifty mile railroad rides? Can you think? Don't you wonder? To-day I have read the livelong day, and am ashamed of myself, for no ordinary eyes—no brain—can stand it. I have exhausted Sophocles' History of the Greek Alphabet, and made additional improvements (! ?) of my own. Moreover I read the *Tribune* all through, and the *Herald* out. Digested all the European news, settled to my mind the Eastern question, resolved what should be done with Cuba, organized the new Republican Party in the North, and held a jury of one upon all the fires, murders, petty larcenies and gigantic Schuyler frauds of the last forty-eight hours. Amen.

TOWANDA, *July* 11, 1854. TO HIS WIFE.

... This afternoon I have slept most of the time, and then Overton came, and after looking over my notes a little longer I went up to his house to take tea with another Englishman, Wandsey, with whom I formed an abolition alliance against our host, who had need of all his politeness to restrain himself even within the bounds of decency in his denunciation of fanatics and political clergymen. For you must know that at three o'clock, 4th of July, the people *rang* the bells, and at five o'clock the Episcopal Clergyman (a fine fellow whom I know) Douglass (Robt. Parvin's successor) began to *toll* his church bell, and immediately all the other bells began to toll; which aroused a great tumult, and the bells were stopped as soon as possible, but leaving the ears of a great many people very tender. Wandsey has been here these twenty-five years, so that I was delighted to find him right side up.

TOWANDA MT., *July* 14, 1854. TO HIS WIFE.

The lark is naturalized in Delaware at last, and is singing its matin hallelujahs as on the plains of Bayeux and Lützen.

Yesterday, weary with everything, I took up an old beautiful English print of Bunyan's "Pilgrim," and read the conversations

of the friends Christian and Faithful approaching Vanity Fair, and I thought it never had been half so beautiful, holy, chaste, tasteful and edifying. I read,—as I drink cool water in a hot day. There is something in all that,—which answers to deep wants in the soul. There is more truth and propriety in Bible words and orthodox quotations, in such hands as the Martyrs of Smithfield and Bedford, than we usually allow. How excellent is the analysis of Talkative! Give me, after all, the simple christianity of John Bunyan, and let science, literature, and the arts bless whom they may; I will envy none of them.

TOWANDA, GATISS'S, *Sunday, July* 16, 1854. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Do you not think huckleberrying one of the best ways of spending Sunday known to man? I do. When alone,—however. Many's the Sunday I have lost myself in thought and in a huckleberry patch—as I did this morning—on some mountain top. The hands are busy. So is the mind. So is the heart. Working all different ways, but in such harmony. Silence, such at least as Nature loves,—not ultra silence,—but a gentle murmuring, mixed of bees, and flies, and wind-stirred leaves, the rustle of a young covey of partridges, or a hedgehog, or a striped and checkered snake, or a red bunt squirrel. Kneeling on the half-bared rocks and selecting the ripest blues—in the shade of some hemlock-tree—or beside some immense prostrate and blackened tree stem,—in the cooling wind,—with a world of open country down below spread out to gaze, valley, hills, innumerable fields, meadows, orchards, scattered houses, and in the distance, other high mountains. Gratitude springs up like water from a well. One *feels* the providence that feeds the birds and bears, on a succession of delicious fruit. Faith, Hope—and Love is never far away from the pair—are natives to the place. The air is full of worship.

PHILADELPHIA, *July* 29, 1854. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I was disappointed after going so far, to find the church doors closed. I then kept on and spent the morning and dined with Edward Lesley. . . . He says De Gérando* astonishes him.

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* De Gérando, Marie Joseph (1772–1842). Distinguished ethical and metaphysical philosopher of France. . . . Two of his great books were "Histoire Comparée des Systèmes de Philosophie rélativement aux Principes des Connaissance Humaine"; and "Du Perfectionnement Moral, et l'Éducation de soi-même." . . . (*From Encyclopædia Britannica.*)

Every sentence so good, the whole so tiresome. Three hundred and eighty pages of abstraction? Well, I offered to take it home; and as I walked I read—the chapter on Obedience and Independence,—the most beautiful analysis ever penned, I think. And after I came home, the chapter on Pride, Vanity, Self-love, etc. A clear sunlight shines along the page—a truly heavenly light. I can now understand its magic power over you, when beginning to define your conceptions of truth, and duty, and how it has remained to you a household deity, a sort of *Mercurius Terminus* in your garden ever since. . . .

BLAIRSVILLE, *Aug.* 16, 1854. PETER LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . I happened into a Swedenborgian Chapel last Monday, and justified your strictures on the dry and unfeeling religionism of that singular people. But I have observed that while the very idea of the Devil quickens the intellect, every phase of Universalism seems to opiate it. Damnation is certainly the brandy and water of Christendom. I call Swedenborgianism a phase of Universalism, because their hells are too good-natured to scare a hare; and all common folks ask is to be let alone after death. Mrs. Stowe's fame I am bold to say will be greatly sustained by her travels. They are of masculine strength of reflection. She lays hold *à la* Beecher, and startles the traveller with new views of ground he thinks he has made his own.

But you must read Ruskin, it is more admirable than most books,—better English—better taste—sounder common sense—nicer analysis. . . . I am once more interrupted. It is now late in the evening. We have made our last arrangements and are quite ready for what to many would be intolerable toil, but to us is much more of a frolic. I already smell health,—like Virgil's horses on the plains of Spain, in the distant air. . . .

BLAIRSVILLE, *Aug.* 27, 1854. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . But must I confess it—your nicest letters are those which contain most about baby. Senseless Papa,—finally vanquished,—enslaved to a chub face. It floats before me like a wee white cloud in a clear blue sky. Every little thing you tell me about her seems to become history to me, and is clearer than the rocks I look at to my vision. . . .

Sept. 10, 1854. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . You say there is but little religion now—that few live near to God—that no poet now sings—

> " O happy servant he
> In such a posture found!"

No, my wife,—the religious feeling is a perpetual passion in mankind, distinguishing it from brute kind. As well might you lament the cessation of all exhalation in this draught. As well might you imagine the Aurora, or the northern Aurora, or any of the magic streamings forth of the imponderable forces of the world, to become exhausted,—as that man can cease to reverence and desire God. I have been reading the life of Pythagoras, and am amazed at the minute and complete resemblance of that ancient system of faith and ethics to the Christian, and the resemblance of their expressions to that which characterizes the utterance of certain schools to-day.

> " O happy servant he
> In such a posture found!"

It will ring like the sound of the bells of Shannon, forever through all serious hearts to the end of time. But every age of spiritual impulse is a new springtime for the flowers of poetry. We may even say, a new era of thought in which, while the types continue, new genera and species of utterance and sentiment are created; so as to leave Universal History a Unit, and yet make it infinitely diversified.

It is still true that where the intellect is excessively exercised, and especially apart from nature,—there the religious passion with all the other passions takes a subordinate rôle in the experience of the life,—both of the individual and of the society,—in Madame Coté, and in New England. But the Passion is still there, and may be called into activity at any moment by sickness, suffering, persecution or reaction.

We have Thoreau's "Walden" here. What a dream it is! worthy of an *Apollo Agricus*. I have great delight in it. He says exquisitely:

"We may waive just so much care of ourselves as we honestly bestow elsewhere."

Isn't that glorious? And then he adds mystically, out of some inspired depth of consciousness—*For*

"Nature is as well adapted to our weakness as to our strength."

Here is something both new and true,—never uttered before, I wager a world. And so kind an inducement to benevolence, so soft and gentle a protection afforded to the timid lovers of men who dare not do good till they are assured against ill to themselves,—unable to pursue the hosts of devils without a long line of paradise forts to fall back upon at every step, not knowing that the whole world is the good man's fortress, and nature universal his overruling providence.

Thoreau is a poet all the more, because without pretension to any quaintness or ultra originality of style. He is as superior to Alcott, as Milton's English is superior to Carlyle's. Yet now and then one is charmed with a neat symbol—for instance when he says,

"What a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines, or rather indicates, his fate."

And his "rather indicates" is a whole volume or two volumes of metaphysics in two words.

But let me charm you with a sentence from Jamblichus, which speaks home to our own two parent souls, brooding like birds over our nest, gazing like two eyes of one soul with love on our daughter. He is speaking of Pythagoras—"That Man."

"When also he was married, he so educated the daughter that was born to him and who was afterward married to Meno the Crotonian, that when she was a Virgin she was a leader of Choirs, but when she was a wife, she held the first place among those that approached the Altars."

Is not that a sweet prophecy within our souls? . . .

GREENSBURG, *Nov.* 3, 1854. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

I have read some score of pages in Humboldt's lives to-night, but I am sorry to say that my earnest desire to love what you like is ineffectual in this instance. The book is written by a very small fellow, I think, a better sort of Bozzy, who not only overpraises his hero, but has no conception of what travelling and labor is,—whose hair stands on end at the shadow of a danger, and to whom mosquitoes and lions are monsters in the same catalogue, if not of equal magnitude. Humboldt did much—very much—and for science. But he did not do half what many less praised names have done. But he was noble born and wealthy, and while his means were so ample that highways were laid ready-made for his feet,—his connections were such that honors came to meet him, and found a thousand avenues for his communications to reach the ear of the world. He was in per-

fect health also, never had been hard worked and always had played.

Thus cheerfulness, the great sustainer and enthusiastic guide of man, made it easy for him to do what others have more than done under sickness and in poverty. I was amazed to find that his celebrated Orinoco journey was only 380 miles long. It is narrated as if it had been 3,800.

Yet I am deeply interested in the book, and shall read it through. Meanwhile I am wading at leisure moments through Bopp's discussion of German and Sanskrit Vowels, a large and valuable pamphlet which will do more for my Sanskrit than anything I have seen yet, for it always gives the German pronunciation of Sanskrit words, and many roots also. But I have little time for reading. The notes are very copious, and must be calculated up, indexed and mapped from day to day, to keep all straight, and show what is next to be done. . . .

A letter from my mother to her aunt Catherine Robbins, of uncertain date, perhaps spring of 1854, has the following sentence:—

You have not suffered more about this miserable Nebraska business, and slave case in Boston, than we here. Dr. Furness has appeared in the deepest affliction. I never saw him so before. He has preached two sermons that people call wails. I heard one, and thought if I ever did faint away, I should have done so then, from intense emotion. Peter has been very sad, even on his journeyings, and with all the diversions of business and travelling. Oh, how easy it would have been for Judge Loring or Governor Washburn to have shown themselves uncompromising! How ashamed of us our ancestors must be, if they can look down!

A visit from William Thayer and Chauncey Wright in November (?), 1854, gave great pleasure, but, unfortunately, my father seems to have been kept still away in the field, and missed seeing these friends. My mother writes on their departure:—

William came on Wednesday afternoon, and went yesterday an hour or two before Chauncey. He was as bright as a dollar, saying the funniest things in the most absent and dreamy

fashion, as if quite unconscious of any humor. He was on his way to Washington for the winter. He left us "Lyteria," a Dramatic Poem of extraordinary beauty which Martha Swan and I are charmed with. It is by young Josiah Quincy of Boston, who was I think, a class or two later than William. . . .

GREENSBURG, *Nov.* 23, 1854. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Let me explain, while I think of it, that I would not *indulge* her [the baby] from weakness. But my idea is, that while a habit is easily formed by indulging an unnecessary desire or a mere whim of the child—there are certain natural impulses which grow vehement by opposition, and require only a momentary indulgence. For instance after lying abed from seven to two, that is seven hours, any one as nervous as I am finds his nature insisting upon getting up and feeling the floor,—I do not see why a nervous child shouldn't have the same [feeling]. My sympathy with her is so great that I would wish to give her nerves this short relaxation, knowing that it is only occasionally, *i.e.* when she is sick, that she needs it, and therefore not afraid of forming any habit out of it.

I have just been to see Dr. King's new coal plant fossil, on a fragment of sandstone from Chestnut Ridge. Everybody is excited about it, insisting upon its being an ancient inscription. But he and I agree that it is a fossil plant of an entirely new genus. It is marked very strangely. [Here follows a sketch of the prints.] These are square holes of various sizes and shapes ranged in an order, and I suggested to him the fact, which we soon found correct, that the angle 73° of the rows to one another is precisely the angle of the *Lepidodendron stigmata*. This settles the question of its vegetable nature. Tell Henderson about it. . . .

TYRONE, *Dec.* 6, 1854. TO HIS WIFE.

I enclose you a beautiful relic of Thomas Jefferson, in a letter to his daughter, when a girl left at school in Philadelphia in 1789. Keep it, and our little girl shall find it among our papers, at a time perhaps when it may touch the right cord in her heart and be an assistance against some temptation or a support under some trial. How we desire to hedge up her path against foes and seductions! And how vain is that desire! No, let us not say so,—for no instinct is vain, but each has its appropriate ends. If we do our duty, we may leave the rest to the laws of our God, to bless and save her dear life. You remark

no doubt the air of paternal authority and dignity, not only in this letter of Jefferson's, but in the old times generally. This also has for me a peculiar charm, suggestive of grand views, pyramids, cathedrals, processions, thrones, and their array, gray locks waving over noble shoulders, worship and reverence. The whole past is a revering of Age. The history of mankind is an ancestral worship. It is peculiarly fit that a father should say this,—or that,—shall make you,—my child—more worthy of my love. God thus speaks to us. If Young America can presage anything but a manifest destiny of ruin, it will be because the seeds of this Nature's 5th Commandment are not, and can never be wholly destroyed from her soil. As the youth of our country becomes manhood, the roystering irreverent genius of the people will pass into a more worshipful frame, and much of the conservatism, and more of the domestic aristocratism, of the old world times, will reappear in the New World's future. We need not therefore share in the terrors of the old women, or anticipate a radical change in humanity upon the planet. The moral cosmos will forever reproduce its phenomena, as the physical cosmos does its own. . . .

In a letter of February 20, 1855, from my mother to her aunt Catherine Robbins, she says:—

Peter has been gaining slowly the last fortnight, and is able to work again, some hours every day. He is much interested in writing a little Manual on Coal, which he commenced in the summer, and he hopes to get it published in May. I feel a little anxious about his writing so much just now, for he has very many feeble days, and times of great nervous prostration. But I like the plan of the little book, better than anything I have ever known him to write. It is clear and practical, and has very pretty illustrations, which he means to draw on stone himself, to save expense.

My grandfather Lesley was taken very ill in February, and early in March died, after several weeks of terrible suffering. It was for my father a loss never to be forgotten, but he took it with the serenity and hopeful faith natural to him in times of heavy affliction. He wrote of his father's death to Mrs. Lyman on March 6, 1855, as follows:—

The calamities we so much dread in advance look very much like blessings, when they are endured and recollected. The first shock of my Father's death was even severer than I expected it to be, but already I begin to feel how impossible it is for Christians, with a faith in immortal glory, to regard the departed in any other light than that of a saint and divinity. I do not wonder now, if I ever did, at the ancestral worship of the Eastern people of the earth. The noble man has become a nobler man, a crowned and exulting triumpher, laughing at the limitations of space and matter, and already planning great things; while he looks with noble curiosity and heavenly wonder at greater things, and beings who are to be henceforth his examples and his company. The thought fires the imagination. "To be glorified," is too indefinitely suggestive;—"to be with Christ," is too technical and limited and hierarchical;—"to live again," contains too large a savor of the death preliminary;—"to be among the saints and angels," expresses much and well, but not all, for the harps and trumpets are not satisfactory to all;—but all these and like phrases *do* give us such grand pictures, and open such enrapturing vistas into better worlds, suggest so many various spheres of power and happiness, such a superabundance of stored up love and work, that we can but wave our hats after him, with tearful eyes and quivering lips, but with a hearty God be with Thee, O our dearest Father, into that royal land.

In a later letter he writes to his wife:—

Alas, there is no one in the world now who takes the same kind of interest in us as our dear Father did. His loss is irreparable. He has carried away the Nameless Thing with him; that gives blue to the sky and greenness to the grass. . . .

FROM HUNTINGDON, *probably May* 15, 1855. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE AT ALGONAC, NEWBURG.

. . . Kiss Dora and Annie and Louise for me, and tell them I am in the country of the three bears, but have not yet been to their house to see their three beds and three chairs and three soup dishes. Ask them if they think the three bears will make much of a growl if I venture to taste their porridge, to see whether it is too cold or too hot or just right.

Your letter is dated Saturday night, so we are close together

again and I bless God for your health and happiness. You wonder where I was on Sunday. I was for once at home in a Presbyterian church, and touched deeply with a Presbyterian sermon. Not that I liked any more than ever I do the wrath and hell and original pollution that was in it; but the preacher was a man of genius, of piety, of sense, of sympathy and of the people,—a printer once by trade, and a preacher by vocation, you could prove it by every tone of his voice and every gesture of his body. He preached the Past, it is true, Cain and Gehize and Ananias and Sapphira, but also the eternally present Christ, and the wants and powers of the Soul. If his illustrations were antiquated, his theme was modern, and his spirit penetrated to the joints and marrow of our souls. In the evening his sermon was from Proverbs. He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall—I forgot what—but it is some blessedness, and just what one—doesn't matter, as they are all alike and resolve themselves into one—knowing God. . . .

ALGONAC, *May* 18, 1855. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

I have been lying beside our little beloved (who is taking her noon nap), reading Charles Sumner's grand lecture in New York, from the *Tribune*. What a triumph it is that such words are listened to with enthusiasm by such multitudes of people! How I have been longing to read it aloud to you. . . .

ALGONAC, *Sunday Morning, May* 20, 1855. TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . I looked over the bookcase for a religious book. The Wares, Channings, etc., however good, were all too familiar. I took up my old friend Madame Guyon and Fénelon, by Professor Upham, and wondered if the old feeling would come back in reading it. Lately I have had a longing for an awakening of all devout and affectionate sentiments. I opened at Bossuet's conversation with Madame Guyon. It is fine, and in reading it again, I recognize the source of many of my fixed views, on religious subjects. Her description of the subjection and sanctification of the will to God, the passively active condition of a soul in which God lives and works, was very clear. But my old enthusiasm in reading the book was gone. It did its work, years ago, shed a lovely peaceful light upon my spirit, but now it can do no more. . . .

The outdoor life, hard and exposing as it was, seems to have again brought health to my father. He writes all through May of greater zest of life, and in a letter of May 22 remarks: "Think of me without care, for I am entirely well. I have the happiest visions of your dear and amiable circle at Algonac, in these days of bright soft May."

Here is a pleasant description of his talks and walks with one "Chavannes":—

June 17, 1855. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

How the same combinations in life perpetually reappear! Chavannes has been telling me stories in which all my old friends are mixed up. Just now he made us laugh by this anecdote of old Cæsar Malan. They were in the same car on the Strasburg Railroad, when Malan was informed that one of the sons of his old friend and fellow *Pasteur*, Chavannes, was in the train. He came and sat down by him, and his first word was—"*Eh, mon ami*—what is the health of your soul? *Comment porte-t-il votre âme?*" Chavannes is enough of an American not to be very cordial with strangers (he says), so he replied—after a little reflection, "*Nen!* there are two things,—one may believe he has a soul, or one may doubt it;—if he believes, he may care for his soul, or he may not;—if he care for his soul, it may be either more than for his body or less;—if he care for his body, he will not if he be wise expose it to the practice of any quack in any public place, but will go to a good and well-known physician; much more, if he care for his soul will he do the same."—Malan stroked his chin; said no more and soon went away.—Some days afterwards, Malan came to see Chavannes, the father, who introduced him to his children. When it came to Gabriel's turn,—Gabriel grew red,—and Malan laughed, saying,—"Ah, no occasion to introduce us: we know each other." Then the story was told and old Chavannes was heartily amused. But, says Gabriel—Malan was a good man, only a little *faible*. . . . His uncles are in Tennessee, the rest of the family in Holland. They were scattered, during the Revolution, in Canton Vaud, in 1846. How pleased you would be with him! His English is a thousand times worse,—more laughable than Désor's or even Lesquereux's. He makes us infinite music; the first day was one perpetual joke. His blunders are sometimes perfect linguistic gems, opening down vistas of etymology among old forms of expression; as when he talks about the horse's foot

becoming *sorry*, instead of sore. He cried out yesterday as he was sawing away with his knife at a large sapling—"Heh! it was very better to get one axis." This unutterably ridiculous congeries of blunders haunted me for hours, and made me sore,—sorry,—with inward laughter. He always says *empêche*, for prevent. He is an enthusiastic botanist, for the sake not of classification, but chemistry, and is thorough in mathematics. . . .

During these walks we have conversed on all subjects, and he is a continual pleasure to me. He was in the war of revolution of Canton Vaud. He was also in the great fight in Paris, around the Pantheon wherein 11,000 lives were lost, and with his own rifle brought down a revolutionist from the summit of the dome. He tells me items of these histories that throw quite new light on the secret springs of action in Europe, and although a thorough conservative has eyes open wide to the marvellous miseries and wrongs of the workmen in France and Germany, and predicts with confidence a red republican revolution sooner or later. You will be pleased to hear also, that he predicts with equal confidence the abolition of slavery sooner or later in Tennessee. . . .

June 19, 1855. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . My yesterday's plotting has brought out the whole structure of Broad Top (I stand astonished at the precision and effectiveness of my method of work,—thanks to my habits of faithful laborious investigation, and to my early experience in self-directed science—thanks to the Providence of God), and I cannot but see how small a part of Broad Top is *available* for years to come. This is new light. It tells, you see, upon the Allegheny—for the less coal *available* is *here*, the more valuable is the available coal *there*. . . .

Of this work he again remarks in a letter of June 28, 1855:

The other discovery was the structure of the country I have been so laboriously and doubtingly studying. It all came, as it all always comes, in a flash, by a kind of prepared inspiration. My work will henceforth be intellectually easy.

My mother adds a playful postscript to a long letter of June 24, 1855:—

Since tea I have been amusing Chauncey Wright with our prospective future in Broad Top lands, and all our castle-building. He also is to make a fortune in some unheard-of way, and William Thayer also. We are then all to retire from the world, and live together, you devoting yourself to Arkism, Chauncey to Astronomy, and William to Poetry, while Martha Swan and I keep house in the most æsthetic manner, and Mary affords pleasant pastime to the three students.—Don't you think our castle in the air is a fine institution?

BROADTOP, *July* 24, 1855. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . As we approached Spur's, we heard the rain coming again across the forest below, and started, but too late; we were drenched. This opened up the fertile subject after tea, and Chavannes described thunder-storms *below one* in the Alps, and then said that the noise of the hail in heaven before it falls is supposed by some one recently to be the rattle of the first crystals dancing up and down between the two strata of clouds, one negatively the other positively electrified. After dancing a long time, they grow too heavy for the attraction and fall through the lower cloud to the earth. It is a beautiful hypothesis.

Did I tell you it struck me the other day that the political name Tory is a true Arkism, *Tori*, and equal to Dorian, Druid, etc.? Observe it is the mysterious name of the *High Church* party. Yesterday I was enchanted by lighting on a sentence in Harrison Ainsworth's "St. James." He describes the trial of Sacheverell, in Queen Anne's time, and says that the vast mob came with an "Oak leaf" in their hats, the distinguishing badge of the High Church party. You see how entirely this confirms my conjecture that the Tory party is the modern representative of the exclusive Arkite Clerical Aristocracy, the Druids of old.

CAMBRIDGE, *July* 30, 1855. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . While little Mary sleeps, I must try to give you the history of the last two days. They have been quite eventful. Friday we had agreed some days before to spend at the Hillards, with the Hoppers and Stearns;—but when we waked, the day was alternately rainy and cloudy, and we knew not what to do. I did not feel inclined to persevere in going, but Cousin Susan had invited Mary Walker, and I thought it would be a pleasant excursion and change for her; so at eleven o'clock, between the drops, we set off in the omnibus. Our going was certainly an inspiration.—When

we got there, we found Mrs. Stowe had arrived the day before, to spend two days at the Hillards, and had with her a young colored friend from Philadelphia,—a Mrs. Webb, who has a remarkable voice and great talents as a reader.—She gives readings and recitations of Shakespeare, Sheridan and others, and goes by the name of the black Siddons. Well, she and Mary cottoned together a good deal, although M. has had too much sorrow and is of too deep a nature, not to be quite reserved.—This woman's father was a Spaniard, her mother a very black woman and a slave, who belonged to the finest of the African tribes. Mrs. Stowe said she was of a splendid race.—This mother was perfectly happy in slavery, until she knew she was to have a child. Then she became miserable until she escaped:—She longed to have her child born free.—Through many dangers she reached New Bedford, three weeks before this daughter was born,—having travelled on foot for months, suffering everything from concealment and starvation. She lived in New Bedford many years in great comfort, and much respected, gave her daughter an excellent education, sent her to Europe to study languages, and finally died during her absence, of a fit of apoplexy, occasioned by her horror at hearing of the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill. . . . After M. had gone, Mrs. Stowe asked me about her, and was much interested in her. She promised to write to Lord Elgin at once, she knows him well.—Also to have advertisements in England.—She also said I must say to you, if other means failed of getting the girl,* she has a friend in New York, who has succeeded in getting off hundreds, and who never fails.—I am almost afraid to write about it, but the great reason of his success is that he is in connection with a young slaveholder at the south, who has a perfect enthusiasm for running off slaves. He is afraid to be known as an Abolitionist, has an immense property in lands and slaves, but, Mrs. S. says, is of an extreme temperament, a sort of John Hopper, and knows that his game would be up in the South were he to avow his principles.—What do you think of it—I mean of the slaveholder and his principles? It is certainly not *avowed* Christianity, and yet what could he do were he known?

How I wish you had been at the Hillards at dinner on Friday, and at breakfast on Saturday!—Mrs. Stowe was to have gone home Friday, but Mrs. Webb tripped and fell on the stairs and hurt her foot so badly that she was obliged to have a painful

* Mary Walker's daughter.

operation performed.—What a day that was! Hungarians coming and going, in earnest conclave with Cousin Susan, the Hoppers, and Stearns, and Mr. Hillard, all in their most genial humor,—now and then a deep groan from the room where Cousin Susan and Mrs. Stowe and the Doctor were helping Mrs. Webb through the operation. In the evening, to our surprise (for Mrs. Webb was in great pain, and lying on a sofa), Mrs. Stowe opened the folding doors, and asked us to listen to Mrs. Webb's reading, as it would divert her from her sufferings.—You know, dear, that I never heard Fanny Kemble, or any other great reader; so it was all new to me and I enjoyed her much, particularly her reading passages from "Uncle Tom" in which Topsy figures.—It was pleasant to watch Mary Walker's face while all this was going on. It was a day of days to her. . . .

Aunt Kitty will soon send you an account of Henry Ward Beecher's Phi Beta, and I will send a Post, with Wm. Thayer's account of his shipwreck. . . .

The greater part of this August, 1855, they spent together in Cambridge, and probably attended a meeting of the American Association, which met in Providence, R.I., on the 15th of that month.

In his field work of this season he had evidently felt very much the absence of his brother Joseph in Europe, who had become an expert aid to him, as well as a most congenial companion. In a letter from my mother of September 4 I find words which mention another relative and friend, who was to become a lifelong aid and companion in his scientific work. She writes, "About Ben Lyman, Chauncey thinks he would be faithful and valuable and soon learn all you wished." Young Lyman, who had just been graduated at Harvard, soon after this joined my father, and in the years which followed more than fulfilled the expectations of their mutual friend, Chauncey Wright.

Several letters of September of this year speak of Professor James Hall, of Albany, and of his desire that my father should come to Albany to live, and join him in his scientific work there. Evidently, my father was tempted to do so, but in the end decided to remain in Philadelphia. A warm and hearty friendship existed from this time on

between my father and Professor Hall, to which was joined a sincere admiration of each other's work.

In the autumn of 1855 the small household moved into a new house, much more comfortable, overlooking the pretty garden of their friends the James Furnesses, which was an unusual advantage in a city house. In writing of this little house to Miss Robbins, my father says, "It will be a very pretty one, and very quiet, and a very spacious one—for us." As I remember it, no stretch of the imagination could make it spacious, but it served all the uses of a palace, and must have had India-rubber walls to hold all the guests who were at different times sheltered under its hospitable roof. I well remember the long narrow parlor, rather bare as to furniture, but cheerful with a piano, books, and some good engravings on the walls, and my mother's sofa near a front window. My father had a little library over the kitchen, which was more than furnished with his bookcases and big drawing table; but he did not always have the use of this room. I well remember one entire season when it was given up to a scientific friend who was very ill, and whom he brought home to nurse, and for whom there was no other place in the house. Our good friend, Miss Martha Swan, was living with us at this time, and was a great blessing to both my parents, in her devotion to their children, as well as a constant aid to them in many other ways. To eke out the small means of the family, my mother was very glad to take such boarders as could be accommodated in the little house. One winter we had in this way Miss Anne Whitney, later the famous sculptor; another year, a young Mr. Perry, also an artist; and my uncle Joseph Lesley and cousin Benjamin Lyman, who were both students and assistants to my father, made their home with us during different seasons. Besides these more permanent members of the household, there was a constant succession of visitors for a few days or weeks at a time, and this seeing of old and dear friends was a great happiness. The housekeeping was of the simplest,—good and plentiful food, but plain of its kind,—and the hospitable entertainment offered was a share in their life, full of intellectual

interests and strong affections. As I remember those early days, it is chiefly a procession of fine and notable faces which passes before my mind's eye, certain tones of voices, and a general sense of richness of life, not overstrained, but vivid and interesting. Nobody was ever bored in that little house, and, if at times there was weariness or illness from overwork, this did not suffice to cause dulness or depression. The house was full of cheer, and of not infrequent merriment.

BROADTOP, *Oct.* 28, 1855. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I went out up the road in the growing dark, through the mire and over the rocks a mile into the forest, to meet them [the boys] and help them carry the instruments in. I have a horror of the dark, and especially of the forest at night. Superstitious images crowd around me, and voices follow and whisper after me. Every whitened stump becomes alive, and the chinks of sky through the matted tree tops seem spirits. I have often walked alone in the woods after dark, in order to conquer these fears, and I tried to-night how far my self-education had succeeded. I went on surrounded by my reflections and an atmosphere of the infinite. The solitude was profound,—increased by one star shining down into the deep cleft made by the road. I stood upon a few tree stems thrown across a swamp place in the tracks, and uncovered my head and prayed for guidance and courage for all time. If God made me,—let Him guide me! Time enough hereafter to know Him,—only let Him lead me in the ways of life everlasting. David was a man of soul and his prayers are of the texture of all our breaths. . . .

STONERSTOWN, *Nov.* 9, 1855. PETER LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . Whatever be the reason, I confess frankly I anticipate no great happiness this winter in our new house. So all that comes (and no doubt much will come)—your visit included—will be clear gain. As for "music and dancing,"—to hear Rachel once will suffice. You think her fine? It raises my opinion of her. But why portray on the stage artificial pangs and dying scenes, and deadly crimes of which the world is full and weary? I do not like tragedy, and shall not like Rachel, though she may be a very fine actress. My antipathy to suffering,—gratuitous, unnecessary suffering I mean,—is unabated, and increases yearly.

The sufferings which mistakes and self-mistakes make, which deliberate malice and unintentional awkwardness make, and which the customs of society awry at every joint make,—they are intolerable, and yet of these comes the very stuff of tragedy. I wish every one to be good and happy—how can I take delight in the broils of lovers and the murder of innocents? I cannot: nor do I think it a great mark of genius to *imitate* death scenes, and accesses of passion. It requires only artistic skill, time and patience, and the will to do it. Now a great comedian is to me a great man. Shakespeare is to me, not the great tragedian, but the great comedian. His fine humor, exhaustless wit, his *bonhomie*, which pervades all life, like sun rays, and obliges us to look with lenient eyes on weakness, and loving eyes on mediocrity, in men and women, his fancy for happy dénouements and sweet sayings, in the very heat and toil of the plot—make him, I think, the greatest of all—because the most natural and noble of all comedians,—Comus personified. No, I do not like tragedy; we have enough of its shadow always on the earth, and so much of it in memory. It is a fatal defect in genius that after picturing a creation and golden age of paradise, it *will* always wind up things with a deluge, and a final conflagration, and utter destruction from the presence of the Lord. . . .

This letter expresses a very constant aversion. My father never chose to see a tragedy enacted, seldom read a tragical story, and even disliked to begin a tale or novel which he knew was to end badly.

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 9, 1855. PETER LESLEY
TO MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

I have not fulfilled my promise to you until now, because I wished to *read* your admirable book,* and not skim through it or "look it over," as the phrase goes. And *reading* a book is no joke at the present day,—nor do I indeed think it ever was,—except for a few natural jokers perhaps, with Websterian Horace Hu-man heads. I heard Horace [Mann] lecture last night, and the way he slew the bigots, and dispensed the clergy, and reinstated science and common sense, would have done credit to Shamgar and Samson of old. But his brow oppresses me. It is a beetling crag, snow-clad,—it must feel heavy sometimes.

* The Progress of Religious Ideas through Successive Ages. 3 vols. 1855.

Your book meets my unqualified—approval, I should say if I were the teacher instead of being the scholar; I therefore say, admiration. It has pleased me all the way through. I have read about three-fourths of it, and am still reading, with the same pleasure as at first. I never read a book—any book, least of all one like this—consecutively, but begin at the end, then read the preface—then plunge into the middle of affairs, examine then how it opens, and after that dash here and there along the lines like a literary aide-de-camp, keep my thoughts of all in line. This argues a bad taste perhaps in your opinion, but in my experience it argues only a bad memory. It is the only way by which I see at once from end to end of my piano board—by moving my head along the keys. So we read score also—and so the rocks and other symphonia.

I wish I could tell you what pleases me so much in it. Shall I confess that I did not expect to be quite satisfied—and Susan had a sort of terror about it—a presentiment of thunder and lightning, and perhaps the odor of sulphur? But there is not so much as would come from a first quality *bougie*. You have admirably steered between Scylla and Charybdis. I have yet to see an irreverence, and no one of course would look for a cant phrase. You carry the heart with you sweetly, all the way through —your sketches are masterly—your delineations of character, pure, just and very exciting. I never have read anything in biography finer than your Julian and Augustine, and who would have expected you to succeed in *both* these? Your last chapter is a perfect poem of wisdom and love done into elegant English. Pardon me for what you may think indelicate praise, for I know that we suspect what is unalloyed; but I am not writing for the newspapers, or the *Westminster*, or the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to gratify the learned with annotations, or the common world with frequent criticisms, but to your own heart my own feelings which I know are yours about your own work. You must love it, and feel sure and half-proud, and altogether contented of it. Is it not strange that any one else can? But I do also. The old Hebrew proverb—about "A stranger not intermeddling with it," doesn't apply to such things. I felt about this book as some old maids do about their neighbor's children,—quite as tender an affection for them, and a great satisfaction in not having had the trouble of bearing and breeding them to their present state of beauty and sense. I couldn't have written your book, but I feel as if I—in some way or other, unconsciously—had.

How was it possible for you to write so calmly, and neither

fall into vituperation nor sarcasm? I cannot comprehend it. Have you gone back over your finished MS. and eliminated everything except the fine wit, and sweet expostulation with folly and arrogance? The tone throughout is beautiful—perfectly beautiful. There were four or five *shockingly* funny, and *shockingly* energetic things in Horace Mann's lecture last night, of an hour and a half long. There is not one that I have seen in all your three volumes; but a thousand places where the smile curls round the heart like a kiss-glow, and where the light comes into one's eyes, as when one reaches the top of a hill. What a divine gift this is, of a pure, noble, glowing style! pure to save the feelings, glowing to excite them, and noble to reward them. Your English is absolutely music, and fully equals Irving's or Hillard's, and pardon me for a little of man's arrogance, when I say that there isn't a trace of woman's weakness about it. I defy a jury of twelve critics to determine whether a man or woman wrote it. I think this great praise, for my highest ideal of humanity is the married man,—the man-woman,—the *caulacau* of the Gnoois; nor can any angel be painted of either sex without falling.

There is one thing I cannot well comprehend, I mean your positive philosophy. You evidently do not mean to obtrude one. But you leave your readers in a sort of perplexity about your own opinions on all but minor matters, and negations. It is evident that you have no sympathy with bigots, nor with profane atheists. You are neither an Athanasian, nor a Brahmin nor a Talmudist; but the only decided sympathies—not expressed, but intimated in your book, are first, with the oppressed in fact —and secondly, with the growing soul of humanity—that is, with every possible *natural* posture of the heart-head in all races, climes and ages. I see shining through the book a very soft and steady radiance, and it comes from your faith in *all things being well made and lovable*, always everywhere. Every effort of the thinking mind, or acting hand, or aspiring heart, you watch with the same interest you do a child's. The same in Egypt, India, China or America. And you seem to lose your hatred of bigotry under this light, because it is a natural phase of heart and mind, proper to certain places and times. I can on no other theory understand your uniform good temper in describing its exhibitions. But you seem in detail both to believe in and ridicule or suspect the supernatural. You describe miracles, etc., in such a charming way, that we are left in a most delicious perplexity as to whether you advise us to cultivate

Le Roy Sunderland or join the Know-nothings. Permit me to ask *entre nous—unter vier Augen*—whether you really think Apollonius *was* born twice.—Did two she-bears eat up forty-two children at the command of the un-"magnanimous" Elisha? (Susan specially desires an answer to the last as our marriage was never considered complete until her proclamation of conviction on that point.) It's pretty plain you have a leaning to the Unitarians, and don't believe in original sin. But it is not so evident whether or not you consider Moses a reality, or Christ and Chrisna identical. In one word it is a book of historical and not dogmatical statements, and the author steps further into the background than usual,—in fact most of the time quite out of sight.

Sunday P.M. *December* 9, 1855.
CONTINUATION OF THE SAME LETTER.

The most extraordinary sermon I heard this morning, at the dedication of a Catholic Chapel on the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, to which (not to whom) the Chapel is dedicated. It was an incredible mass of stuff, incredible to any audience but such a congregation of low foreheads and weak chins. Father Ryder said,—"how could we imagine the son of God able to endure the taunt of the Devil, 'Your own mother was once my servant'?" *Therefore!* Mary never could have been in sin. The promise of a savior was made *after the fall; therefore* the Saviour's mother must be taken out of the rule of the race, become an exception, be set apart from all the preceding world, and be in fact an Eve mother of the new race of Christ, the redeemer of the old. The woman was to crush the serpent's head (a false quotation, but *c'est égal*), therefore Mary must have been made a second Eve to do it, etc.

It was very interesting to me, for I saw in it the modern representation of the universal and sempiternal worship of the Bagi, Celestial Virgin, Bark of Safety, mother of all avatars, and refuge and solace of man's and woman's imaginative heart. The mass performed was Mercadante's,—one of those glorious visions of the heaven that await us in the Eternal Music. I cannot describe [to] you their effect upon me. Like tempests in the lassitude of summer they wake up the dying life, clear away fogs and vapors, purge heaven, and restore an ineffable calm and bliss, worthy of the disembodied state.

How could I thank you for your lovely worship of music, throughout your book! I sympathize with every word. But I

doubt somewhat one expression,—although it is so fascinating a conception that it ought to be true,—viz., that music *itself* can neither sin nor receive the taint of sin, by which, you remember, you would illustrate the innate essential purity of truth and true religion; the discord of sects and the wrath of bigots do but obscure it for a time, but under all malign aspects its harmony may be discerned by the true listening ear. William Henry Furness the very day I read this passage described to me the effect upon him of some of "Don Giovanni" of Mozart, in which he says he *felt* the wickedness, without the words.

I wish I had noted a score or two of things I meant to write to you about; but in fact I have been so exceedingly busy that I have only been able to read by stealth, at intervals, in public places, and surrounded by chatterboxes, when pen and pencil would have been an absurdity. I remember one thing however, which excited merriment as I read it aloud—for I have read half a volume aloud—and it is this. You quote Mosheim, and somebody else, to explain the explosions from the foundations of Julian's new temple on Mt. Moriah, by fire-damp. But Mosheim and Guizot ought to have known that *fire-damp* never collects except in coal mines, and that the gases which are found in wells, and caves, and subterranean excavations, are *choke-damps*, oxy-carbonic, and utterly non-combustible, even extinguishing flame. You gave the *story*, as well as the explanation, for what it is worth. Now *I* believe the story, but would much rather see in it a Guy Fawkes' prank of the Christian priests, more successfully played than the one in the House of Commons. Is not history to your eyes a Mother Hubbard's Cupboard, where her dog-man, every time she goes out, appears in some new transformation? Is it not a phantasmagoria in which nothing astonishes,—and as the juggler ends off by bringing out a cannon-ball and promises to swallow it, you feel persuaded that he can and probably will, after all the other equally incredible feats that he has performed! Is anything incredible in that awful hall—that museum of the past, —at the far end of which where the vista closes in with dim groups, and veils, and dancing lights, we descry angels, God, chaos, and creation: I am profoundly superstitious.

And is not music a superstition of the heart? What pangs it gives us, what starts and frights, what weird forms, fire from heaven, earthquakes, portents, miracles of beneficence, proceed along the score! It is a mythology, instinct with Apollo, Venus, Mars—an Olympus of its own.—I do not wonder that the oracles were moved by music. I could myself prophesy in the

midst of the crash of an orchestra,—or after one of those divine upward scales, those Jacob ladders of harmonies, every step of which is a higher universal plane full of its own angelic hosts, like the paradises of Mahomet; and the summit is lost in the heights of *possibility*, that ecstatic infinity of the third octave, where the sharp light of the ultimate tones blinds the ear, and shuts in glories for which we can but pant, and wait, listening tiptoe, at the gates of heaven.

One more pardon—I did not mean so long a letter, but I could write still more. But I have been repeatedly interrupted, and like the spider who has spun a web in a too public place, I give up in despair and only beg you to believe me,

Ever affectionately and truly
Your friend PETER.

POSTSCRIPT BY SUSAN I. LESLEY.

DEAREST MARIA,—Let Susie send her dear love to thee, though it is late, and the space is small. Poor Peter is worked down to a very thin specimen of humanity, and rarely has a moment to write. But I have never seen him enjoy a book more heartily than yours.—He has read much of it aloud to me, and we have enjoyed it together.—I was scared before it appeared, on account of other people, not myself, but I find nothing in it to scare any one.

We are very happy in our new home, and our little Mary, and your name is a household word to us. My best love to David, and think now and then of your loving Susie.

PHILADELPHIA, *Jan.* 23, 1856. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

I received your kind letter this morning and its contents made us most happy, to think that we may soon see you face to face. Peter has been very unwell the last two weeks, with real chills and fever. . . . I hope it is gradually wearing out, but it has tried his constitution very unfavorably. On Monday morning early, we were astonished at the sight of four gentlemen at nine o'clock in the morning. They were Professor Hall of Albany, Prof. Haldeman, Dr. Le Conte, and Dr. Henderson. They were all day in Peter's study, having great scientific sympathy and very animated conversation. At about twelve, Peter came down and said they were all going to stay to dinner. I had been sick with a stiff neck and sore throat for three or four days, but I jumped

up to calculate my resources. My woman was in the midst of her washing, and we had calculated on a very mean dinner of cold scraps.—But Martha ran out and hired a cook, and brought an elegant pair of fowls; and to a confectioner's and got pies. And at two o'clock precisely came off one of the nicest of dinners,—with Mary, all dressed and waiting on table,—four kinds of vegetables, a bottle of sparkling Catawba and everything to match. Peter had not calculated on anything so fine, and was all struck of a heap at the sight. It was also a feast of reason and flow of soul. Professor Hall had just returned from Iowa, and was full of talk, and Dr. Le Conte is very witty and wide-awake. I really wish that Mother and you had been here, I think you would have enjoyed the company so much. At five in the afternoon our friends left. . . .

To change a "mean dinner" into a feast was one of the delights of my mother's life. Many a time did she rise from a sick-bed, and prepare the hospitable board for guests, sure that, however simple the fare, the meal would be made delightful by that "feast of reason and flow of soul" that added zest and savor to every meal at that table.

HUNTINGDON, *May* 14, 1856. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

I feel now as if the season had actually commenced. It is late to begin work, but you will say that my late two trips to Beaver County was work. It was a long dusty ride to-day, but how beautiful the spring earth! It would have rejuvenated you to have seen the world of blossoms and young grasses, the ploughing and sowing, and to have felt the winds from the woods and hills. After exhausting politics and geology, I fell into a musing half-sleep, and dreamed verses in your praise. I can only remember

Breathe, balmy May, sweet wishes to my love,
  From whom my feet as still they rove
Dance at the very mention of her name,
  Deeming it lovelier thus with love to trip,
Than to descend through all the lists of fame
  With sad and stately steps.
Breathe, balmy May, sweet wishes to my love,
  Sitting at home the faithful dove,
While I fly devious through the foreign air,
  But only double wingéd to return. . . .

The rest was lost in sleep. But it was all true. That is the only beauty of my poetry,—it is all true. I composed also divers dictations to the government of Ohio upon the geological survey bill of next winter,—perhaps I will say something about it in my book,—I have it pretty well arranged. It seems rather odd to be meddling with what is yet none of my business, but we must do that sometimes.—I have suffered miserably the last week from wounded pride about my sermon, Sunday night. Not that I don't believe all I said, but I long now to say everything true in such a way as will cause it an easy entrance, and an agreeable one, into people's hearts. You will smile, and say yes,—you know I am greatly changed in this.—I am, in truth! . . .

[PHILADELPHIA] *May* 18, 1856. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . I have been reading the volume of "Modern Painters," which you left, with delight. I am about half through it. I know so little of art, that I cannot judge whether Ruskin is one-sided, or not, but I do like his ideas very much. They seem more natural and truthful than the usually received ones.—Shall we ever read such books together? You can't tell how truly I enjoy them, nor how difficult it is for me to lay down the book. There are a thousand things I want to ask you about in the book, but it would take many sheets of paper and much time to ask you. I like very much the chapter on the Religious Ideal,—also the one on the Purist school. His illustrations of thought are so excellent and inspiring, that they appeal to every common reader, who knows absolutely nothing of the subject, and give fresh impulse to his observation. . . .

COALMONT, *May* 25, 1856. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Shell has just arrived with the startling news that Sumner has been nearly killed in the Senate Chamber, and Lawrence destroyed by the U.S. Marshal,—two events which we may be permitted to say should have occurred at least *together*.* We may ask indeed—what are we coming to? I think certainly to dissolution. I feel as if the Southern party, having got all they expect to get—intend now to exasperate the Northern party to a secession, and thus force them off the Union ground. Hoping thus to reduce the Northern party to the inhabitants of one or two states,—Massachusetts or perhaps New England, Northern

* Atchison and Lawrence. See pp. 441–456, vol. i., "Abraham Lincoln, a History. By Nicolay and Hay."

Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota. But if violence is to bring about the end,—let us have enough of it to open Northern eyes. . . .

May 26, 1856. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . I suppose you have heard of Charles Sumner's time at Washington. I was not at church last Sunday, but hear that Mr. Furness preached about it, and four people went out of church. Henry Ward Beecher and many Boston ministers preached also about it. Are there not great crises coming? Think of Hillard's speaking at the indignation meeting.—I am afraid that the Bostonians won't economize their wrath, and will use it all up in indignation meetings. . . .

COALMONT P.O., BROADTOP, HUNTINGDON CO., PA., *June* 23, 1856.
PETER LESLEY TO MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

At length I can return your compliment. In a week or two you shall get a little "Manual of Coal and Topography," which may interest you because my name will be in front of it. How much other interest you may find in it, I can't tell until I hear it from yourself. It will no doubt be read by a good many young men and some old ones, and some men of science will find it trashy because it does not tell everything, and other men of business will feel it to be unsatisfactory for the same reason. But in fact I have merely organized the subject in this edition, and reserve its development for the next, for I am self-confident enough to believe there will be a next. I hope to be allowed to issue an edition every winter, and in a few years make it somewhat worthy of its themes. There is nothing ignoble that is real.—I have deeply felt this truth in writing upon Coal, and Map making. In its frame and forces, a spider, or a leech, involves a world. Every fact is a dewdrop, in which we see reflected from all sides all things,—if the eye will but place itself at all possible points in turn around it. How is it that I, who deal so wholly with the real, live for it, and by it, and have almost nothing of the original poet—which every youth is—left in me,—love yet so dearly the fairy tale, the legend, the child's story? Is it not because the ideal is the realest real that is? Little sweet "Eastward of the sun and westward of the moon" who married the white bear, is almost as dear a reality to me as my own little Mámie.—Your flower for children * was snatched from me by Willie Furness before I could read more than ten pages.—It is as fresh as a daisy, and

* Flowers for Children. 3 vols. 1844-46.

as real and true. This is the sort of thing we children want and we will bless you for every bunch of flowers you gather for us in your paradise. I long for the time when my darling daughter shall sit at my knee, and read it to me. Ah, that is too great a happiness to hope for.—I dare not trust myself with such a hope.

I must see you again this summer. Where shall it be? Do you know that fate favors rogues, and has decreed me some work —*bona fide* work—among the Berkshire Hills. After assisting at the inauguration of the Dudleyan Observatory at Albany, in August, I mean to spend three months in Maine and in Western Massachusetts, and Connecticut. There are certain problems to settle there, which are to be incorporated into the Canada Survey, and govern us in our United States geological maps. . . .

I have lately been waked, or worked up,—whichever you please—by our grand, enthusiastic, harmonious, and, I trust, eventually triumphant, Republican Convention,—a company of as fine heads, faces, and hearts as I ever saw together,—evidently men who know what they mean, speak straight out, and are accustomed to success. I brought back from New York with me the news that the National Fillmore Club have gone over unanimously to Fremont. It is my belief that the politics of the country are to be remodelled, at least for a time, and our history to receive a check in the wrong and an impulse at last in the right direction. To reconstruct the political sentiments of a government is an almost hopeless task, we may cherish a hope, however, that something real in the way of progress may be effected.

Three times have I essayed in vain to finish this rambling epistle. It is now a gem of a Sunday morning; birds, crickets, children, even the hoofs of the horses in the stable, are vocal with that quiet intense life of a still fine day. The sky is what all skies ought to be; the sun has just been created; the small apples attract attention,—the trees are full of them; you can almost hear the corn and grasses grow. Last night I looked out over toward the Allegheny, and there lay a great bright Bay of Naples in the sunset, with Ischia and Procida, and purple shores, and emerald infinites, beyond, inviting, maddening the heart to shoot Ariel-like out beyond the horned moon, and lose itself in brilliant silences and solitudes. . . .

My dear friend, God bless you with eternal youth, is the prayer of a heart that you have made to remember its youth and inspired with a grateful love so that it is by a divine right,

Yours truly, PETER.

CAMBRIDGE, *July* 13, 1856. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . I have been reading a life of Fremont, which is deeply interesting, by Charles Upham. People here are wide-awake. Poor Charles Sumner! Do you know, his friends fear very much a softening of the brain—William Thayer writes to James that he sees him often, and that he is running down, and it is now the seventh week since the assault. I have been to church this evening, to hear your old friend Mr. Stone, formerly of Salem, preach the annual sermon to the Divinity school, or rather to the class leaving.—It had a very noble Anti-slavery close. . . .

July 18, 1856. TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . Nothing is talked of anywhere I go but Sumner, and Kansas, and Fremont. . . .

JACKSON'S [ALLEGHANY TOP], *July* 19, 1856. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Terrible things crowd round us, like demons in the Valley of the Shadow. A hundred children burnt and crushed up on the Chestnut Hill Railroad.—Another steamer burnt on Lake Erie.—The emigrants fired into, robbed and imprisoned, by the Missouri pirates, on the river.—Another Northern member clubbed by a Southern bully:—What are we living into—but an age of blood and anarchy! I do not wonder that Henderson felt so badly on leaving Virginia and his children, for a three years' cruise.—Personal interests, however dear, are swallowed up in public interests, when the race and its last best gains of the ages are at stake. For ourselves, we are safe—come what may—death is but a removal. But for the country,—the great ideas of liberty, equality, justice, fraternity, art, science, piety—we tremble and may well be willing to fight. This Teutonic blood is one that does not readily *endure forever*. It always in time *rebels*. The Southern degraded type of it must not be permitted to incubate on all that the Century has gained, through so much struggle and death. What a wretched development is that,—of the vaunted destiny of the best stock of mankind!

But a few more martyrs, and the Union will be saved by being lost. I hope to live to see a northern army sweep with a majestic irresistible movement over the South, and remodel at a blow the monstrous frame of Society, that has grinned at us across the line, and lashed at us from above so long.—What will

a few thousand lost lives be in comparison with a saved age, an emancipated race, a regenerated tone of sentiment in America?

Yet among the ways by which the footsteps of the Avenger and Arranger come, are some of *peaceful* readjustment,—and we may hope that by these our salvation will appear. War is a horror,—but it is much more of a physical than a moral horror. It horrifies cotton raisers, and cotton workers more than it can philosophers and Christians. *These* are horrified rather by the peace of immorality and venality, the death of soul and decay of noble sentiment.

I have felt lately as if I ought to turn to and help stump our state. Here the Crisis hinges, here in Pennsylvania. If we lose this, we lose probably all. But it requires peculiar qualifications to make an impression on the public. When the money comes, I mean to send a few dollars to the New York Club, to help others stump it. . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *July* 24, 1856. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . Yesterday was a day of great excitement in Boston, on account of a fugitive slave case. The man hid himself on board a vessel coming from Mobile, was discovered before he reached this port by the Captain, who swore to deliver him up to the authorities. He jumped overboard and swam to an island. Boats were put off for him, and he was retaken, but the thing getting wind friends were ready at once. The case was carried at once in court, and Judge Metcalf would not allow time for any telegraphing, or collecting of evidence, but decided at once that the man was free, in the absence of evidence to the contrary. Thereupon, William Francis Channing whisked him into a carriage, and drove off, the Lord knows where, a great multitude of people cheering and hurrahing, till he was out of sight. Mr. Mumford remarked to Susan Hillard, "Strange that Theodore Parker should have been off duty, he was all the time at Cambridge Commencement."—"Yes!" she said, "and so was Judge Shaw.—They always pair off together." We have had three days of constant interruptions from visitors, so that I have not been able to write you since Sunday evening. Rosa Hopper was here yesterday. They are staying a month at the Lorings in Beverly, in company with the Danas, and are having a delightful time. She told me a little secret. The papers state that Charles Sumner has gone to a retired place, but do not mention where. But he is really at Cape May, at the James Furness's and they do not wish it known, because he is so ill that he

needs perfect rest and quiet. The accounts of him are very sad. It is said that he has the constant sensation of rapping on his head, and that there are many symptoms of softening of the brain. When he walks, he totters like an old man. Oh, is it not shameful that that rascally Brooks should go unpunished, and that there are men like Professor ——, wicked enough to uphold his conduct! . . . Everybody here is intensely excited. Even poor unsettled Mother sits and sews for the sufferers in Kansas. Over one hundred thousand dollars has been raised in Boston alone, for the Kansas sufferers, and Wentworth Higginson has been out there, and advises that a road shall be made through Iowa. . . .

MASSILLON, *July* 25, 1856. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . The country here about presents one of those striking ethnological phenomena, common all over the earth, of a city or town population quite different from that of the country. Here the towns are full of Yankees, bright, shrewd, open-faced, straight, long-nosed, high-browed, nervous-looking, tall, thin, intelligent New England men, intellectual-looking and often handsome women and girls and large-eyed boys. The country is a wilderness of Pennsylvania *Deutsch*—children and grandchildren of the Orm and other German settlers of the east,—true to their hereditary instincts, accumulating hard cash from the soil, living filthily, or if cleanly still uncomfortably, in small houses, and talking the familiar old patois. Good, honest, close, timid people, ready to defend their rights, however, obstinately conservative, credulous to a wonderful extent, yet shrewd,—a strange compound of the lion and the lamb, the fox and the sheep. A race, which whenever set free from the restraint of mountains, and developed by cultivation for one or two generations, stands deservedly foremost of the human series. . . .

CLEVELAND, *July* 27, 1856. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Yesterday my heart sank to see a crowd of men, half drunken, selfish, mean-eyed men, each with the capacities of life within him, but without its opportunities,—crowded together in the station house at Alliance, after a political debauch, the raising of a Buchanan pole, and speeches for the saving of the Union—waiting for the various trains to bear them home.—Home! what a misnomer for the place where such soul locates its body—north, east, south and west. As our train arrived, we sat down to supper, and the first speakers and actors to depart came hurry-

ing in. I soon found myself in an earnest discussion with the part of the table next me,—the only anti-slavery man in the crowd. They justified Brooks, or rather insulted Sumner in every sentence, and I defended him with my blood at boiling point. Roars of brutal laughter rang up and down the supper-room. Finally the whistle gave the signal and they vanished like ghosts at a cock-crowing. After that for an hour I had to sit in the general room, surrounded by a loathsome crew, for whom I must confess my heart wept with the saddest pity. Hopeful—yes, a man's heart must be an eternal fountain of hope,—to hope for such lost souls. How irreclaimable! How they descend step by step! I read their fates in their faces with a mute agony. I thought of the hundreds of thousands of such lost souls in this land. I thought of the vain struggle of the few against the many, the good and true and noble, against the ignorance, meanness, degradation, brutal passion, stubborness and perversity of the masses. Here in the state [Ohio] I always thought the model of the Middle States, the hope of the Northwest, I have seen the old handwriting on the Pennsylvania walls—German, German, Ignorance and Vice. The Reserve cannot save Ohio. It may conquer in one election or another, but it is like sweeping out a rising inundation with a few brooms. Yet there is no giving up—we must fight, as well as work, while the day lasts, die in armor and trust in God. . . .

There are fine anecdotes of Col. Bissell of Indiana, and Cumback of Indiana, both real northern Liberty men. The House has struck a terrible blow at the administration, in the matter of the Army Bill,—refusing appropriations until the Kansas bogus laws are repealed;—that's the proper place to strike. All English history says to us—stop the supplies and the throne *must* do what is right. . . .

SAXTON, *July* 31, 1856. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . At Cleveland I inquired for Dr. Newberry, and his fish and plants. He has gone to Washington. . . . I found however a young man, A. V. Lauderdale, whom we picked up in our carriage, and he carried us to see a small collection he had made himself with Newberry, and said that he has found bones of a true Salamander, which Newberry had sent to Dr. Wyman of Boston. I must see about that. On leaving he gave me a small fish and two teeth—quite an unexpected, and very pleasant little courtesy, which would be natural in Europe, but not here. The fossils occur in great numbers in the four-inch slate, attached

to the bottom of the great seven-foot bed at the mouth of Yellow Creek, near Willsville, on the Ohio below Beaver. . . .

BROADTOP, *Aug.* 3, 1856. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I hope you have got the book [the "Coal Manual"], as it will please you in its appearance. But I know you will think it very small. In fact it has been cheaply gotten up,—and not so nicely therefore. It was published for the benefit of the bookseller, not of the author.

I am glad the Ellises seemed like old times. Ben says Rufus is very conservative, and is troubled at the laxity of the times in his church. He told me that four out of the six "parts" at the Divinity School this year were too infidel to be allowed, whereat Rufus groaned. I don't wonder that he despairs of the country, for it takes bright eyes to see light ahead just now. I have had another terrible conflict at dinner table with the Honorable Mr. Moore of Philadelphia,—Judge Dougherty and Mr. Smith, a merchant, one Buchanan and two Filmore men, who say that we are fools to vote for Fremont, because when in Congress he voted altogether with Atchison and Co. against Banks and Co. How do the New England men account for that? It is the one thing which has all along troubled me. If he plays traitor, the disappointment will be fearful.

CAMBRIDGE, *Aug.* 6, 1856. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . Well! New England's the best place in the world. The Stearnses drove over from Medford this evening full of Kansas talk, Fremont, etc. James Freeman Clarke wishes to stump Pennsylvania, with you for a companion. It is said that Reeder, Robinson and Burlingame will do so, also a German Duhèr, lately arrived, who is as eloquent as Kossuth, and whose appearance is considered providential. Thirty thousand copies of Fremont's life have been sold in Boston alone. The Stearnses have presented me with the finest lithograph of Charles Sumner, beautifully framed. . . .

HUNTINGDON, *Aug.* 9, 1856. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Sunday morning. Have had a pleasant breakfast with Bishop Potter. Saw James Buchanan last night. An old, fat, Charles Chauncey looking man, in an apoplectic white cravat, with one eye looking wide of the other, a most disagreeable physiognomy. He has a "false" eye—you cannot trust it. His

manners are those of a hoary politician—extremely disagreeable. I am sorry I saw him—if he is to be president, which God forbid. He reminds me of the descriptions we have of some of the popes.

CAMBRIDGE, *Aug.* 10, 1856. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . I asked George Stearns yesterday about Fremont's voting with Atchison, against Banks. He says it is not so. Fremont was only four weeks in Congress, and then wholly absorbed in California matters. As a Democrat he voted with Democrats on all minor matters, but he has never done so where Slavery was the subject. His whole course has been an Anti-slavery one, so say all the friends of freedom.

PHILADELPHIA, *Aug.* 14 (?), 1856. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . The excitement in town and country is becoming tremendous. The Maine election intoxicates the one side, and makes desperate the other. Pennsylvania is now I think safe. Mr. Sumner thinks that the South will take steps before long,—perhaps before the election, to secede. I do not think so. I have just brought him a roll of caricatures. I supped with Dr. Wistar last evening by appointment with Annie, who however supped with her sick father. Sumner was not so well yesterday. His friends to the last must not only be patient, but very tender of him. He is still quite a sick man—in that sense that he can bear no excitement and has no physical vigor. His nervous system is badly shocked, but his brain uninjured. . . .

In August, 1856, my father attended the meeting of the American Association of Sciences in Albany, my mother joining him there, after which he returned by way of Vermont to Philadelphia. In September he accepted the office of secretary of the Iron-masters' Association.

Sept. 9, 1856. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I have a world to say to you to-night. Where shall I begin? I dined with Charles Sumner to-day, supped with him yesterday, had a merry time; saw Dr. Wistar with him this morning, the Dr. commands him to rest until October 1st, then try a journey homeward cautiously, to see how it will go. Charles groans and moans, and says it is a dreadful lot. We all laugh at him, and tell him posterity declines his further services. He

storms at the administration, and pants to stump the state. The Doctor says he is immensely improved, but that a false step will return him to the middle or beginning of August.

J. F. Clarke writes me a vigorous and despairing list of queries, which I shall answer hopefully. Things look brighter here, but my heart breaks and sinks about the poor people in Kansas. May the curses of the righteous destroy our tyrants. I have no heart to write on personal topics. What is our interest compared with this immense crisis—this impending fate of all American hope and life—this shipwreck of liberty, truth and righteousness? . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *Sept.* 11, 1856. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . I wish I felt like telling you about the Kansas meeting last evening. Lucretia [Hale] came out to spend the night with me. . . . Lucretia, Chauncey and I were quietly taking tea when the Stearnses and Augusta King walked in and told us of the Kansas meeting. So Chauncey [Wright] went after Aunt Kitty and the Howes, and we all proceeded in a body to the Hall. I got seated by Dr. Francis, when very soon Theodore Parker came in and sat next me on the other side, was very cordial and made many inquiries after you. Emerson spoke very well, but was very sad; he evidently *feels* the wrongs of Kansas to the heart's core. Mr. [Moncure D.] Conway from Washington spoke very finely, and then Huntington in his deep voice made the earnest Christian appeal, and spoke mournfully of the dreadful apathy and indifference even here in the heart of New England. He closed with offering five hundred dollars from his own small salary, to any man or body of men, who would go to Kansas, and take the body of Ephraim Nute,* whether living or dead out of the hands of his persecutors. Lucretia was deeply moved. She had passed some hours with Nute just before he left for Kansas the last time, and said the last thing she heard him say, in his quiet, gentle tone, as if it were quite a matter of course, was, "I am ready to die for Kansas." Huntington's speech was very noble. He said that God had been trying to rouse us from our luxury, our apathy, our indifference, these many years. First, came the claims of our suffering black brothers and sisters at the South. We slept on.—But now our white brothers and sisters at the West are falling around us, and still we sleep. What will be the end? He

* At one time a Unitarian minister in Chicopee, Mass., who went to Kansas before this date.

and Mr. Emerson thought that no family, no individual, should rest easy, till they have made some great sacrifice for Kansas. We ought not to allow ourselves a single luxury, while there is such suffering there. A poor woman, the wife of one of the prisoners, was then announced as one of the audience, and ready to answer any questions after the meeting adjourned. Aunt Howe, and Aunt Kitty went and spoke to her, and I tried to listen, but it was too painful, and I went off. . . .

September 17 my father writes from Montreal, whither he had gone on a scientific trip, accompanied by Miss Robbins and Chauncey Wright, telling of excursions with Sir William Logan, T. Sterry Hunt, and Professor Dawson, of examining "specimens, fossils, maps, note-books, etc." He visited Quebec and Northern New Hampshire, after which trip he and my mother returned to Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, *Oct.* 3, 1856. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOSEPH LYMAN.

. . . We did all we could to detain Mr. Sumner. The Furnesses and all greatly disapproved of his going. We shall not cease to be very anxious for many days. I spent many hours alone with him, the few days before he left, Mrs. Furness being much occupied with her sick mother. Of course the advice of a small person like myself is worth nothing, but I told him the opinion of all the wisest persons I know. He was racked with doubt and hesitation, and continual telegraphs and sleepless nights, and was finally brought to a decision by the fixed idea, which I believe is a fallacious one, that he could in some way affect Burlingame's election, to whom he seems much attached. He has been greatly depressed by the state election, and by his own continued feebleness. One day he said to me, "Oh if I had but died last spring! I know my own powers, and nothing I shall ever be able to do for this country will ever be of half the value that my death would have been." I don't repeat these things except to you. He is talked about too much. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Oct.* 3, 1856. PETER LESLEY TO MISS ROBBINS.

. . . Saw Burlingame, S., George S., Ed. Davis last evening. All goes well—the talk is now of 45,000–70,000 for F. Don't tell this, or you will be considered crazy and so will I.

PHILADELPHIA, *Oct.* 19, 1856. PETER LESLEY TO MISS ROBBINS.

. . . C. Sumner went to Washington Friday last. We are hopeless about the next election; the Democrats have gotten this one by 3,000+ majority, 11,000 extra (false?, votes were cast here in Philadelphia alone. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Nov.* 2, 1856. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . I have paid an occasional visit to Mr. Sumner on my way to and from Market, and grieve to say that he left us yesterday. We all think him entirely unfit for the reception in Boston, and shall wait anxiously for news of him. He has been much depressed by the State election here, and has shown by his late journey to Washington how physically feeble he is, and how unable to bear the smallest fatigue or excitement. Margie is intensely anxious about him. . . .

Well! The day is at hand. Heaven help us and the country. We feel almost hopeless here; but even if the worst happens, God *can* bring good out of the seeming evil, and He alone knows what is best for us.* . . .

Nov. 21, 1856. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Before starting, and while waiting for the cars from Bloomsburg, a young countryman, seventeen years old or thereabouts, attached himself to me, and sat crouching in the sunshine under the depot windows, to tell me how he had never seen the cars yet so nearby, how he was afraid it would seem kind o' strange for the first few miles, how he had heard that they went darned fast, and his brother had gone in them all the way to Milton, three weeks ago, etc. I felt the same sort of instinctive taking to him that I always do to the harmless, cute little creatures of the woods, the squirrels and green snakes, and examined his inner constitution streaked over with these quaint prejudices, fears and wonderings, just as I would the antennæ or tarsi of a coleopterous insect through a lens. I wonder if the *savans* among the angelic hosts examine *us* so; or if our Heavenly Father is as much tickled with our naïvetés as we are with those of such children. . . .

* This refers to Buchanan's election.

ALGONAC, *Dec.* 12, 1856. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

The truth is, he [Peter] found as he always does a great deal of unexpected work in this iron business. For instance, he now expects to be obliged personally to inspect and visit all the furnaces in the state, an immense undertaking, and one which will keep him away nearly two months, probably the whole of January and February. . . .

WASHINGTON, *Dec.* 14, 1856. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . My business here is to collect materials for a map, which Hall wishes, to explain his report to the War Department of the fossils of the boundary of Mexico. Major Emory introduced me to Captain Humphreys yesterday, and I saw Prof. Henry, and Spencer Baird and Dr. Andelys, but not Dr. Newberry. . . .

WASHINGTON, *Dec.* 16, 1856. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Yesterday I danced attendance on some men, and to-day on others. It is a miserable city to work in. Can do nothing before ten nor after three. Nobody knows where anything is, whether it can be got, or whose business it is, and jealousy of one another characterizes both individuals and bureaus. Everybody is trying to keep and get credit for what passes through their hands. Dr. Andelys, Newberry, Hayden, Baird, Henry, Lap, Humphreys, Lieutenants Ives, Parke, and Mr. Campbell have all treated me cordially. Last evening Prof. Le Conte of the south gave us his first eloquent lecture on coal, before a fine audience in the Smithsonian, and stole a little of my thunder. (I couldn't help laughing at his literal quotation.) But I forgave him as he stole a great deal more of Ruskin's. But it was rather fine. Eloquence is a gift of these Southerners. They appropriate charmingly. I got quite new views of my own ducks and drakes, and admired them more when another stroked them than I ever did in my own hands. . . .

WASHINGTON, *Wednesday, Feb.* 11, 1857. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

It is impossible for me to do more than record the principal events of the last forty-eight hours and leave it to your imagination to fill up the details. . . . All yesterday I spent in this seat (Wm. Thayer's reporter's desk in the gallery of the Senate Cham-

ber, over the speaker's head) listening to an exceedingly interesting debate on the Ohio River survey, which Butler of S.C. shook his long gray locks at, and Stewart of Michigan made a fool of himself against; which was splendidly advocated by Pugh of Ohio (whom I greatly admire), and nobly sustained by Crittenden (whom I have long desired to hear), in language and sentiment which commands my unqualified admiration. Opposite me is Sumner's vacant seat, which,—tell James Furness,—speaks in an awful thunder tone, like a volcano in activity on the distant horizon. Not that I wish to imitate Mrs. Browning's "Loud thunders of white silence,"—ask William Henry Furness where that comes from,—or get up enthusiasm for want of facts. But I have been awed and strangely moved by the sight of the chair, and the strange scene around it. There is certainly a majesty in the Senate of the United States which all our prejudices and all its failing cannot hide. And if they be not great men who come here—(I think they be)—they must be made great men by being here. That is different indeed from saying *good* men, I confess. But I saw and heard more *good* yesterday than I expected to see or hear in the U.S. Senate in a year. As we grow old, we come to know more and more that all things outside of our own circle deserve more respect than we give them, and all things inside of it, less.

WASHINGTON, *February* 11 1857. PETER LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

You see to what shifts I am reduced. But I am in the Capitol Library, and they are too poor to indulge in the luxury of ink. They only have $25,000,000 to get rid of. The question is how to do it. They will probably take off duties, and kill all our manufactures, Iron, Cotton, Wool, Sugar. Here I am to protect Iron. Poor abstraction that I am—called upon to protect the realest and hardest reality of real things! It amuses me. I have been at it for a month, erecting paper fortifications, tabulated bastions, formulistic curtains, newspaper articles for redoubts and covered ways, bomb proofs in the shape of private correspondence, and mines under the pamphlet lines of the enemy. In the end the conflict is of a very doubtful issue, and we may find ourselves beaten after any number of victories of any size. I am however heartily interested in the fight and wish the iron interest success, with a real if not an entire disinterestedness. One gets to love *anything* which one tries to foster, and the poorer or sicker it is, the more. I am pledged to. . . Protection,—

odd as it may seem,—and all because I see that the prosperity of the country at a thousand points is half involved in the success of innumerable furnaces, founderies, forges and rolling mills, scattered all over a dozen states, and feeding half a million of people, besides giving point and spirit to their intelligence and energy. I see something so *real* in all this. The good is so tangible. One can count heads and daily wages, and follow the results into so many of the channels of the arts, fairly out into the world of science,—that I am heartily devoted to Protecting Iron. . . .

WASHINGTON, *Feb.* 13, 1857. PETER LESLEY TO LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

I *have* read Mrs. Browning's "Aurora." I despised it. I pished and phewed and spoke disrespectfully of it. I read pages here and pages there and confounded it circumstantially. Sophy Howard came and sat and praised it, and I dispraised it, and grew furious at Susie's coming to her aid. I read your admiration of it and said it was a weak spot I had found in you. Finally one evening I was left at home alone, sick, and cross and wickedly disposed toward all men, and towards "Aurora Leigh" in particular,—but nevertheless took it up and read it. I began near the end—and read on. The pages began to glow and my own soul grew serene. I woke in a sort of Eden of delights, and hour after hour passed away in a rosy sort of dream. They returned, and caught me in a crowning emotion and triumphed over me,—and so may you. It is a noble poem. The episode is wonderfully beautiful, and has a sort of *might* about it, such as I suppose resided in Marian's beautiful face.

Maria, Maria, be good! I hope some day to see you *at the head* of an "Establishment." How wonderfully fine a *Regina Britannica* you would make! How you would sweep up the Reverend Peabodies into wicker baskets and sell them for overdried pulse! How you would hold the little head of the Reviews, and pry open their contorted baby mouths with a large spoonful of sulphur and treacle—(as I was treated when a boy, mark you, and therefore I *know* what I'm talking about)—and tell them to swallow *that;* it would do them *good;* it would cleanse their blood; it would enable them to receive Religious Ideas. Ah! my hands rub at the picture.

Establishments may not like *you,*—but if you had the making of them, you would find that everybody would like *them;* and you yourself would not be so bitter against them. Our phi-

losophy ends in establishments of some kind or other, always; and in fact they are natural institutions, just like trees. Trees are establishments, you know. Thank Heaven, they don't continue to grow forever, and they are sure some day or other to perish, every one. But what would one poor fleeting skyscape do, without these grand establishments of forest and mountain under it? The conservatism of the world has become really quite beautiful to me, since I backed off far enough in this direction from it to view it in this light. Its precipices, avalanches, howling wildernesses, freezing pinnacles, heartless cavernous immensities, in which all individualism seems swallowed up, and an infinite Fate everywhere forbids and punishes Liberty,—all this is a reality—but it is the frame of the picture, the tough bone skeleton of the rosy flesh, which is the point of designation and return for the immortal free—free soul.

Come, dear friend, I begin to enjoy the world, now I see it as it is and accept it at all points. Let us walk round evil as we swerve from the puddles in the road; but in the Stanfield [?] of it even these have their indispensability and beauty. Really now, since I got rid of my own, I should rather hate to lose all the white neckcloths out of the panorama. They look quite as picturesque as their kin, the peacocks and penguins;—to say the least.—I begin to suspect that we may say of them, as of spiders, and sloths,—they must have their uses, or they would not be; and uses involve beauties. . . .

But patience now, this is the very last page. Remember, I have it in my power to write four hundred. I wonder if it won't be a favorite amusement in the coming state of existence, to write letters across the nebulous systems on Morse's telegraph. The materialistic philosophies of our day seem to leave heaven bare of most matters except electricity. Can it be that the Almighty Wisdom can find employment to their tastes for so many universefuls of thinkers and doers! Let us trust Him, and be patient. If I could only be sure (here or hereafter) that those loved me really whom I really loved, I could be content to sit like a chained bear on the top of the north pole forever, and be pelted at with icebergs by northwest exploring expeditions *ad infinitum*. Love involves all—swallows up all—receives all means and ends into its own bosom, and remains the universe, whether full or empty. My hunger to be loved grows forever. Every friend becomes more and more indispensable, and every loss inconsolable. If we regard Love as Soul-light, the eastern faith that the good are absorbed into light is true.

Like space—which exists before and after all material things, equally well with and without them,—Love is a reality, and whole world, for or in spite of, with or without, all actions, ends and goods whatever. Is it not so? Are we not thus immortal?

PHILADELPHIA, *Feb.* 22, 1857. PETER LESLEY
TO MISS C. ROBBINS.

Shall I laugh at you? shall I scold you? shall I apologize? shall I write you an essay on politics? shall I refer to the fact that I write on Washington's birthday? shall I remind you that my only historical principle has always been never to be consistent? or shall I prove, *secundum artem, verbatim et literatim et sequiterim*, that I have never run the risk of changing? No. I will quote St. Paul. O woman of Cambridge, thou art, I perceive, in this thing too superstitious. The idea! I—I—I—a recreant and apostate from the universally true and nineteenth-century-wise divine idea of free soil, to the old fogy theories of special tariff and protection! How *could* you? Beauty of science? It shines as gloriously as ever into my soul; and the hour strikes when all nations, freed of tyrants, shall toil *pro bono mutuo*, and be remunerated. "Glory of freedom"? Never truer than now! Freedom for all the nationalities! But not for the aristocrats and despots, who pocket the consequences of *our* free-trade experiments, while their starving poor starve on just as before. Freedom? Why, let us do all we can to *bring over to this land* the oppressed fabricators, and then their employers and masters may go to the devil and starve, while *they* will become coefficients of liberty here where they are needed. The "excellence of free trade" is a general law, including apparent exceptions, as every real current involves eddies. To offer a fictitious free trade in iron, is to ruin our iron-works, and give the English nobility a monopoly of the manufacture;—what follows? direr enslavement of their own work hands, and the injury of the free-trade *background* here. No, the weapons with which Free Trade shall get the victory, are *special* accurately and scientifically adjusted tariff. For example, England protected her manufactures from year to year, until they were perfect, and then came English free trade. Let our iron-works be protected five years longer, and no one will ask for a tariff. Some abolitionists desire the opening of the slave trade, for the same reason—to abolish slavery. I do not,—because there are better ways. But not so with iron, wool, etc. Protection first, and free trade follows inevitably; just as you protect a child, sure that

thereby you insure his manly independence. The only question is the how, and how far.

On May 19, 1857, a second daughter was born to the household, much to their joy. My father had, however, little time to enjoy in peace the new baby. It was a busy season. Already in March and April he had spent a number of weeks in New England, visiting iron-works and mills in many places,—as far north as Canada and south into Rhode Island and Southern Massachusetts. These journeys were followed almost immediately by trips into Western and Northern Pennsylvania, and June found him again travelling constantly, to nearer points in Pennsylvania, and then into New York. This constant travelling was often very irksome to him, and he had frequent twinges of homesickness and depression. Always, however, his intense interest in his profession, his real love of and satisfaction in hard work, his delight in nature, and his (sometimes amused) study of man in the very varied conditions in which he found him, carried him through the days with usual cheerfulness. One of the things which he often referred to in later years was his enjoyment of the small theatre companies and their performances, which he often came across in his wanderings. The following extract illustrates one of these occasions:—

READING, *June* 15, 1857.

I went round to the different works after supper, and about nine and a half stopped before a little theatre, through the windows of which we could see the green-room proceedings—and went in. As usual, I was paid well by a sight at a funny audience showing funny emotions, at very funny acting; but especially by a real feast, over hearty, sound, honest, English love—tried and found trustworthy—noble and disinterested, and rewarded well. —Such scenery of life as is peculiar, I sometimes think, to the English and German nature, but must be germane to all human nature. I prefer to think so,—so do you. I never go to a country theatre without feeling bettered in every noble sentiment, and grateful to the unknown, obscure, commonplace writers of these very ridiculous, but very admirable, and beneficial plays, and to

the poor provincial players who enact them. Certainly the play I heard to-day was better for the people in that room—myself included—than most of the sermons I have heard the last ten years.

He loved dearly, in later life, the parts of Dickens's works which dealt with these simple players. Nicholas Nickleby and his Crummleses, Miss Snevellicci and the Infant Phenomenon, were no impossible exaggerations to him. He had seen their sisters and brothers in the profession, not only before the footlights, but in the intercourse of many a country tavern, or among the varied discomforts of travel to which he, as well as they, were subjected, in cold stages on rough roads, or on the early railways of both East and West.

Indeed, he was a hearty lover of Dickens, and of other novelists who dealt with "all sorts and conditions of men." He had himself lived among such varieties of human kind, and was so true a lover of humanity that strange types seldom seemed *outré* to him. He could match them through experiences of his own. He loved humor, but it must be *kind*, to please him. Satire or the cutting sneer he could not endure, be it ever so witty. Neither did he enjoy the description of tedious mediocrity, especially smug respectability. It did not amuse him, but, on the contrary, bored him wofully.

ALGONAC, *July* 30, 1857. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . On Sunday I read Wendell Phillips' speech at Framingham, on the Fourth of July, lent me by Mrs. Brown, in the *Standard*. It seems to me one of his most magnificent efforts, and makes one feel that the subject can never be exhausted. I also read an article by Mr. [Brownlee (?)] Brown in the July number of *Putnam*, (the same that contains Lucretia's story), on the Ideals of Modern Fiction. It does not give me a high idea of his mind, is rambling, has not point enough, and wanders into regions that I left long ago. The transcendental fashion of saying, "I want to know what to do with my day,—how to influence my neighbors," &c. does not come home to me at all. What am *I* or my *influence* anyway? The duties and necessities and pleasures of

every day seem to me sufficient, without questioning or scanning them very much. There is too much consciousness in all this philosophy to please me, and what he says of Dickens, and of "John Halifax," and art generally, I don't agree with. And yet I think we do not do enough to make our homes agreeable by the cultivation of Art. How hard to do it when the body is too weary with the happiest cares of life, to be able to practise the finest music, or listen to the finest poem, or look at the most beautiful painting! . .

MYER'S MILLS, SOMERSET CO., *Aug.* 2, 1857.
PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Friday night I passed with unexpected pleasure in the society of Noah Webster's son and grandson, and pleasant talks about New England people, Percival the geologist, Professor Fitch and others. His father and yours, Susie, were old cronies, he said. His son played a fine Böhm flute, and he accompanied him on a boxwood eight-key flute. I played them some German airs, and among others the "*Im Grabe ist Ruh,*" which they admired exceedingly.

This afternoon I lay on the bed reading M. Bost's first volume. It is admirably written; has intense interest for me; speaks of all those men I met, of all the events I was interested in, and appeals with wonderful accord to my convictions and penchants. I wish I had time to translate it. It would be a delicious labor of love to do it and send the proceeds to him. . . .

I have written Lovering that I shall read three papers: [at the American Association of Science] on Tongued Flexures in Coal; on Ethnological Bearings of Certain Architectural Forms; and on the Word "Celt." Am I not bold? for none of them are yet written. . . .

FAIRFIELD, SOMERSET CO., *Aug.* 4, 1857. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I am delighted to find the Kentucky Anvil Rock here, in its true place; an immense thickness of coals; a facsimile section of the Dauphin Co. basin sections; and plenty of fossils. I shall bring home a fine collection and a set of new ideas. Now I must write to Lovering. I am still charmed with M. Bost's life. He says, page 101, "*Faites une déclaration de votre foi chaque fois qu'on vous en demandera, mais ne stéréotypez rien.*" This is better than I said it in my address.

I have beautifully arranged my "Celt." I sat in the parlor alone looking at the full moon two hours last evening, and thought

of you, and Mamie, and the Celts, and made discoveries. It was very much like telescope work in an observatory, I thought. . . .

ALGONAC, *Aug.* 4, 1857. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . I went this afternoon to visit Sculptor Brown's wife, while the family were driving out, the first visit I have made anywhere. Their little cottage is the very picture of comfort, just such a little quiet home as you and I should delight to pass our days in, with our children about us, and green fields for them to roam in.* I enjoyed my conversation with her very much. She is a sensible, cultivated woman, devoted to her husband, and perfectly happy in her own resources, a Vermont woman with the usual feeble health of New England women, and also the high standard of life, and practical good sense, that abound there. . . .

Yesterday we drove to Idlewild, Willis' place. . . .

MONTREAL,† *Aug.* 13, 1857. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Interrupted to go to dinner. I read my paper this morning and took part in some discussions with Logan, Ramsay, Dana and others, of a very interesting kind. Now I must go see Hall. . . .

MONTREAL, *Aug.* 14, 1857. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Our papers of interest are nearly all read, and I have seen almost all the people I wish to see, and after the debate to-morrow on Ramsay's paper of yesterday on the British fossils, I think I shall start for Newburg. The excitement is great and constant, and I can get no rest until I am with you. I wish to spend two or three days with you. Yesterday we all went over to St. Helen's Island, where the fort is, and Sir William Logan took Ramsay, Hall, and us to see the Clinton Conglomerate full of lower Silurian fossiliferous pebbles and capped and underlaid apparently with Niagara fossils. This is one of three little outliers of that great formation. He told me that after I left him on Lake Magog last year he found thousands of Niagara fossils.—To see these will be one of the few things to detain me. I have seen B. Silliman and his wife, Dana, Hosford, Gould, Henry, St. Alexander, Guyot, Whittlesey, Whitney and wife, Haldeman and Mrs. Haley,

* It was a pleasant coincidence that in later years my mother's youngest daughter and her husband came to this very cottage, and made it their home,—"Little Brook" as the place was named.

† At a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Arts and Sciences.

Bache and his wife, Dawson and his wife, Anderson of Rochester, Wilson of Toronto, Le Conte of S. Carolina, Gibbons of the Assay office, S. Carolina, Emmons and his wife, Daniels, Swallow, of Missouri, Hall, his wife and daughter, Dr. Hitchcock and wife, Prof. Sanborn, Holton, Hubbard, Ruggles, Wyman, and many others of inferior note. We have had eulogies on Bailey and Redfield, dead last year. A great entertainment given by the Nat. Hist. Society in the evening was so badly managed, that Hall's address was only half delivered and the Governor-General, Eyre, left town in a huff. . . . I read one paper on coal, and two on my Arkism, which this time seems to have excited some interest. I read to-morrow on Lesquereux's identifications, what I trust will do him justice. Joe seems highly interested. He is much liked as acting secretary of subsection B, the ethnological. Hunt is a great man here, and has received the highest and heartiest scientific applause. Ramsay is a noble fellow, and we have been taught with delight the wonderful analogies of Scandinavian, British and American lower Rocks. I will tell you all about these things when we meet. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Sept.* 5, 1857. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I am writing my report on Somerset Co. for Wolf; my papers for the proceedings of the Montreal meeting; my table of rolling mills, and seeing various parties on the Coal Burner and Coal Land Business. . . .

In September, 1857, on returning home from New England, my mother was delighted to find in her little parlor "an excellent portrait of Peter, in oils, by William Henry Furness, one that I am sure will satisfy every friend of his, and will be most valuable to me," she writes.

Autumn, 1857 *or* 1858 *probably*. PETER LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . I am hard at work on my lectures and paintings, and Joe on his. . . . Theodore Parker has just written me a queer little letter, just like him. Wendell Philips gave us his "Lost Arts," and a *grand* speech on Slavery last week. He means to give up lectures next winter. . . .

Give my love to Chauncey, and tell him to spend the next two years among the stars, for the earth will not be habitable

PETER LESLEY

From a portrait by William Henry Furness in 1857

till after that. I wish I had any brains left. I would write for the magazines and newspapers, and die at the rate of a penny a line like other literary ruins, till something turned up. . . . As for the times, the worst seems over, and I would not be surprised if two months saw things returned nearly to their ordinary state. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Oct.* 11, 1857. PETER LESLEY TO LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

. . . We have awful times. A nightmare broods over society. The City is as still as a Sabbath day. The oldest, wealthiest houses are crashing down day by day, as their heaviest payment days come round. Scores of thousands are out of work. Bread riots are dreaded. Winter is coming. God alone foresees the history of the next six months. . . .

October, 1857. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER AUNT CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . But, oh! Aunt Kitty, what lessons we are being taught as a nation; shall we remain deaf, dumb and blind? Mr. Furness has preached three fine sermons on the times. How you would have enjoyed them! If we do not now allow such truths to sink into our hearts as the Saviour so earnestly taught, when shall we? "Man shall not live by bread alone," &c. "The just shall live by faith," and many others.

We see terrible suffering, and hear of more. A poor woman *walked* all the way from Frankford, with twin children on each arm, only three weeks old, to beg Peter for bread; the babies were starving because she was. So many large factories and establishments have turned away their hands, that the very worst consequences are feared, when the cold weather comes. At home, we have all we can ask for, but it is depressing to think of the thousands who have not. Peter sold stock at an immense sacrifice, to carry us through this crisis, and we shall spin it out to its utmost extent. He receives no salary, and has no private work. Do not speak of this, it is all we can do now, and we bless Father Lesley for the care and toil with which he saved us anything. . . .

November, 1857. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER AUNT CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . Peter and Joe went off this morning to pass the day at Eagleswood, and give a lecture there, according to an invitation from Mr. Marcus Spring. . . .

Well, what a winter this is! Generally, when individuals suffer, they can turn their minds to others who are more prosperous; but the peculiarity of this time is, that there is no such diversion of one's cares, for all are more or less involved in the public calamity. I do not doubt that a great deal of good will grow out of it. Peter possesses his soul in much patience, and is much less depressed and anxious than I should have supposed. Do you know that he and I, between us, wrote fifty letters to every probable quarter where he might lecture, and they have all been answered, and not one with encouragement. So that hope has faded out. Well, he learned to labor long ago, and now he must learn to "wait."—I expect to have a boarder in a week or two. . . .

We went to hear Wendell Phillips lecture, both evenings he was here. Mr. Furness sent us tickets. I enjoyed both the "Lost Arts" and the "Slavery" extremely. It was a great treat to me to listen to him. When you write, will you some time tell me who wrote each article in the *Atlantic Review?*—Of course I recognize Emerson's and Lowell's pieces, but there are some I don't know. Who wrote "Pendlam"? *

PHILADELPHIA, *Nov.* 10, 1858. PETER LESLEY TO THEODORE PARKER.

I feel perfect security in attacking your good-nature for a favor. My business (narrated above after the most approved fashion of the puff) [in a letterhead] has collapsed under the pressure;—or if you please retired to winter quarters and will hibernate profoundly, the good Lord only knows how long. Meantime eight dozen teeth, incisors, canines, and molars, and an extra mouth without one of either kind, gnash hungrily around me. I must, in a word, lecture this winter, and will be very grateful to you for suggesting my name for any lists to be made up this winter *anywhere* or for any vacancies. To be up to the heterodox notch, as bread is my object, I shall lecture on stones. My professional theme is *Iron*, in connection with coal, and its general geology; and as I have been Acting Secretary to the American Iron Association for a year past, I have a mass of unpublished

* See page 583 of the Fiftieth Anniversary Number, November, 1907, *Atlantic Monthly*, "An Early Contributor's Recollections," by John Townsend Trowbridge, in which he writes, "My story was 'Pendlam, a Modern Reformer,' a satire aimed not at spiritualism itself, but at the follies and impostures that flaunted in its train, and cast discredit on the cause with which they claimed kinship."

information which with suitable illustrations I can make popularly interesting: I have other reasons for wishing to present the subject in many places this winter. We intend this office to be the centre point of the iron manufacture of the New World, so far as *organization* is concerned.

I have no objection to ride some of my old hobbies, however, and would like very well to lecture on Primeval History, with Language and Architecture to illustrate my particular views.

The occasional hour in the year which I enjoy in your wonderful room is a sort of Aldebaran in my memory, and I feel sure that your happiness would be doubled if you could rightly know how much happiness is thus received by the many like

Your friend, J. P. LESLEY.

My dear wife would most cordially unite with me in warmest expressions of respect and esteem if she were here. Her health has suddenly improved, within a few days, and we believe in a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year with all our hearts. . . .

EAGLESWOOD, N.J., *Nov.* 27, 1857. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . What shall I say? It is more beautiful here every hour. My lecture pleased them yesternight. Joe left this morning—and me in bed until nine o'clock. At eleven, we began to bury James G. Birney, and placed him in the grave at one o'clock,—strewing evergreens and singing hymns. If you could have heard Theodore Weld eulogize him, and the wet eyes, and holy hymns —I should find my happiness in this little visit complete. I have just been round with Marcus Spring engineering and looking at the house, and selecting sites and sights. Now I stipulate for a quiet day to-morrow, and *may* take the four o'clock boat and be with you at 9 P.M.; but I think I shall stay until Monday, and see you Monday noon.

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 26, 1857. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . I wrote you that Joe and I heard Mr. Foster * about Kansas, last Sunday, and that I was extremely interested. On Tuesday evening we had another treat. We went to hear George [Wm.] Curtis lecture on Sir Philip Sidney, or the Christian Gentleman. . . . The lecture was splendid, full of brave, heroic and inspiring ideas which he applied finely to our age and country.

* Probably Stephen K. Foster.

He glorified youth and enthusiasm, as the great achievers of all things good.—It tries me after listening to such speakers, to hear people criticise and talk coolly, about scholarship, voice and manner, and what not, as if the great thing were not the ability to present animating and lofty ideas and principles. It was good to look at Mary Johnson's speaking face, and see that she felt with me. . . .

PITTSBURG, *Jan.* 3, 1858. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . The four verses of Lowell which Joe sent me are the instinct of every noble New Englander, and make that people such remarkable writers and speakers,—such *idealists*—abstractionists—reformers and fanatics, as the world calls it. *Earnestness* is one prime characteristic of the New England mind and heart; and *faith* in the future, in the eternally steadfast and victorious right and true, is its basis—a faith which this world can neither give nor take away. . . .

PITTSBURG, *Jan.* 4, 1858. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I send you a line to mail to Maria Child, who of course wrote "Maya the Princess," in the *Atlantic* of this month. I have read no more of it. Think of Wendell Phillips lecturing here Friday night, and I knowing nothing of it until just this moment. . . .

COLUMBUS, *Jan.* 8, 1858. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I have just spent an hour with our dear friend Lesquereux, and have seen his wife.—She is a noble woman.—I go now to spend an hour with Mather by appointment, and after dinner will spend the afternoon in Lesquereux's cabinet. . . . I had a public discussion on slavery in the car with a renegade Northerner, now living in Kentucky, and for a wonder reduced him to silence. How one's soul loathes such a recreant! . . . How inimitably funny O. W. H.'s table talk is in the *Atlantic!* . . .

IRONTON, *Jan.* 16, 1858. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I think you need not be uneasy about Mamie's untruthfulness. Her cases are sporadic, not epidemic, and due to her imagination as much as anything. She is not a *literal* child, you know. Set her a good example of *exactness* in narrating, as well as faithfulness in promising, and she will grow into truthfulness. Remember also that *fear* is the mother of *falsehood;* and a timid child cannot be an altogether, always truthful one. A paroxysm

of fear, which you may not see, and could not comprehend, will breed a lie instantly, and all your training and correction before and after won't be of any avail. Take it easy, and trust to nature, time and a good example. . . .

HAMPDEN, *Sunday, Jan.* 23, 1858. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . If I consulted my feelings, I would not attempt to write to you, for it must be in a bar-room. . . . This part of Ohio is Virginian, a little mixed with Pennsylvania elements—not of a superior kind. Houses are uncomfortable, roads vile, people rough but good-natured, beds soft and short, bread hot and doughy, churches few and intermittent. On arriving at Church this morning, I was informed that the preacher's wife was sick and I must take his place; so I preached from the Sermon on the Mount, and they would have me speak to them again this evening. I left Portsmouth for Monroe Furnace, Thursday, and spent one night at Monroe, one at Washington, one at Berlin and the last here; making use of my days in plumbing the depths of clay roads up to my horse's belly, in visiting the furnaces which lay off the railroad. . . . I am in excellent health and so occupied with my work that I seldom think of home, except when nestled in bed and not always then. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *April* 6, 1858. PETER LESLEY TO THEODORE PARKER.

. . . At Blairsville returning, we were obliged by a smash-up on the Central line to walk out four miles to the Junction Station, and thereby had a chance to see a fight between a mob of negroes and three kidnappers. In the Depot were concealed thirty, and in the barn fifty armed men, and the woods were full. Three thousand good and true men could be concentrated in thirty-six hours at any point in Indiana County—*entre nous*. . . .

CHAPTER XV

EAGLESWOOD. SUMMER OF 1858

IN May of 1858 my mother took her children to Eagleswood, near Perth Amboy, on the New Jersey coast, where she spent the summer, and where my father from time to time spent a few days with them, whenever he could take a short holiday.

Several families had come together in this place with some plan, I believe, of forming a "Community" here. Mr. Marcus Spring and his family were of this number, and Mr. Theodore Weld and his family. The latter built up a fine school, which was notable for its excellent and original methods of teaching. The following letter from my mother to her aunt, Miss Catherine Robbins, gives some idea of the place and its work and society:—

At last I find a spare hour to sit down and talk with you, and it seems a great luxury. I have been at this place two weeks yesterday. It has rained steadily every day but two, since I came here, but to-day the sun has shone, and the place has looked lovely. I have already got into the life of the place, a quiet routine, with just that amount of pleasurable excitement coming from the school and intercourse with young people, which is animating and healthful. At quarter to six the bell rings to wake us, and at half-past we breakfast, five tables in a long dining-room, the scholars headed by Mr. and Mrs. Weld, Miss Grimké and Miss Shepherd, occupy three of the tables; the other two are occupied by the permanent and transient boarders. The fare is of the simplest and most healthful, with sufficient variety; the house is kept by a good New England family.

At twelve we both go to the gymnasium when the bell rings and join the class there. I go through all the drill that I have strength for, and Mamie is full in the faith that she does also. At any rate it is a fine entertainment for her. At half-past twelve the bell rings us all to dinner. At two Christine takes the chil-

dren out for the afternoon, and I lie down till four,—usually sleep soundly. At four I join Mrs. Spring, Mrs. Brown, and Miss Shepherd in a reading class, which occupies us till six, the tea hour. We are now reading Mrs. Child's "Progress of Religious Ideas." . . .

Saturday nights everybody on the place, except the servants, join in a dance at the School Hall. Tell Chauncey that when Mr. Lesley came last Saturday, he could not believe his eyes to see me dancing with old Mr. Weld, till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of my boots. Last Sunday we had an unusually pleasant service at the hall. A Mr. Thom, an Orthodox Clergyman from Cleveland, Ohio, preached a very good sermon. Mr. Weld's brother spoke very finely, and Peter gave a very strong practical turn to all the suggestions that had been made. The scholars always sing the hymns sweetly. I think the school is the only one I ever saw that entirely meets my ideas, and Peter is enchanted with it, and says he does not hesitate to pronounce it the first in the country. I find the greatest temptation to spend half my time in the school, as many of the ladies do here, and I have to restrain myself continually by thinking of my health and other duties. But the method of instruction is so interesting and so clear, and Mr. Weld is so glad to have every one, old and young take advantage of it, that it seems to me a real loss to spend two hours on the bed every day instead of there. . . .

Extracts from later letters without date:—

SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . This morning we had a meeting, and Miss Holley, the Abolition lecturer, was the principal speaker. For myself I can only say that being rooted and grounded in Anti-slavery principles, I don't care to hear much more discussion of them. It is stale to me. . . .

Sunday.

. . . We had a very interesting meeting this morning. Lucy Chase's brother Thomas, from Haverford, was here, and spoke on Prayer. Then Mr. Theodore Weld broke out in a flood of eloquence, such as I never heard surpassed. It came from the depths of a prayerful soul, a soul living in the closest communion with God. He bowed his head and nearly wept when he closed. It was an address to scholars, which each one of them must have

felt. After dinner I walked with Miss Shepherd. She told me all about his early life, how narrowly he had escaped death at the hands of a mob, several times in the West, when he commenced his Anti-slavery career; how he had saved the lives of several persons from drowning by risking his own; how enthusiastic he had been in his friendships,—how devoted in every relation of life. You should have seen the glow on her pure, calm face, as she sat under a tree in the ravine, telling me all this. She says that he loses money every year by this school, and always has; that as long as he can afford to he is glad to. Not more than half the scholars are paying scholars; he gets interested in them, and if the parents are poor, keeps them for half-price, or nothing at all.—Oh, I must tell you something good; Mr. Weld and I are both descended from Anne Hutchinson straight, therefore we are cousins. His ancestors have been Orthodox preachers for nine successive generations, and he was the first to break the line. What an amount of conscience and force must have come down to him! . . .

To which my father makes reply:—

May the day be all brightness for the descendant of the Hutchinson Martyr, the cousin of ten generations of orthodoxy! It seems as if my darling had kinship with the whole Church Universal. What it is to be born an angel! But, *au contraire*, to be condemned to live outside the walls of one's *paradise!*

. . . Peter Cooper is coming down to spend next Sunday at the Springs. . . . *Such* a sermon from Theodore Weld and such gentle, true words from Pliny Chase. Then young Louis Weld, from New York, Theodore's nephew, as blue Orthodox as indigo, preached us a sermon in the evening full of fire and heavenly unction, from the text, "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman." His illustrations were peculiarly fine and striking, and every word would have touched me; but my Unitarian ears were so often offended by his insisting that those who did not receive Christ as equal with God, rejected him utterly. Coming out, Theodore Weld said to me, "A very fine rider on a very poor horse." . . .

. . . We have been having a visit from Mrs. Farnham, Aunt Eliza's old friend, who has lately returned from California. She is lecturing here to the women, on "Woman," and I have been

SUSAN INCHES LESLEY

From an old Daguerreotype

to two of these meetings in Mrs. Birney's parlor. It is all new to me,—not the views, all of them,—but I never heard the subject discussed before. She does not assume the equality of the sexes, but considers woman both physically and spiritually to have a higher being than man; says that physically she has one more organ, and greater complexity of structure, and is more individualized than man, etc. How I wanted you here, to ask you some questions as to facts! She has spoken remarkably well, and has said many excellent things which I should like to tell you, if I had time. Unlike most women talkers, she insists on the mistake of women assuming most of man's duties, and brought many facts from observation and history to show how certain was the deterioration of her own peculiar, and as she considers, higher functions, when she undertakes to compete with man in the heavy labors and external works of life, that require a different physical constitution and greater strength. All that she said on the subject of Gestation, Pregnancy, Chastity, etc., was more beautifully, simply and purely expressed than I ever heard any one do it. I am convinced that the whole subject, treated in that way, would be elevated to the serious and religious ground it ought to occupy. . . .

. . . He [Charles Weld] is high up for free discussion, thinks it isn't free enough here. Was ever such a medley of minds as here? . . .

. . . There is a great deal to interest one in the life of the place, and never did I see so powerfully in exercise the influence of one ruling spirit. Emerson says, "A saint should be as dear as the apple of an eye," and so is Theodore Weld to the hearts of all who know him. . . . As for Mr. Spring, as Aunt Eliza used to say, "There isn't but a little of the salt of the earth left and Marcus is a part of it." . . .

. . . Mary Porter . . . came down here last Saturday and stays until Thursday, and has spent her whole time in the school. She is teaching herself in Brooklyn, and says she has received most valuable suggestions from Mr. Weld's method of instruction, and that the few days spent here have been as happy and refreshing to her mind as anything in her whole life. Teachers have so many discouragements, that I think it must be like a draught of cold water to the thirsting to come in contact with so strong, clear and genial a mind and heart as Theodore Weld's. . . .

. . . I have commenced reading Livingstone's "Africa," the large edition, and find it very interesting. I borrowed it at the Springs! Mrs. Palmer talked Spiritualism to me last evening, and I felt as if I had lost the whole day. . . .

. . . Don't say a word against Eagleswood—I adore the people here. [This feeling became somewhat modified later.]

. . . The Springs are distressed at the loss of a Swedish lady who was in the Austria, and on her way to spend the winter with them here. If she liked Eagleswood from this winter's residence, Hans Christian Andersen was to join her next spring. . . .

This summer in Eagleswood was always remembered as a pleasant episode, and several of the friendships made there were continued throughout life. My parents never returned to the place again, and in the course of a few years, I believe, most of the members of this rather unique society were scattered, and Eagleswood and its school became a thing of the past. Those, however, who had been "of it," or whose children had been under Mr. Weld's wise care, never lost their affection for the place, nor their love and admiration of this wise and good man.

CHAPTER XVI

ANTE-BELLUM TIMES. 1858–1861

THE years from 1858 to 1861 were full of varied occupation. Times were still hard, and my father's letters mention extra ventures in the way of lectures, and essays, to aid in "keeping the pot boiling."

Meanwhile my mother endeavored to fill her spare rooms with boarders, and we had several interesting persons with us, among others George Fuller, the artist, who, however, spent only a few weeks in Philadelphia, not finding it the art centre he desired. Miss Anne Whitney, the sculptor, and Mr. Perry, another artist, were also with us for some months.

The publication of the "Iron Manufacturers' Guide" came in the spring of 1859.

As has been seen in some previous letters, my parents were much moved by the Kansas and Nebraska troubles, and in 1859, when the John Brown raid occurred, they were deeply affected and distressed. The letters printed in this chapter, telling of my mother's meeting John Brown's wife, are interesting chiefly as indicating one phase of sentiment in Philadelphia. The tumultuous condition of public opinion there, divided between Northern and Southern sympathizers, and the timidity ruling the mass of the population are shown in these letters.

In May, 1860, Theodore Parker died. My mother's brother, Joseph Lyman, had gone abroad to be with him, and he and my parents felt his death deeply. My uncle was Mr. Parker's literary executor or editor, I believe,* and was occupied several years with the work of going over his letters and manuscripts.

* Susan Lesley to her brother Joseph, July 3, 1860: "I am so glad that you are to edit Mr. Parker's papers." Later letters speak of the matter as uncertain.

PHILADELPHIA, *May* 18, 1858. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Jackson presses me to give out a prospectus of a Pennsylvania Geology for schools. . . . The Iron Association has put me into correspondence with Wiley & Putnam for a five hundred page book on Iron. I am very busy therefore. . . .

June 15*th*.

. . . Our Board agreed that I should contract with Wiley & Halstead, last night. We had a *splendid* sermon from the Methodist blacksmith preacher, Collyer, with whom I spent the P.M. . . .

June 16*th*.

. . . I saw Virginia [Henderson] this morning, for she left her card under my door last evening, while I was at the great Tariff meeting (until midnight) to say that the Portsmouth had arrived. Andrew [Henderson] will no doubt be here by Saturday. . . . I am in the midst of an immense *index proof* of 6,000 names and numbers. . . .

June 30*th*.

. . . I took tea with Dr. Elwyn and wife and daughter, and talked Pelasgic-Welsh ethnology with John Elwyn, who lives near Le Conte's in Spruce St., and is an extraordinary Portsmouth, N.H., genius. His analytical faculty is superb, and his research indefatigable. I see in him as in a mirror how I will feel about it all at fifty-five, unless I publish. . . .

July 9.

. . . I slept beautifully after overhauling my Roger Bacon MS. which I will send to Edward Hale, for the *Atlantic*. It is rather stiff, but I cannot rewrite it, and it is rather good on the whole—full of honest stuff put up in sufficiently good order to bear criticism. I rather like it—and your doing so also resolves me. . . .

COALMONT, *Aug.* 8*th*.

. . . I came up with Old Jake Cresswell, and found a number of friends at Huntingdon and here. I can't help getting attached to even the roughest of these rowdy fellows, for they always turn their best side towards one, and flatter me by asking and taking my advice. It is divine to teach! Wisdom should never be sold. It is so costly, it should always be bestowed.

Aug. 12*th*.

. . . My review of Owen's Report in the *Franklin Journal* is just out and reads right. . . .

Aug. 14th.

. . . Dr. Owen is with us and I cannot leave. . . .

Aug. 16th.

Yesterday was a great day. I cannot trust myself to write about the wonder of the age, the *spirit* that is flashing to and fro along the bed of the ocean. There was another wonder I went to see yesterday, and grieved that you were absent. Mr. Stewart's aloe—*Agave americana*—is in glorious blossom. The whole stalk has risen in six weeks—what an effort of concentrated life! It reminds me of the moth's million of eggs followed by death. Stewart can trace this plant back ninety-five years, during which time it has showed no trace of fruitfulness. [There is a sketch to illustrate this.]

A third miracle. Mr. Rehn has discovered and is using a process for lithographing photographs. I am to see his fossils to-day. This is an era in the history of illustrations, as wonderful and decisive as the telegraph connection between Europe and America.

Perry says a fourth great event has occurred—Lambden and he have bought a new great camera for $120. . . .

LIBRARY, *Sep. 21st.*

. . . I am working as hard as I can stand work, and feel very well. But I get along very slowly. My third article came out in the *Tribune* yesterday, and was too rambling. . . .

Sep. 25th.

. . . Went to see the Ravels; the first quarter of a dollar I have dared spend in pleasure for a month. I am "forging ahead," —as the sailors say of a ship in a storm plunging forward against her anchors,—with my book.

. . . I felt yesterday as if the book would kill me, but I feel better to-day; in fact quite well. My maps will be beautifully done by Rehn. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Oct.* 10, 1858. SUSAN I. LESLEY
TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . He [Peter] is driven as if with forty whips all the time, so do not think it is from any forgetfulness, that he seems so unmindful of old friends. The last year has been really a hard scrabble with him to provide the bare necessities of life and the coming winter promises the same. Perhaps you sometimes see scientific

articles in the *Tribune*.—You need not tell, but perhaps you may enjoy them the better to know they are his.

PHILADELPHIA, *Nov.* 20, 1858. PETER LESLEY
TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . I think I am growing dead to the world, fast. Not in any angelic sense. But the future may be more productive of flowers and honey. You embody to me all New England and the Past, and I love you very tenderly, but have no way to show it because you want nothing which I could provide. . . . My forced absence from Boston this summer has been a sorrow to me, for I live the year round in the hope of a week there. My heart is always there, but my work is here, and if death does not play me one of his awful tricks, I shall forget my disappointment this season in a happy visit next year. . . .

December, 1858 (?). SUSAN I. LESLEY
TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . Peter had a warning that he must resign his Librarianship [A. P. S.], which was a great disappointment to him. He however did it, it was in fact the only right thing to do. For one week he had not the slightest idea what we should do, but somehow we neither of us felt discouraged. To our great surprise, yesterday he received word that the two parties at the Library had had a meeting and come to a spirit of wonderful unanimity and harmony. Judge King, a member of the opposite party, had said in the meeting that it was a shame to part with a man who in one year had done so much to make the Society efficient; and finally on all sides it was agreed to recall him and give him a thousand dollars. You may imagine how glad we are. . . . We like Mr. Fuller.*

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* George Fuller. Born at Deerfield, Mass., 1822: died at Boston, March 21, 1884. An American figure and portrait painter. In 1842 he studied with the sculptor Henry K. Brown at Albany, after which he studied painting in Boston, New York, London, and on the Continent. His first public success was attained in 1857, when he was elected associate of the Academy (New York). From 1860–79 he devoted himself to farming at Deerfield, but in 1876 he exhibited some fifteen pictures in Boston, which gained him fame and patronage. In 1879 he exhibited at the Academy (New York) "The Romany Girl" and "And She was a Witch"; in 1880, "The Quadroon" and a boy's portrait; in 1881, "Maidenhood" and "Winifred Dysart"; "Loretti" and "Priscilla Fauntleroy" (1882), "Fagot Gatherers" (1883), "Fedalma" (1884), etc. (*Century Cyclopedia.*)

Dec. 25, 1858. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . Fuller is evidently a very superior man, one who has had many deep experiences, is full of taste, feeling and a quiet repose. He seems a strong man and wholly free from sentimentality, at the same time that his sensibilities are all alive. . . .

Last week we had a splendid lecture from Mr. Emerson on the "Law of Success." I think I never enjoyed him more. He always renews one's faith in the higher principles, and makes one feel that the only success that is of real importance in this life is on the spiritual or intellectual plane. . . .

Jan. 23, 1859. SAME TO SAME.

. . . Mr. Furness has been quite ill for a few days and a Mr. Collyer, a Methodist blacksmith who lives about ten miles out in the country, preached for him. It is very long since I have listened to such effective and impressive sermons, his style perfectly original, his thoughts also. It seems that Mrs. Morison discovered him last summer and introduced him to Mr. Furness. He and his wife are English, Yorkshire people, living in the most humble way you can conceive, with their blacksmith shop close to the little house, a family of children, and a very scanty supply for them. He was turned out of the Methodist connection, on account of his liberal views. . . . He never had any education except such as he gives himself, but is evidently a man of much reading and thought, and with a self-possession, and dignity of manner, beauty and fluency of language, that would make him at home in any society. I had a great desire to have him come to tea, but Mrs. Morison had invited several gentlemen to meet him at her house. His face is a very noble one, with the sweetest and most winning expression mingled with unusual force and vigor. I think it cannot be long before he is found out and sought after, it is so rare nowadays to find a man of so much vigor. In some things he reminded me of both Theodore Parker and Beecher, especially in the aptness and force of his illustrations, but he is much more gentle than either of them. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Feb.* 13, 1859, "Our Wedding Day." SUSAN I. LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

"Forbes girls and Miss Hallowell" to dine.

Mr. Fuller about to leave for N.Y., having had nothing to do in his two months in Philadelphia. Ben gone to Concord to help Mr. Sanborn in his school.

It is ten years to-day since we were married, perhaps you have remembered the date. You are so associated with all those early times that we cannot recall them without you. Looking back, I cannot but recall the years with unspeakable gratitude, and when I think of all that Heaven has done for me, I feel that you were the chief agent in my restored health, and my ability to enjoy so much of life, even before health came. When I looked forward ten years ago, I expected many troubles that have never yet come to me, for I did not enter the condition without counting the cost. I looked for great trials and great compensations. The trials have been small, and the compensations abounding. God grant we may grow in grace, it is all I ask for. Last Sunday Mr. Collyer, the blacksmith and preacher, spent the day and night with us. His conversation and presence was even finer and more elevating than his sermons. Truly it was an angel's visit to me. He refreshed my faith in Providence, and in eternal principles, and made me feel satisfied in resting on them. He has received a call from Chicago to take a ministry at large.

. . . Peter's Iron book magnified in size after he got into it. He is still delving away with many hindrances on all sides. He is constantly receiving proof, and never has a moment's leisure for any other thought.

. . . It is more than a year since he has pursued this incessant brain labor, without change of any kind. I cannot but see however with some satisfaction, how much better he bears the strain than he would have done ten years ago. He is certainly stronger and less nervous. In two weeks more the book will be complete. . . .

Feb. 26, 1859 (?). SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOSEPH LYMAN.

. . . I am having a delightful visit from Mary Lyman and Fanny Brewer, both lovely girls, and pleased with everybody and thing. Thursday I took them to Cheltenham to spend the day with Lucretia Mott, a really white day in their Calendar, Mary says. The old lady was heavenly that day, as indeed she always is, when I see her, full of conversation on the highest themes, sufficiently opposed, though very gently and respectfully, by her four married daughters, to make her earnest and animated, and as thoughtful and attentive to every little want of those about her, as if she never did anything in her life but keep house gracefully. She is nearly seventy, and as full of fire as ever. . . .

March 2, 1859. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOSEPH LYMAN.

I have had two artists, Mr. Fuller and Mr. Perry, boarding with us. But Mr. Fuller has just gone to New York, because he can find more to do there than here. He is perhaps the best portrait painter in the United States, really a man of genius, but so modest a man that he will never push himself at all. He is an intimate friend of the Sculptor Brown,* at Newburg, and I used to go to school with him at Deerfield when a child.

PHILADELPHIA, *May* 15, 1859. SAME TO SAME.

. . . A few Sundays ago, Mr. Lesley and I went to hear Lucretia Mott at Quaker Meeting, the Sunday after our slave case here. I really wish you could have heard her, she was more eloquent than I ever imagined, well as I know her. Ben and I are going out to take tea with her this week. She preached at a colored church, the afternoon of that day, and the people were all much excited by the events of the week before. They shouted and cried, "Come it, Lord! That's you, Lord!" and similar things at every pause. Lucretia was much amused, never having been at their meetings before.

I wish you a prosperous time and safe return, dear Joseph. Remember us to Mr. Parker and say that we hail with joy every news of his improvement.† . . .

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* Henry K. Brown, born at Leyden, Mass., February 24, 1814, died at Newburg, July 10, 1886. He began life as a portrait painter, studying under Chester Harding. When he had attained an acknowledged position as a sculptor, living then at Albany, he went abroad in 1842, living in Rome most of the time for the following four years. His principal works are: equestrian statues of General Winfield Scott and General Nathanael Greene in Washington, D.C.; statues of General Kearney, General Nathanael Greene, General George Clinton, and Richard Stockton in the National Gallery at Capitol in Washington. He made two statues of Lincoln, one for New York City and one for Brooklyn. If he had finished his work for the South Carolina Capitol, it would have been one of his most important works. (*Note written by Mr. Brown's nephew, the sculptor Henry K. Bush-Brown.*)

† Joseph Lyman was going abroad to join Theodore Parker, and was with him, I believe, until his death.

Theodore Parker: Life and Correspondence. By J. Weiss. New York, 1864.

Theodore Parker: A Biography. By O. B. Frothingham. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1886.

His complete works were edited by F. P. Cobbe. (12 vols., 1863–65.)

PHILADELPHIA, *May* 20, 1859. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

I suppose you have received Peter's book and see the result of his hard labors the last year. You may be sorry for his exposure of Mr. Rogers in the Preface, but it was truly done under conviction, and severe as it sounds, poor Lesquereux attests in his letter of yesterday that it is less than true. Still I feel that the consequences of telling the truth in such a case are often very trying, and though Peter looked them all in the face beforehand, I feel them for him. Good people may and do often act most unwisely, but if their aim and motive is not unworthy, it will not cause them any real loss. I felt very uncertain about the wisdom and expediency of Peter's Preface, but never any doubt about its being done from the conviction of months, and without passion.

NEW YORK, *June* 12, 1859 [from John Hopper's house]. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . Went to hear [Octavius B.] Frothingham preach, to an excellent-looking congregation, gathered in a pleasant upper chamber, and I never enjoyed a service more. Then we came home to a dinner of Christian Socialists, where John [Hopper] cut up like the old Harry. Mr. Perry was there by the way, and William Thayer, Carter and James Lyman. Do you want to hear one of William's dry witticisms? John observed to Carter, "What a signal mercy it was, Carter, that your pantaloons were such a capital fit for Hurlbut, really providential!" "It is a divinity that shapes our ends," murmured William in inimitable tones. . . .

In May, the "Iron book" being finished, my father was again in the "field," writing from Beaver Meadows first:—

BEAVER MEADOWS, *June* 12, 1859. PETER LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . I find the waters of the old love of preaching rise as high in the bore-hole as ever before the engine stopped and the pan fires went out. But the once rare sentiment of unworthiness is now a constant check. There are so many good men and women about —all of them preaching well. The preaching of the lips and brain is so imperfect, so unreasonable, so inadequate, so erroneous; and the preaching of the good life is so perfect and prompt. As we gain experience, we become better satisfied with the common preaching of common preachers, I think; appreciating the meaning

rather than the expression, the spirit rather than the letter, of what is said. Surely, if the common theology were so mischievous, the whole population would rebel.

You do not criticise my book. I have suffered a great deal silently, about that awful business of the preface. It is no joke to be compelled to witness for the truth—especially under circumstances which cast an imputation of selfishness upon one. Every dissenting opinion also is a stab in the dark, which one cannot see very well how to parry. Nor can a perfect conviction of doing or having done right be won in practical matters of this sort, such as we win in theoretical and high religious matters, which so capture the conscience as to enforce the complete acquiescence of the judgment. There is so much unknown, behind what is known, and the effect to be produced depends so much upon accident, that one must take up one's line of conduct upon a general view of the whole case, rather than upon any well-argued-out mathematical rule or scale of principle. I am too old to lament, and say, alas! why are we not guided? or why is there not an infallible rule? But although one must go ahead and do one's best (I like the vulgar word, one's *prettiest*), yet where old friendships are to be trodden over, like dying soldiers in a charge, and every advance made and every duty taken is with strain and bruise, the hope will spring up of some good time ahead where such terrible prices will not be asked for the food and clothing of the soul.

I am absorbed in a discussion of the structure of these basins, on which will depend some expensive operations hereafter, if we succeed in opening the coal bed we seek for. I am very tired of this responsibility. Oh for a lodge in some nice Paradise! We must nevertheless work while it is to-day, for we know not when the night cometh. No need to say as much to you. For you have spent a life of self-sacrifice, and usefulness and will get your amaranthus crown in better condition and wear it much more gracefully than the rest of us.

What an iron crown that old diadem of Italy has been to every emperor who has meddled with it!* Have you any faith

* "On the 4th of June the French fought the battle of Magenta, which ended . . . in the defeat of the Austrians."

"On the 24th of June they [the Allied troops] encountered the Austrian army at Solferino and San Martino. French, Piedmontese and Austrians fought with courage and determination. Nor was it until after ten or eleven hours of hard fighting that the Allies forced their enemy to retreat." . . . .

(From page 249 of "Italy from 1815 to 1878. By John Webb Probyn. Cassell & Co., Limited: London, Paris, and New York.")

in the *Liberator?* Do you read all the news? I have been intensely interested in every scrap of the *Herald* and *Tribune* I could find. How wonderful that in every hamlet of the United States, on every twig of every bough of the great Mississippi water tree, the policy, plans and progress of the conflicting hosts and generals are studied with as much interest and comprehended with more judgment than in the cities of Europe itself! Our national position is a great anomaly. We swing aloft, as it were in a balloon over the earth—over it and in it, but not of it,—as if we lived in the moon, and had long telescopes and quick ears enough to see and hear all that passed, with no power to intermeddle. We have our own interests, but they seem to be all municipal and personal.

June 20.

. . . Such are our humble pleasures here. Lying on my back in the sunshade of a tall pine, at noon, I have fancies of books to be written, when we are rich, and I invent titles, such as: "Laissez Faire;—or Nature Does All"; "Chicques Rock,—or the Young Geologist"; "John Smith, Esq.,—the Ex Saint and Martyr,"—for them. Themes as full of truths and recollections as eggs are full of meat, could one but do justice to them. And who is wise enough to refrain from attempting what he cannot be expected to do well, when the very attempt is a pleasure in itself? The multitude of books ought to deter us. But it is easy to see that the abundance of grain does not deter the farmer from sowing, for he knows that every year must have a new crop for all the new little mouths that have just opened, and for the old ones too. People complain that books are compilations, and contain all the old thoughts of the dead. So do our granaries. The world must be content to see very few new species—to say nothing of genera—of things created in any one age. To discover the new, we go backward through the past ages rather than forward through the future. It is possible to think new thoughts, but they will not be generally acceptable to the public, nor long agreeable to the thinker, even. They are like monstrous products of the orchard, garden or forest,—curious, but neither lasting nor useful. They are out of harmony with the whole, and form a discord with that which is the common belief. When new thoughts are to become common property, they are produced like a new species of plant or animal, all over the region it is to inhabit at once; the world suddenly blooms with the novelty. So a Revolution or a Reformation introduces a vocabulary; inaugurates a fresh

encyclopædia of thought. But for us individuals, we must be content with talking on as if we chatted at home, and repeat the commandments and traditions of our fathers.

So I shall write my book some day—and leave out perhaps all the Arkism.

Poor Arkism! Where is my child? Lost—perhaps forever.

BEAVER MEADOWS, *June* 26, 1859. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I have listened two hours this afternoon to a sermon on Lazarus and Dives, and after service read Emerson's essay on Friendship with a new unction. Yet—. Can any one rise to such a height! Sometimes one thinks it possible, as one thinks a balloon trip to Europe; but whose nerves are strong enough for the actual trial? I feel as if Emerson's philosophy here is the echo of human necessity merely We have books of all kinds here, and are beginning to feel quite contented. But the tone of life is very low—on this mountain top. A poor Circus Company passed this way to-day; a file of vans, filled with seedy, unprincipled vagabonds, to look at whom made your heart sick. I long to join you among our friends, where goodness and truth, wit and wisdom, frankness and politeness temper all the air. I rejoice that you can make these annual pilgrimages to a shrine where your native virtues receive a fresh baptism and benediction, and your memory is re-enforced for all that is worthy to be transmitted to our offspring. May I enjoy some effluence from your journey when we meet again. How ardently I burn to be transplanted like a withering tree to some warm, rich, well watered soil, where I could grow in beauty and decay with honor, like one of those splendid elms we know of! But why should the hemlock of the mountain side, or the hemlock of the swamp, wish itself other than it is made? Yet is not this the distinction between man and the lower creatures, and has not the will and power to roam been given to him therefore? . . .

BEAVER MEADOWS, CARBON CO., *June* 27, 1859.
PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I am reading Guizot's life of Madame la Duchesse de Chevreuse, the beautiful, brilliant, audacious and in many respects noble lady, friend of Anne, wife of Louis XIII. and enemy of Richelieu. Her character of an *intriguante* is brilliantly sketched. She charms one with the picture of perfect *fidelity* to her friendships. She dares all for those she loves, and she suffers every-

thing with them. In a weak or silly woman, this is a redeeming charm. How glorious a halo it sheds round a strong, wise beauty, who looked on men to vanquish whom she chose in a moment!

Those old songs or hymns of the ages are so stirring that I must find and copy for you the original Latin. No English translation will endure reading beside the Latin original. What a charm lies in a foreign sound to a familiar word,—in a foreign word for a familiar thing!

Old Biebelheimer, eighty-nine years old, has just appeared upon our tavern porch. A celebrity of the first settlements, a hunter prince, one who has killed his thousands of deer and many a bear and panther, when the Indians possessed these woods; and many an Indian too, for he hated them with a deadly hatred, and killed one whenever he could shoot him quietly in the thickets of the woods. His hair is white, but his limbs are strong, and he walked to-day from Berwick, twenty-one miles over two intervening mountains. Twenty years ago he went to the West, and two years ago came back, to the astonishment of his children who all supposed him dead.

Such are the *possibilities* of this fine human frame. We wonder at a tortoise, or an elephant, a hundred years old, but why, when man can live as long? But who would wish to? . . .

BEAVER MEADOWS, *July* 1, 1859. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . My levelling is advancing, and to-day Ben and I have been putting all our work down on paper. We commenced the third augur hole yesterday, to discover coal. All that has yet been done is preliminary, and very thorough. I feel as if I were on some great national survey, everything is on so generous a basis, and the ideal is followed so openly. But here in the woods —on a mountain top—dining by springs, and listening all day to the song of birds, the hum of insects, and the shouts of a target bearer, what can I have to interest you? Not an idea in which you can sympathize. No time remains for books, and no mind can keep its brightness, that is not polished by intercourse with a various society. It is with souls as with ox chains and compass chains, only by steadily dragging are they kept polished.

PHILADELPHIA, *July* 3, 1859. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

All yesterday in the cars I read "Tom Brown's School Days" and entered heart and soul into the author's feelings and views. It is a noble little book. The influence of little Arthur on Tom

and East is splendidly developed, and the scene of the bedroom and Arthur's mother and Tom is touching enough. His views of English fighting I like, they are philosophical and Christian, too, which I can't say (at once) of any other manner of treating the difficult subject of non-resistance I have heard. Some other things in the book would make a profound impression, if any book could nowadays, but they are too numerous to stay long by one and our memories have all the non-elasticity taken out of them by the newspaper habits of the day. One idea chases another like sheep over a stile.

BEAVER MEADOWS, *July* 10, 1859. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I have just laid down the first numbers of a serial history of the Lehigh Valley, where I find two very nice photographs of two of the principal furnaces, and I mean to get the plates from the publishers, for the use of the "Guide." Did I tell you Wiley wrote me that he sees his way clear to print soon a new edition? In this history of the Lehigh Valley, and others like it, are superabundant materials for an admirable romance, such as I have long had in mind to write; mingling Indian, Quaker, Moravian, Scotch Presbyterian, Huguenot and hunter life, with geological adventure. There is the great Purchase Walk, which originated the early Indian Wars. Then the great immigration of the Palatinates and Redemptioners, then the deluge of the Irish which brought on the second Indian Wars. The Moravian Settlement, and the War of Independence would be episodes on a large scale; and scenes of a wedding, of the *Hexenkopf*, the murder of the Englishwoman flirt by the German mothers, the sale of his master by the last Redemptioner of the gang, etc., would be smaller episodes. The vast correspondence of the Penns and Co. abroad, with the resident politicians, would furnish *très recherché* matter. How beautifully a year might be spent at such a romance, which might blend the sweetest love scenes, and the wildest adventure, with the most enduring and varied religious enthusiasm! In fact this almost unbroken ground will one day be taken possession of by a great Pennsylvania Romancer who will build an enduring reputation for himself out of materials which everybody now passes unheedingly.

But how needful that a romancer, a magician, a soother and searcher of the popular heart, the modern bard and sage, should be inspired nobly himself! Inspired with *genuine* and not perfunctory or professional sentiments! Inspired with an intense hatred of wrong and love of right, with a profound faith in God

and all his creatures, with a prophetic hope and affection for a good time coming, worthy of his self-martyrdom over the table. How he should believe in the reality of ideas, and the power of words, and the susceptibility to improvement in the populace! How he should read into [*sic*] the history of his forefathers, like a confident gold digger sure of a fortune in due time, and sure of the solid value of what is there hidden! No milk-and-water æsthetic, eclectic, sceptic, can write a true romance. No man who has not fought, and loved, and believed, and confided, and discovered, and suffered, and conquered, can claim to be loved and followed by the people, as every true romancer is. Our artificial education spoils us for this noble work. The Peg Woffingtons and Tom Browns and Uncle Toms come slantwise across a corner of the school close only. They are anti-scholastic, and written by half-educated rebels to the artificial refinements and developments of modern learning and science. See how a Hugh Miller breaks the necks of the *savans* with his mechanics' sledge, in winning his way to the centres of London and Liverpool and the central heart of every man. Real, early, honest bigotry, superstition, rudeness,—the virtues of the flesh-and-bone part of the soul—are the wheels of such a career. Man hates ghosts, and loves roast beef. There is no use mincing matters when anything great is to be done. Every great author must take off his stock, and roll up his sleeves, whether beaux laugh or not. . . .

BEAVER MEADOWS, *July* 24, 1859. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Have you read Gerrit Smith's discourse on Natural Religion, published in yesterday's *Tribune?* Did you know he was so fine a writer? His sentences are pure, sweet, elegant English, pithy, without the slightest effort at point, and full of sense. His whole code of thought and morality seems quite perfect. His notions of marriage took my heart by storm. I have never had my feelings and views so truly echoed and so elevated by any one except by your own dear self. . . . His way of putting the Bible, Hell, Slavery, and other great topics, into discussion, is original and very fine.

. . . Yesterday I toiled hour after hour through the long-cut lines, setting, levelling, reading, calculating, sketching, over and over in an endless series, along the ridge. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Sept.* 2, 1859. TO HIS WIFE.

I didn't receive your letter until yesterday and was so imprisoned by the son of Gov. Clarke—Lewis and Clarke of Rocky

Mt. memory—all day with the old MSS. deposited here [in the A. P. S. Library perhaps?] which he wishes to sort and complete and perhaps publish, that I didn't get a mouthful to eat from 7 A.M. till 6 P.M. and therefore couldn't send you any money.

I long earnestly to preach in New England. But I comfort myself with the reflection that your health is evidently better here in Philadelphia and that the daughters' health *might* perhaps be injuriously affected there. Still, I would jump for joy at a fairly involuntary "Call." It seems to me strange that I cannot settle to one vocation like other men. Surely it would not be wrong to try. I have begun Buckle's History, and it is all and more than all I have ever heard it called in the way of good writing and thinking. . . . The Owens came through here, but I did not see them.

Mr. Clarke told me yesterday how his father's fine map of the western part of the continent had been loaned to Nicollet for several months and so came into Fremont's hands when Fremont was Nicollet's young amanuensis and draughtsman. The great discoveries of Fremont are all down in Clarke's map! Clarke (*fils*) calls Fremont a scamp.

Sept. 4, 1859. To his Wife.

It is the Sabbath, dear Susie; how we love the day of rest! I trust you have enjoyed it well. Mr. Furness opened his church to-day with a magnificent speech to the people, upon the subordination of the forms to the spirit and work of religion, and wound up with a noble protest against the tendency in the Unitarian Church to an unwritten creed and liturgical forms. *Our* high mass, said he, is a cup of water extended to a panting fugitive, in the name of liberty and love. Lee grasped my hand going out, saying, "that is eternal truth we have had to-day." Even Mr. Winsor was entirely pleased. James walked down to church with me, and back part way, and evidently felt proud and satisfied with his brother's views and eloquence. But I told him that I could support liturgies with good arguments—the living always need the dead to grow on—vines on walls, trees on mould, corals on coral dust, the freedom of a people on the remembrance of its hampered past, the liberalism of age on the habitual sentiments acquired in infancy and youth. I am not afraid of forms killing the spirit,—now that we see the spirit has fought forms through all ages, and come off more than conqueror. I, for one, need forms and rituals to arrest my treacherous memory, my wandering eye, as well as to arouse my sluggish imagination and quicken my heart.

PHILADELPHIA, *Sept.* 6, 1859. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Dr. Jackson appeared last night and will spend a few days with me. It is a godsend to have some one in the house, for I am or have been lonelier than words can convey an idea of, and therefore very unhappy, shame be it to say. I went last evening in desperation to see Booth in "Richard III.," and came home after the third act. What a wonderful genius, that inspired those immortal plays! The "my Lord," and "your Majesty," and all the attendant royal sentiments, come as natural to us as if we were not blue republicans. There is a practical spirit among the boys however, which greets anything really and essentially ridiculous with a genuine roar of derision. . . .

Sept. 16, 1859. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Last evening I entertained Brinton Cox and Mr. [Charles G.] Leland to tea, and afterwards we had a tall talk on Arkism. Leland is the only other Arkite in America, except Dr. Johalel Abbott of New York, whose book on Mythology in three volumes is nearly ready for press. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Oct.* 2, 1859. PETER LESLEY TO MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

Your commission has waited patiently a long, long time for my slow motions and perhaps you have entirely forgotten it.

I send you by to-morrow's mail rolled up (safely, I trust) the little picture you wished to have, and a little beauty it is. I wish I could go on east myself to take it to you and have a day's chat with you before the fine fall weather is lost in the snows and gray skies of winter and the chilling blasts of your earlier spring. Can't you break away from home awhile and cheer us here with a visit? Think of it and try. We were married again the first of October—as usual, and a happy home I have had of it ever since, and I hope she also. After a summer of sickness I enjoy an autumn of buoyant health and am full of work and plans of work. I wish you would help me to edit a half-scientific, half-literary weekly. I think very seriously of commencing the publication of one, devoted to geology. It seems to be wanted and must soon be had; the space is vacant and I am the man for it; it only requires energy to start it, to make it go. I should like to devote the residue of my mortal career to establish such a magazine of science here as should last after I had gone, a centre of work and thought for future generations. Resigning modesty, I think I could gradually increase it, by a healthy growth, care-

fully nourishing it only with the best food and not pushing it at its work beyond its strength. I look upon Dwight's *Journal of Music* as a model. If you see him, tell him so.

Baby is a jewel of the first water—a ruby of a baby, good as a cherub and as bright as a flame of fire. Our darling Mary has not made her appearance yet, but we hope to have her in our arms in a few days.

What a sad affair this of Harper's Ferry is! What a mad scheme and yet how characteristically heroic and martyr-like! I am glad to learn that Cook's capture has put that part of Pennsylvania into a ferment and meets with general execration. Had he taken the North Mountain side of the Valley, he would have escaped easily. I can't say poor Brown—for *his* name at all events is safe for immortality and if any event of the last twenty years will have produced its effect his death will accomplish much for liberty. Yet I cannot but hope that the Virginians will be wise enough to let him live.

Give David my best love, and Susie's, who often speaks of him, and you. She was delighted, and so was I with a peep at Rosa [Hopper] in New York the other day. I have been so busy in the mountains this summer that I have scarcely seen my friends, at all, anywhere.

Breakfast is ready and you know how unappeasable the human appetite is. The most monotonous of all functions, its calls are the least and last to be neglected. Adieu therefore, may your breakfasts never be fewer nor reduced to pork chops.

I remain ever faithful, PETER.

PHILADELPHIA, *Nov.* 27, 1859. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER AUNT CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . I can't tell you how distressed Peter and I have been with this dreadful Harper's Ferry affair, but you have felt the same. It is rare to disapprove so entirely of a man's deed, and yet have such entire sympathy with his motives and character. Truly it is a long time since we have witnessed anything like the heroic exaltation of John Brown's purpose. Have you read all of his letters published in the *Tribune?* Are they not sublime? Tell Mary Walker that last Sunday William Still * came round, and told us that Mrs. Brown was staying at his house, and he

* An educated negro, who was later the editor of "The Underground Railroad," a volume which recorded the history and escapes of the fugitive slaves who passed through the hands of that association. Mr. Still was, I believe, the secretary of the Underground Railroad.

wished we would go and see her. Peter and I were just leaving the house, with little Mary, for a walk, so we went at once. I shall never forget the poor woman's face, it has haunted me ever since.—She looked stunned with grief. She spoke very little, said it was a bitter disappointment to her not to go to her husband, but she thought he was right about it, perhaps we would like to see his letter about it. So she took it from her pocket and I read it first, and then Peter. It was a noble, manly, self-sustained letter, full of feeling, but more of high religious exaltation. He begged her and the children never to feel disgraced by the manner of his death, to remember the ignominious method by which the Saviour of the world, and many of the early Christians perished. He spoke of his own soul as being calm, nay, even joyful. To his little daughter, Mary's age, he sent the quotation of a little couplet I wish I could remember. The first line was,

"Count that day lost, whose low-descending sun," the idea of the second is, "Bears not the record of some deed of mercy done," but those are not the exact words. I can give you but a faint idea of the letter. Every letter he has written to his wife has breathed the same quiet, heavenly, disinterested spirit. The friends here feel a growing veneration for her, and the little she tells them at intervals of his life and character deepens the impression. She is staying now, between the McKims and Lucretia Mott, both of whom were quite determined not to identify themselves in any way with John Brown, so much so, that they declined to go and see her, when she first came.—But their feelings for the man, overcame their non-resistance enough to make them feel deeply in this particular case. They are now only anxious to minister to the poor soul's comfort so far as any human sympathy can.—She stays until after the execution, because she can hear from him oftener here than at a greater distance. She is usually very quiet and patient, and seldom manifests visible emotion, but Mr. McKim said that when he was reading to her the other day John Brown's letter to his old schoolmaster, Mr. Vaill, she was quiet till he came to that allusion to their two sons who fell, and then she broke down. She said that although their father never urged them to go with him, or said a word to induce them to join so dangerous an enterprise, yet they were in such entire sympathy with him, they would go. And yet she said when they bade her farewell, it was as if they went to certain death. She heard their sobs for a quarter of a mile after they left her, and she could never forget the morning. . . .

She is an immensely large, strong-looking woman, much the build of Mary Cashman three years ago, with a good face and expression, but the saddest you ever saw. I have carefully kept from Mamy the coming event that hangs over the poor woman, for she was greatly impressed by her. Thanksgiving Day, Mr. Furness preached a very powerful sermon, which is to be printed in the *Standard*, and I will send it to you. Mrs. Brown was present, but he did not know it. Coming out of church, Mamy and I saw her lingering till the congregation had passed out, that she might escape notice. Her dress is that of a *very* poor woman. She said, "Your minister's remarks are very consoling to me." Then she lifted Mamy up and kissed her, and burst into tears.

We are going to-morrow evening to hear Wendell Phillips lecture upon Toussaint L'Ouverture. Many ignorant Philadelphians don't know who he was, and are going to hear the lecture, without the faintest idea. An editor came to Mr. Furness yesterday, and said "who is this 'Toosaint Lee Overture'? Hadn't you better write a little notice of him, so people will know what the lecture is to be about?" "By no means," said Mr. Furness, "they will find out when they get there." . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 2, 1859 [Day of John Brown's Martyrdom].
SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOSEPH LYMAN.

I believe I will close this eventful day in our Country's history by writing you a few lines, although it is ten o'clock and I am tired.—I rose early this morning, to attend to my children and household matters, that I might do my day's work at the Library (which I let nothing interfere with) before the hour of noon, when I went to the sympathy meeting at National Hall, where Lucretia Mott, and Robert Purvis, and Dr. Furness, and others, talked and prayed. The meeting was at National Hall, and we hoped it would be a solemn one. But a parcel of Virginia Medical Students contrived to disturb and annoy all the speakers, in spite of a large and efficient police force. You may see an account of the meeting. I sat in a seat with four or five excellent-looking colored women, who seemed very much moved at the idea of John Brown's suffering for their race, as they said. Coming out, I said to one, "We should have had a good meeting if it had not been for those young men." "Oh, never mind, Marm," said she, with a pleasant smile. "Let them have their fun to-day, for they're only here for the winter, them Virginny students; but *we'se* in a free state, all the year round." . . . I wrote to Mary Walker this afternoon, and have spent this even-

ing with Mr. Sumner, who says he knows nothing about John Brown, and evidently has not got into the feeling about him at all. This is quite natural, when one thinks that he has but just returned; but you can't think how hard it was for me to sit and hear him talk about Tennyson and the Brownings, and all sorts of foreign people and things, when I have scarcely been able to sleep or eat this last week, for thinking of this Harper's Ferry matter. I know that my feeling about the matter has been much increased by seeing Mrs. Brown twice, and by her showing me letters from her husband, far more beautiful than any you see in print, and by hearing from Lucretia Mott, with whom she has been staying, so much about the family. I thought I would mention to you, although you may know it, that Mrs. Brown will pass through this city at noon to-morrow, and from here James Mott, the husband of Lucretia, will accompany her to Boston, with the remains of her husband. I do hope that there will be a spontaneous demonstration there, and real honor paid to his remains. Will you be kind enough to send me any paper that contains a full account? It cannot be that Boston will be so cold as Philadelphia.—Here we are accustomed to people being still in the dark ages,—surely there will be some heartfelt sympathy there. How Mr. Parker must regret his absence from the country at this crisis, and yet how well it is! . . . It would nearly kill him to go through such excitement. Dr. Furness is like a person recovering from severe illness.

P.S.—I had a letter from Mrs. Child last week, and a very interesting one. In it, she said she should *not* write the life of John Brown (although she wished much to do it), because Redpath was doing it. I see in yesterday's *Tribune* that she is doing it, but think that may be a mistake. Much as I am attached to her, and interesting as I know she would make such a biography, I really would rather it were Mrs. Stowe who did it. I think *she* would understand and appreciate the *style* of his religious character far better. Was not Maria's last letter to Governor Wise a stunner? *

Whoever writes his life should say very little about him—his letters will speak for themselves.

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* See page 107 of "Letters of Lydia Maria Child," Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1883, "for Mrs. Child's noble reply to Governor Wise of Virginia. The whole correspondence is included in pages 103 to 120."

Wise's "End of an Era," published within a few years, gives the Southern view of the John Brown episode.

PHILADELPHIA, *December*, 1859. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

I had a little evening gathering a week ago which was remarkably pleasant. I wished you had been here. Mary Thayer, and her cousins Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Reed, came to tea, and in the evening the Havens, and Furnesses, and Mrs. Palmer and the Wrights and Mr. Gangouly the Brahmin, who has embraced Unitarian Christianity, and about whom you have probably heard in Boston.* He is young, only twenty-three, and is really an interesting man. When one thinks that he has literally given up father and mother, brothers and sisters and caste, for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake, it seems quite a different thing from our own Christianity, which we have breathed in from birth. Peter had a good deal of talk with him, and found that some of his old Arkite conjectures connected with the Hindu faith were really facts. We heard him preach on Sunday, and even Mamy enjoyed listening very much. I was glad to know just how the doctrine of the Trinity would strike a Hindu mind, and found that it seemed to him exactly like his old worship of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva.—He said, I like better to think "God is my Father, Christ is my Master; and as for Holy Ghost, I don't think much of him." Tuesday evening we went to hear him lecture, and it was very pleasant to hear his account of Hindu Social Life,—or rather, very sad.

We get on nicely with our Library work, and Peter is much pleased with his two assistants. Martha intended to go home about this time, but I hope she will stay on indefinitely, for she would be an immense loss every way.

Since I wrote to you last, there have been other scenes enacted in the terrible tragedy at Harper's Ferry.†—I think I have suffered even more at the thought of Cook's and Coppic's death than I did at John Brown's.—They were both so young, and had made such efforts for life, and they were not sustained, as he was, by the thought that they were dying to seal their devotion to a great principle. Oh, what a thrill of delight I should have felt, had they escaped the night before the execution! Did you read McKim's account of the journey to North Elba, and the Old Man's funeral? Mrs. Palmer and Fanny knew Coppic very well,

* I believe this Gangouly turned out later to be not so fine a character as his friends had supposed.

† John Brown raid, "Abraham Lincoln, by Nicolay and Hay," vol. ii. chap. xi.

and have felt dreadfully about his fate. They say he was a lovely fellow, and I am sure his letter to Mrs. Brown was an excellent one.

It seems as if you could hardly realize in New England the fearful excitement that exists here. I went to George [William] Curtis's lecture on Thursday evening, a lecture advertised three months ago, as the last of a course; and I never dreamed of there being any trouble, although the subject was Slavery. The audience was a small one, and the lecture a most moderate Republican statement. And yet after I got seated with Joe Lesley, who escorted me, we were astonished to see four or five policemen on every seat in the hall. Directly after, a band of fifty policemen marched through the aisles, in single file, and we knew that trouble was expected. Before the lecture commenced, I was surprised to see Peter, whom I had left at home not meaning to come, seated not far from us. It seemed that he had learned from the Furnesses, where Curtis was staying, that the Mayor had written to Curtis warning him that the Virginia Students intended to break up the meeting, but if he chose to deliver the lecture, he would sustain him by an efficient police.—Well, there were six hundred and fifty policemen in that building, and more outside, and we should certainly have had great trouble, if the Mayor had not been so efficient. There was a great deal of hissing and screaming, six or eight young men carried out by the police, and windows broken, and vitriol and stones thrown in by outsiders—but nothing worse. One young girl had her face badly burned, and her clothes ruined by the vitriol, but thank God no lives were lost. In the mean time there were 4,000 disorderly people outside, speechifying and cheering, and urging each other to enter and break up the meeting; but with an armed police, they made very little headway, except in noise. Is it not dreadful to think of such a community set on by a few hundred Virginia Medical students, miserable rowdies, who walked the streets the day of John Brown's execution, telling how many "niggers" they owned, and wearing red ribbons? The Professors locked them up as soon as they found it out, but it does not seem to have done them much good.—I wish the city were well rid of them. They succeeded last week in driving the Anti-slavery fair out of Concert Hall. But Mary Grew and the rest, whom Dr. Furness calls the "Irrepressible Women," were not to be put down. They moved their things to a smaller and more inconvenient place and kept on. Ah well! I trust that better days are dawning, but this Southern spirit will be long in changing, I fear. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Feb.* 26, 1860. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . I was very much touched with Lucretia Mott's thoughtfulness, so different (as indeed she always is) from most distinguished women. I mentioned to Mrs. Hopper that I was going out to see her mother, and would take my young ladies with me for a call, which one is always safe in doing, as she is so very cordial to strangers. The next day, the girls who had never been to a Quaker meeting, went to the Cherry St. meeting. It was Washington's birthday, and great was their luck, for Mrs. Mott was there, and from Mary's description, she must have spoken with unwonted fire and enthusiasm. I was at the Library. After the girls got home, Mary said the door bell rang, and she heard a sweet voice say, "Are Susan Lesley and her nieces within?" and Mrs. Mott came in, greeted them both most cordially, and said she came to invite them and me to spend the next day with her. So the next day I left my Library work for the first time, took both my little girls with me and Mary and Fanny and left here at nine o'clock for a good day. Mr. Mott met us with his wagon at the York road station, and we had a most successful day. The day was beautiful, and Mamy and Meggy romped and played with the little Cavenders and Lords on the wide piazzas, all day long.—Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Lord live with their mother, and Mrs. Cavender lives near, and was spending the day there to meet us. Mrs. Earle, and Mrs. Pugh, and Mrs. Wm. Furness, Jr., were also there, and really it was a white day in our Calendar.—Mrs. Mott was unusually animated and took the greatest pains to entertain and instruct the young people.—She brought out fine old letters for them to read, grew serious, earnest and pathetic, over the great events and duties of our times, took up the theme of her sermon the day before and enlarged upon it fully: the idea which she is full of now, and which I think she maintains with most forcible arguments, namely, that no good can come from evil, that a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, etc. This train of thought had been suggested to her by the fact, that so many Abolitionists seem really almost to rejoice in the defeats and wrong-doing of their opponents, as in some way doing good to their cause. She thinks this a very pernicious and dangerous doctrine to hold, and says the conviction grows upon her every year, and she wishes all young people to lay it to heart and examine the facts by the light of conscience.—She went back over the history of the Anti-slavery cause, told how first one friend and then another had said, "Don't

deplore the burning of Pennsylvania Hall, it all works well for us; don't regret the Fugitive Slave Law, it wakes up the people," and so on.—"Alas! they forget," she said, "the train of miseries that must follow every evil act, the increased number of obstacles to be overcome." That there is good enough in the world and in society to conquer these evils, she firmly hopes, but cannot bear the idea of trusting in good coming out of evil. This brought on an animated discussion on the old and never-to-be-settled question, the necessity of evil, in which all the daughters opposed her, but most respectfully and pleasantly. Our conversation was greatly enlivened by Mrs. Earle's racy wit, and indeed all the party were mutually agreeable. I thought, should I never see the heavenly old lady again, I should like to remember her as she seemed that day, sitting cutting off towels and table linen, now and then giving directions quietly about her dinner, so gentle and affectionate to the little children, and interested in hunting up dolls and playthings for them, and then presiding at that long dinner table full of guests, with such grace and dignity. It was a good, plain, abundant dinner, and the children had a side table close by.—Mary and Fanny were enchanted. . . .

HOPEWELL, *April* 29, 1860. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Yesterday I read Seward's great speech, to Joe aloud. I must read it again to you. It is very grand. It is like a distant view of a range of Alps, when you can only see the different solid masses and highest peaks. He passes from sentence to sentence, from one great idea or group of ideas to the next, not always in an evident logical sequence, but yet really so that a little reflection shows the profound connection. I cannot agree with Mrs. Child. There is certainly something higher even than the enthusiastic advocacy of the truest and humanest principle. Life is the most precious thing on earth; yet the law of order is superior to the law of life; life is wasted freely to maintain order,—by man's police and by God's providence alike. Seward's attitude was unshrinking, unmoved, sublime. He says nothing harsh, because he evidently feels no fear. He hurries nothing forward, because he is so sure of the result. The whole scheme and policy of the South must have cowered and sunk into the ground before him, as he delivered the speech. It is a condensed history—quintessence and extract of the past history of the Republic, projected visibly upon the canvas of the future. I use a mixed metaphor, but you know what I mean, and I don't know how else to express it. He is the only far-

seeing statesman, as far as I can judge by what is said and printed, that we now have. I mean thoroughly philosophical and clear-sighted. His advocacy of Liberty seems to me perfect. And even when he says that extraordinary sentence, "All of the states are parcels of my own country, . . . the best of them not so wise and great as I am sure it will hereafter be; the state least developed and perfected among them all, is wiser and better than any foreign state I know"; and, again, "Throughout the wide world, where is the state where class and caste are so utterly extinguished as they are in each and every one of them?" I hesitate to dissent from him, by naming Alabama and South Carolina, because I feel that he must have a deeper meaning than I apprehend. But you must read it with me, and compare your opinion of it with mine and hers. . . .

May or June, 1860. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER AUNT CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . I wanted to tell you about a beautiful evening visit we had before Peter left, from a lovely old Scotchman, an Iron Master from Glasgow, who brought letters to Peter. He was a Mr. Young, an intimate friend of Dr. Livingstone of African celebrity, and who has the charge and guardianship of Dr. Livingstone's wife and family. He told us many anecdotes of him, and gave us an account, not yet made public, of his late discovery of an immense cotton-growing tract in Africa, near the river Zambesi. If all turns out as it reasonably should, this cotton will supplant the Southern cotton, and strike a death-blow at slavery in the South in ten years' time. I wish I had time to give you all the facts and circumstances and statistics, detailed in Dr. Livingstone's private letter to this gentleman, but it does really seem as if Heaven and earth were combining to make the odious sin of slaveholding unprofitable. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *May* 15, 1860. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I have no particular news to tell you; except that I heard Booth in "Hamlet," last evening. It is a marvellous play. I thought I understood it, for the first time. It represented to me the inefficiency of mere thinking,—the inharmonious working of a philosophic mind heroic in theory, and rich in ideas, with an epicurean, utilitarian, optimistic will resulting in a *laissez-faire* and compromise conduct. How often we see such a character, at war with itself, unable to bring itself to dare what it would do, and with a philosophic suspicion that,

after all, its aims may not be the highest and best ends to strive for! the father's ghost *may* be a devil; *then* the act of justice will have been an act of misguided passion; and where will be the gain? The martyrdom has been thrown away. A Hamlet has no idea that martyrdom can be beautiful or desirable *for itself;* but only for its uses. The key to the play is wonderfully offered to the audience, where, after a long and thorough preparation for it, Hamlet opens an act with the celebrated monologue "to be, or not to be." Yes, that was his question—all the way through. It is the question of every such gentle philosopher. Not his own "to be," but that of every object he sees and act he does. "Am I deceived or am I sure of my work,—that is the question." Do I walk amid deceptions, and is all my zeal for justice and truth to be a morning cloud, or evening aurora; and is the other life like this—and death a sleep wherein we merely dream? If so, why martyrize our souls for truth, and our bodies for temperance.

I am convinced by this play that, whether Shakespeare, or Lord Bacon, or Sir Walter Raleigh wrote it, the writer was the greatest the world has ever produced. No painting, no sculpture, no epic poem even rivals it as work of art or genius. Its moral teachings come in like those grand rare phenomena of the natural cosmos, falls of stars and volcanic eruptions, each complete in itself, and perfectly ornamental to the interval [integral?] whole of commonplace life. It is a privilege to be born with English for one's mother tongue, to hear this play. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *May* 19, 1860. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I have not learned the news, but fear that Seward is nominated. If so Douglas will be at Baltimore, and the election go into the House next winter, when after a stormy session and the secession of Georgia, Mississippi and Co., Bell or Guthrie will be made President, and another four-year fight commence. Seward is selfish and untrustworthy, cold-hearted and ambitious. . . .

May 20, 1860. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Last evening George Stearns* arrived from Kansas, and occupied my thoughts from five to ten P.M. I took him to see James Lesley and Professor Cleveland, and the latter gave us a

* See "The Life and Public Services of George Luther Stearns." By Frank Preston Stearns. J. B. Lippincott Company: Philadelphia and London. 1907.

list of people likely to help us with money to support county organizations, to protect and make it perfectly safe for the negroes to settle among them. I will tell you some of his remarkable stories when we meet again. . . .

May 22, 1860. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Last evening—yesterday in fact at 2.30 P.M., Stearns and I dined with Hector Tyndall and his wife, and then hunted up Ned Lesley, and coming home to see all was well here, went again there to tea at seven, had a hot dispute about Whitman ("Leaves of Grass" Whitman) and held our meeting at eight when Ned Lesley, Edward M. Davis, Professor Cleveland, McKim, Passmore Williamson, and Wm. B. Thomas and his nephew Allen, dropped in, and a Kansas lecture was delivered by Stearns with interruptions from us. It was admirable to see how under pressure all his ordinary weaknesses vanished. He was clear, precise, short, and full. We were all much interested and will do what we can to organize here. . . .

May 27, 1860. PETER LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . How do you fancy the Representative Man set aside, and Old Abe put in his place? I am democrat enough to like the idea of a flat-boat man and farmer rising to rule over 30,000,000 of people. The lawyers and gentry are sadly vexed about it. For my part I would extinguish these two classes, if I could, and certainly never let them sit in any seat of power. If we could get rid of lawyers and gentlemen, clergymen would grow good and politicians honest, for want of encouragement to be time-serving. It would be a nice way to reach a reform. The probabilities now are decidedly in favor of a republican triumph. Then what next?

George Stearns spent three days with me, trying to organize a Philadelphia Kansas Society (*sub rosa*). His communications were very interesting, and show that the question out there is far from being settled. We may hope for the best, however, as the free state population is numerous and vigorous, determined to protect themselves and the blacks, and to make the border counties impassable. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *June 15*, 1860. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I read Sumner's* speech this morning, and wish to fall at his feet and worship him. He is a great man. I am astonished

* "The Barbarism of Slavery," a speech by Charles Sumner in the Senate in June, 1860 (see page 322, Life of Charles Sumner, by Jeremiah Chaplin and I. D. Chaplin).

that the *Tribune* did not print it entire. It is the most symmetrical and perfect, the strongest and grandest of orations on the greatest subject of our day. Ought not every man to throw himself into the coming conflict! Is not now the time? I cannot see that any other topic is worth a word. Stearns writes me that he has raised $1,000 in Boston. . . .

ROADSIDE [GERMANTOWN], *June* 17, 1860. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . After the Friday evening meeting I went up Chestnut Street and stood for an hour at the corner of Sixth, and then worked my way up through dense crowds, until I was finally stopped opposite the Girard House. The Japanese occupied windows and balconies of the Continental, and about eleven o'clock the procession came down. The roaring and singing of the crowds was fearful. Every fire company carried torches and fired volleys of Roman candles which burst against the walls and on the roofs. Many of them were shot among the Japanese. I never saw a more barbarous, brutal exhibition. The steam fire-engines burnt red fire and sounded their whistles along the line. I was tired before half the play was played out, and went home to bed, glad to escape from the uproar.* . . .

Judge Coxe will have me go with him this week to the Nesquihoning Mountain. But next Tuesday coming, Frazer, Kendall, Trego and I meet the Committee of the University Trustees at Fairman Rogers' house to talk about lectures next winter. Rogers paid me $17.50 as my share of the receipts. Hamilton has sent for me to pay me what the Franklin Institute owes me, for the course there last winter.

At present I am very busy at the Library and can keep Mr. Dyke occupied with the Catalogue and answering letters while I am away.

I shall now take a walk, happy to think that you are safe with Katie. I send you Greeley's and Weed's letters. *Keep them carefully* and read them, for they are very interesting. Adieu.

June 17, 1860. PETER LESLEY TO HIS BROTHER ALLEN.

. . . My own plans are very indefinite. I shall spend this week on the Nesquihoning Mountain, north of Mauch Chunk, and

* See William Garrott Browne's "Tenth Decade of the United States" (*Atlantic* for July, 1905, p. 33). "In 1860, eight years before the Burlingame embassy from China, a Japanese embassy, the first ever sent to any foreign country, had visited the United States to exchange ratifications of the second Harris treaty."

next week perhaps at St. Mary's, in Elk County; probably some time in the Broad Top, and the last week of July at Newport, where the Association meets this year. I am trying to make it a summer of rest, which I need.

How beautiful the freshness of June is! In the City, in politics, in dry scientific details, we lose our own freshness, like the August nature, hot, dry, faded, but bearing fruit in autumn.

I have been reading the newspapers more than books, for a year past. I revel in politics, on both sides of the water. You know my ardent democratic and republican tendencies.—They have ample enjoyment now in the steady advance of democratic ideas along great practical ways, in Europe, and in the full assurance of the overthrow of the present anti-democratic government in this country, next spring. I half wish I had a good excuse for going practically into politics. Every *honest* man will be wanted next year to keep the conquering party straight; up to their past principles and true to general principles. For I have no faith in professional politicians of any name. But I have unshaken faith in the superior power of good politics over bad, in the course of years. Politicians, as people, are so apt to think their *private* operations *in* politics can be kept secret from their public acts and general influence *over* politics. I judge also that many a "great man" has honestly so mean an opinion of himself, that it never comes to his consciousness fairly that anything he may do for his private benefit will be considered of national importance by the nation. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *June* 21, 1860. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I send you some beautiful words of Emerson about Parker. How we should have enjoyed them together there! But these words are like winds from clover fields and can reach the furthest places. . . .

ALGONAC, *June* 22, 1860. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . Did you read Emerson's speech about Parker? It was noble. . . .

June 22, 1860. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Douglas is nominated. The Southerners have seceded. The victory is ours. I hope our President will rule wisely. It is a crisis in the world's history. . . .

ALGONAC, *July* 7, 1860. PETER LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . I shall go to Canada (Rudeau Canal), on the twenty-third and work round to Boston by the third or fourth of August. In which case I shall try to stay in your parts for a week or two. I should like to travel with you somewhere, but am not sure I can. I have just dodged a government coal survey in New Granada and Costa Rica of four months, and have another in Illinois hanging by the eyelids. . . .

About this time my father, in connection with an expert instrument maker, Becker, invented a very sensitive barometer, to be used in preliminary topographical surveys, etc. There were but five of these instruments made, which were distributed among a few intimate friends and assistants. One of them was sent to his brother-in-law Mr. Joseph Lyman, one to his brother Joseph Lesley, one to Mr. Benjamin S. Lyman (?), and one to his friend Hodge, perhaps. The fifth he kept himself, and used constantly until the end of his field-work career. In 1874, when he wished to find equally sensitive barometers to be used by his assistants on the Second Survey, he sought for some time in vain to find Becker, to get him to make them, but the latter had become an old man, and, when found, was unable to undertake such work any longer. My father always considered his original five barometers as the most sensitive ever constructed, and used to say that they would measure and record two feet of vertical height with great regularity.

From a short trip to New Hampshire with Miss Robbins, to recruit after an illness, he writes the following pleasant letter of social enjoyment:—

WATERVILLE [N.H.?], *Aug.* 12, 1860. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . There are a few little children here, one of them [E. D. H.] a rare precocious child of five years' age, with a weird, deep, sweet voice, and who asks the strangest questions and makes the oldest remarks, is the most attractive. A Miss Means plays superbly for us, mostly Chopinish music, but in a way that *don't* make me swear; and "to her," as the stage directions have it, came yes-

terday the young architect ——, with sketch box and board, a lover of chess, and a faithful recipient of the *Tribune*. I shall cultivate him. Then we have other Valuables. The Mr. Knapp, to whom Foster and Whiting give the credit of discovering the celebrated Minnesota Copper mine, and who bought, worked and sold it years ago, and has since devoted himself at Jackson (seventy miles west of Detroit) to Pomology and Horticulture, has been here several weeks, and is adventurous after crystals, etc., to the tops of the peaks. So is another old fellow whom I don't yet much know.—On the side of philology I have young Frank Scudder, a year out of the Andover School, and to go to Madeira as a Missionary next winter. With him I have had long discussions on Tamil and Sanskrit, grammars and vocabulary of which he has here, heaven be praised! to refer to. . . .

The views are fine all the way up, as Mt. Lafayette, and the rest of the Franconia peaks were in full view, mixed with the mountains of the Mad River. [Sketch.]

An important geological fact is the procession of great dips S. E. or S. S. E., from 5° to 15° only in strength, showing that the whole country is cut out of nearly horizontal strata, and conforming excellently with the section I made at Gorham.

To-day, Sunday, we have had services in the large drawing-room, a sermon from young Scudder at 10.30 of a strong Andover liberal type, and good; and a lecture on the Druses and Maronites, this afternoon at 2.30.—Since then I have been sleeping . . . .

WATERVILLE, *Aug.* 14, 1860. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . We live here very quietly, reading, writing, walking up and down the hall, eating and sleeping. Books are plenty, and appear mysteriously. I have greatly enjoyed a late number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra;* articles on Sophocles, and Michelet's history, especially one on the reality of the resurrection of Christ, gave me a new assurance of its reality. . . . Chess has been a great resource. —— and I have played nine games with equal success. A game is going on before me, on the other side of the kerosene lamp, and a boy is drumming up recruits for charades, so that I can't tell my own thoughts in the confusion.

The Catalogue advances.—I spend about four hours on it a day and find that that about exhausts my spare strength. The mountain air and especially the pleasant stir and happy excitement here has kept me in fine spirits and I take again hopeful views of the future. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Sept.* 17, 1860. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Evening spent with Frazer until ten o'clock—very agreeably.—Le Conte came in.—Politics run high—very high here. Lincoln is acknowledged president; but Curtin's governorship is a little uncertain.

Sherman did himself immense honor the other night. Schurz, the great German, speaks at the Wigwam to-night. . . .

Sept. 18, 1860. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Our own new Provost, Mr. Goodwin of Hartford, was inaugurated last Monday [University of Pennsylvania]. That was another thing I missed. It is not judicious for me to be always absent from these times. Goodwin is a jovial gentleman, a liberal clergyman, who will bring trouble on himself by telling all he thinks. He is greatly liked, and will influence the boys well. Tell Chauncey he has begun already to inform his class that they naturally know more of mind than of matter—to the great amazement of the faculty and scandal of the Academy of Natural Sciences.

Yesterday I supped with the Chases, who got home Friday, and went afterward with them to the Wigwam, to see and hear the great Carl Schurz. It was crowded and stifling, and I stayed but to see him and hear his first few sentences in German. He has a fine head and fine voice, speaks as if old at the business, and commands his audience. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 16, 1860. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER AUNT CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . What a miserable state of times we are living in! Our Mayor Henry, whom we thought so much of, has caved in utterly, as I fear half the Republicans will do.—He has actually prevented [Geo. Wm.] Curtis from lecturing here, on a purely literary subject, and after the hall had been hired for months. I though the John Brown sympathizers were very unwise to have any meeting at all in these exciting times, in Boston. They might have been quiet, without sacrificing any principle, and the great fault of the Abolitionists is, that they never will pay the least regard to times and seasons. Still I was quite disgusted that——
—— . . . should have been one of the miserable party who wished to stop free speech, and passed such horrid resolutions. . . . I have been greatly refreshed by reading Mr. Emerson's last volume; and Buckle, which I began two years ago, but never finished. . . .

CHAPTER XVII

War Times. 1861–1863

The winter of 1860–61 was an anxious one. My father had entered into a business connection with some Boston men to carry on a process for the desulphurization of coal, to be used in iron foundries. He was agent in Pennsylvania and several other States for the patent of this process.

A coal-yard was purchased, and he both superintended the workings, and travelled to promote the use of the patent in other localities. It proved an unfortunate undertaking, owing to bad faith on the part of some of his associates, and probably also to lack of capital. Whatever the causes of unsuccess may have been, it was an anxious and unhappy period for the little household, and my father was very glad, at the end of a year or two, to get rid of the whole thing, at a loss, but leaving him cleared of debt and responsibility. He never again was willing to embark on any business or semi-business undertaking, but confined his energies to purely scientific and literary work.

In the spring of 1861 the loss of a little son, who died at birth, was a deep sorrow to both my mother and father. She writes to her Aunt Catherine Robbins, March 26:—

I could see his strong resemblance to my brother Joseph. It was no fancy. As I looked at him, and thought of what his father and all his grandfathers on both sides of our family were for many generations, I could not think he would have had other than a good nature to start with. But my faith is sure that that little germ of life will be carried on and perfected elsewhere. It seemed very important to me to have that little child, but no doubt the lessons of this last year of suffering were more important to me, in the harmonious plan of the eternal Providence.

In the winter of 1862 my father went to Montreal on scientific business, and in the summer of the same year spent several months on the Nova Scotia coast, at Gaspé and its neighborhood, making a geological survey in the interest of a Boston company.

From about this time (1862) he often mentions the Sunday evenings spent at his friend John Frazer's house. These evenings were the greatest social pleasures which he ever experienced. Here met weekly a group of men active in many lines of scientific and literary work; and as most of them were intimates, these evenings were delightfully informal, and full of vivacity and fun, mixed with the most serious conversation on broad and high themes. To these meetings also it was the custom for the regular guests to bring with them any visiting friend to whom they might wish to give a great pleasure. Professor Frazer's cordiality welcomed all such accessions to the social group with genial hospitality.

These meetings were kept up for many years, and after Professor Frazer's death were (after an interval) continued by Professor Fairman Rogers, where much of the same good comradeship and spirit of personal affection prevailed. My father used to return at the end of such an evening in the most delightful spirits, and retailed to us such points of the brilliant conversations as he could bring home in his memory.

The breaking out of the Civil War affected the lives of all citizens,—of those who were merely lookers-on as well as of those in the armies of the North and South.

Philadelphia was near enough to the seat of war to feel the constant throb of the battles to the south of it, and daily Northern troops marched through its long avenues on their way from the Kensington Station at the north to the old Baltimore depot on the southern edge of the city. All day the drums beat, and the children hurried to watch the soldiers pass. Later we saw the sadder sights of the returning troops, limping and weather-worn, with tattered flags and tarnished uniforms.

The city was full of hospitals, and the environs of camps.

Every one who could, was mending and making and knitting and cooking for the soldiers. Even the little children in many a household, and at church and social gatherings, picked lint, and felt themselves a part of the great struggle. Many a private house was an adjunct to the hospital, and had its wounded men to tend. Those who lived through those days in a border city will seldom hear drum-and-fife sound without the old war scenes coming back to memory, or without the tear rising to the eye, or without feeling the sob in the throat.

There is nothing remarkable in these letters of 1861–63, but they give the vivid impression of what an ardent Union man and woman—Abolitionists as well—felt and thought and suffered in that dark period. It was only what the great crowd of thoughtful lookers-on experienced, but it represented the sentiment of the better part of the North, that which gave courage to those in power, and to the soldiers on the field to carry the great struggle to a successful finish.

In the spring of 1863 my father was asked to be one of the corporators of the new National Academy of Sciences, and became one of the original fifty to form that famous association. In April it was established. The account of the meeting for incorporation shows that political differences and sectional animosities were felt even in scientific circles.

In June, 1863, he made a surveying trip to Glace Bay, N.S., where he spent about two months. My cousin Benjamin S. Lyman was with him in this work.

PHILADELPHIA, *Jan.* 19, 1861. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . I have had great pleasure in listening to fine conversations the last few weeks. Peter often has gentlemen here of an evening, Mr. Towne, Mr. Winsor, Professor Frazer, now and then a young Storer, and Cox, very intelligent fellows. Dr. W. is often brilliant with anecdotes, has had a most varied and eventful life, and is full of vivid imagination. I lie on my sofa in the far corner of the room, and pick up a few ideas now and then, on Mechanics, Metaphysics, Psychology and the like, without the trouble of

hunting for them. Peter is thus far very successful in his lectures at the [Franklin] Institute, the audience large and enthusiastic, requesting him to exceed his time and showing much interest. Every day he finds time to read the *Tribune* nearly through, to the Dr. and myself, and then we speculate on secession, and the other public questions. What an uncertain labyrinth public events are wound up in, and who can see the end? It seems as if one must just stand for months, a watcher on a tower, not knowing what he will next see pass by him. . . .

In April, 1861, my father went West as far as St. Louis in the interests of the patent.

INDIANAPOLIS, *April* 11, 1861. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . To-morrow at eleven A.M. I shall leave again for St. Louis, and be there at nine P.M. There are iron-works here which I wish to see in the morning, if it stops raining. The utter cheerlessness and loneliness of his journey exceed all I ever experienced on the road. A wide flat desert, ornamented with occasional shanties, and not half of it yet cleared of its timber, stretches from the Beaver river in Pennsylvania to the banks of the Mississippi,—a land of horror and silence to the poet and historian;—a land of brutality now—what it is to be God knows, not I. . . . Renan's book on Language and David's on Jupiter have amused the tedium of the way; but it is wearisome to read at thirty or forty miles an hour, and I do not agree with either of the writers. . . . I write in a roofed desert called in America a Hotel—acres long and deep, without a comfort or a picture, or a reminiscence, in all its hundred rooms. . . .

TERRE HAUTE, *April* 12, 1861. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . No political excitement manifests itself anywhere along the line. To-morrow morning I shall expect news of a battle at Charleston, at my breakfast in St. Louis. . . .

ST. LOUIS, *Sunday, April* 14, 1861. TO HIS WIFE.

A beautiful day opens over this great city, and the greater river rolling and swelling beside it. The incessant rains of the last few weeks are coming down this, their grand channel, to the sea, like the history which a poet writes, from all the gatherings of his past thoughts and feelings. It is a law that the universal

shall strive ever to impress itself upon time, by concentration. Thus it obtains personality. The electricity of the atmosphere becomes the flash and bolt; the world life breaks forth in the child; God, in man; the possible, in single facts; the disease of years, in a sudden death struggle; the strain of ages, in a momentary earthquake; the animosity of races, in a battle. How sickening are these black streams of news, which flow now hour by hour across our land,—Acheron and Styx, with Charon's boat, waiting to take our Liberties across into the land of shades! I see as much to dread from the sudden inauguration of military rule at Washington as at Montgomery. How suddenly the bale-fires glare up from the whole north! Don't tell me that the Northerner is not warlike! I feel sure that there is opened a tremendous campaign. I foresee ship after ship leaving the Northern ports, for a month to come, to carry desolation along the southern shores. If so, then the defence must be, carrying the war into Africa, and that can only be done through Virginia and Kentucky Northward. I feel more sorry than ever that I have undertaken this new business now. I have learned much here.

Called there on Mr. Eliot* and had a very pleasant interview. He kindly interested himself in my matters and gave me assistance. After supper I went to see the "Judenfamilie" played at the German Opera House and was charmed. It realized my ideal of the drama, gentle, earnest, intellectual and moral, a little too finely written (of course) and therefore less piquant and stirring, but leaving the whole heart *warm*. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *April* 16, 1861. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . Yesterday was very exciting day in the city owing to the war news. Generals Patterson and Cadwalader were mobbed and obliged to put out Union flags or there is no telling what would have become of them. The Mayor was obliged to take in charge a building occupied by a Secession newspaper, or it would have been torn down. The excitement is fearful, and the North fairly aroused. . . .

ST. LOUIS, *April* 15, 1861. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I have been so busy and so happily occupied that I could not spare time to write. Yesterday I went to church; heard a charm-

* See "William Greenleaf Eliot, Minister, Educator, Philanthropist. By Charlotte C. Eliot. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston. 1904."

ing sermon from Mr. Eliot and the most *heavenly* music. Went home to dine with Judge Krum and his lovely wife, and loveliest little Meggie, and her brother. . . . Meggie sat on the arm of my chair with her arm round my neck and I told her about "The Pilgrim's Progress," and other books she must read. Little Angel, Little Gypsy. . . .

Politically things look worse and worse. The greatest excitement prevails. All business is stopped. Even the shipping of grain and flour down the river stopped to-day. The rumor of Scott's resignation has struck the Republican party dumb; but there is a general inability to believe the rumor. The Germans here are all Northern men. But the city is full of desperate characters, backed by the country, and they may override the strong Union sentiment of the citizens. If Missouri secedes, as they threaten in five days to make it, it will precipitate the border states into the Southern confederacy. Your decided action in Philadelphia, and that of Baltimore still more (what did I tell you about Maryland?) has had the most beneficial effect here already in strengthening the Union party, and making the Secessionists hesitate. There are rumors of an assault on the arsenal, but it is heavily guarded.

. . . May the good spirit of Christ rule in the minds and hearts of the millions of the North! I have great confidence in the Christian common sense, and sense of right and wrong, of the North. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *April* 25, 1861. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . Peter arrived home from St. Louis last Friday night. His journey was a very fatiguing and exciting one. He came along with large bodies of troops, saw the most heart-rending leave-takings all along the route, talked with officers and men, and got all the various opinions about the war from the wise and the unlearned. At the top of the Alleghanies, the train broke down from a slide of earth, or rather they were tossed up into the air and off the track. No one fatally injured, which seemed a miracle, but the detention was trying.

Here, you have no conception of the excitement. At night it is difficult to get asleep, for Broad Street is filled with troops drilling, the drums beat all night, and companies constantly arriving and marching to the Broad and Prime Street Station. There is the strangest sound all over the city like the humming of a top. I think I never dreamed of anything like this. The

Girard House has a thousand women and about 800 machines all making army clothing, and the ladies all over the city are busy as possible. Margie Furness works all the time, and has a machine for rolling bandages besides. . . .

NEW YORK, *May* 27, 1861. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I sat an hour in the balcony talking with a gentleman just from Fortress Monroe (yesterday A. M., Saturday) who said the taking of Sewell's point was a "*Cunard*," not a gun was fired;—and with a fine old gentleman who had just returned from Washington to offer to *return* into the Navy. He was raging over the *sangfroid* of the government about Prendergast's villanous giving up of the Navy Yard *instead of destroying Norfolk and Gosport*, as *he* should have done. But Prendergast was a Virginian, said he bitterly. The other one said it was a great mistake. Before the act, the Union men in Norfolk were two to one; after it not a Union man existed. The work was only half done, and Virginia is being made impregnable by the use of this yard. We must remember that Scott is a Virginian!

From this end, troops leave New York to-day and last night. It was very dusty on the road. A young Englishman from Wilmington, North Carolina, sat by me. He was in Richmond when the U.S. took Alexandria, and saw the *delight* with which the South heard of Ellsworth's murder, whom they dreaded very much. He had to turn aside thus and go around by Harper's Ferry, where he and another Englishman were hard put to it by the mob, until they showed passports. . . .

The summer of 1861 my mother spent with the children at a farm near Philadelphia, where my father could reach her in an hour or two, and frequently spend a day with her.

PHILADELPHIA, *June* 28, 1861. PETER LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . George Stearns came to see me this morning at ten o'clock, fresh from Washington, and I went up to Bristol with him. He had a hundred interesting stories to tell me of public affairs, which he looks upon with a very hopeful and happy enthusiasm. So do I. All goes well. Is it possible that the Botts letter in the *Tribune* of to-day is a truth—or is it a *Canard?* I cannot believe it; and yet it ought to be true. I spent an even-

ing with Charles Sumner a week ago, and all he said failed to change my conviction that in three months the war will be at an end. The Southern army *must* melt away, like snow before the sun's advance towards the equinox. I see the brutal host scatter and fly like the cloud after a storm, chased apart and away by the great northern wind. Meigs, and Banks, and Lyon, and the two Blairs, and the great young hero McClellan, and Chase and the stable old Kingpost of the realm, Abe Lincoln himself, with the generalissimo like a Titanic body-guard or Mace-bearer of the Union, form a glorious group. How good it is not to have died last year!

Private affairs all wait on the national adventure. In a few months this Empire (Republic no longer) will shake itself from its war clothes, bathe, and dress in peaceful working garb, and turn to its avocations with a new force and pleasure, beginning a new history.

How full the camps must be of personal stories, hair-breadth escapes, acts of daring and suffering! What a discipline of strength for the effeminate boys of the cities! How unexpectedly everything happens! Every news comes like a flash of lightning from some fresh quarter of the horizon. You have seen, I suppose, that Hurlbut has been captured as a spy down South. . . .

LONGBEACH, *Aug.* 6, 1861. PETER LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . The conflict of ages is surely this: Between a desire to hold converse with distant friends and a hatred of pen, ink and paper. The older one grows, the more intangible and incompressible are the spirits to be embodied, limited and subjected to language in a letter. How much description a single glance around one calls for! How many reams of paper might be filled from ten minutes' recollections! How useless the task to express the hopes, plans and dread of the immediate future! In fact, a letter is a mere touch of the hand,—it goes for so little,—it leaves so much to be said, most of which is unsayable. . . .

We are half a mile from the beach; cannot see the sea from the house, and have no rocks of any kind to look at, or sit on or see from. It is no place for *me*. I find myself perpetually wishing you and Susan and I were together on the New England coast. Susan wonders if you and she will ever again sit on the N.E. rocks until the tide waves come up to your feet.

Nature finds us up some new kind of pleasure or new kind of peace,—instead of repeating the old.

How do the political heavens look to you now? They are changed from grand sunrise to gray morn. The lull of impatient expectation in the nation is like that at a theatre or grand review when the principal action is over. Everybody now seems to have handed the responsibility to government and to feel that it is useless to talk about it. I cannot but think that our future is to be that of an absolute military autocracy, broken up occasionally by rebellions of sections in the North. Like crises in the life of a human body, a long disease has come to a head, and will be lived through and come out of with some essential constitutional change. The patient has been consumptive and will henceforth be bilious. It is of little importance, for these thirty millions are but the thirtieth part of the human race, and their fate has next to no influence upon that of other nations—even the European. The change of our tariff has more effect in England than the overthrow of our constitution, and the murder of every tenth male would have. Nations grow independently of each other like animals or trees,—and die independently. Only epidemical diseases affect the groups, as tornadoes or floods do in the vegetable and animal world.

It is with philosophic calmness then we can follow the course of these events, after all the excitement of the spring and early summer. Until another battle. These battles will rouse the nation like successive peals of thunder following each other at intervals through a still night;—now far off, now close by. Was there ever a war extended over so vast a country? The telegraph makes it awful, for it brings all parts of the field into immediate presence.

We ought to celebrate annually the passage of the Confiscation Act of Saturday. It is the date of the Emancipation of American Slaves. It will work slow, but sure, I hope.

Man is certainly nomadic by nature; rooted by necessity; art and luxury return to him at last his nomadic privileges. For my part I have been so privileged in past years that I have no right to complain, if the gout or bad times veto my roaming propensities forever more,—until gout and bad times are among the things which are not. But bad times never last, and in a few years I shall be able to take you and Susan up the Nile. By waiting until then the Speke controversy about its source will have been settled for us, and we can better enjoy its muddy current. Other things will be settled also—in the muddy current of our own fortunes.

PHILADELPHIA, *Sept.* 23, 1861. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I wonder if the Eastern politicians are not chicaning to ruin Fremont—the idol of the West. How little we know of the Secrets of the Cabinet; of the hidden forces of the political world; and of the private by-play of the passions throughout the great events of our history! *Dominus regnat, populus gaudeat! Sat sapienti, Susanna. Et Petro.*

PHILADELPHIA, *Sept.* 24, 1861. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Everybody is troubled about the Lexington surrender. Magoffin is a hero. But they say he was ordered to take the money and come away. Instead of that, he was persuaded by the citizens to disobey orders and stay to defend them. [W. E. F.] says he himself will go to the war if another defeat occurs. How the young can joke about war and cannon-balls is a mystery to me,—for life ought to be doubly dear to them. Joe proposed to me to-day to take the whole business, and let him go join General Anderson's body-guard dragoons (100), now recruiting. It is to be composed of young engineers from all the counties of Pennsylvania. He has been sick of asthma, etc., but was a little better to-day. His desire to go is simply from a sense of duty. Kentucky is in great danger. All the *young* blood of the Blue Grass is for Secession. They constitute the wealth and spirit of the State—although they are outnumbered by the old people and the Mountaineers. Both parties are fearfully exasperated, and it looks more like a war of extermination there than it has yet anywhere. But God and the Right is our motto. Surely the government will be forced to fight upon a principle before long. . . .

ALGONAC, *Sept.* 25, 1861. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . Truly it does seem as you say, as if the Eastern politicians are determined to ruin Fremont. And yet what mean all these tales of his neglecting to reinforce the brave Lyon, and also Mulligan, when he might? And who is to know the truth about anything in the midst of so many lies, so many wheels within wheels, and so much that we can never know not being behind the scenes? And what means the forced resignation of Stringham? Are the Government determined to punish everybody who achieves a victory, for fear they should become too popular? It looks so. . . .

Yesterday we went down to the H. K. Browns, to tea, and

had a lovely time. Mr. Brown showed us all his drawings and designs of the Capitol at Columbia,* and, oh, how we laughed to think that the stupid Southerners never dreamed of the intense satire conveyed in his figures of Hope, Justice, and Liberty, where he introduces negroes, cotton fields and rice plantations, in the slyest and most picturesque way, and to a Northern eye so plain, that he who runs may read! He said he could hardly keep his countenance, when one after another of the Southern gentlemen came in to look at his work, they chuckled and said, "That's right, Brown, put in the nigger, put in the nigger." . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Oct.* 4, 1861. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Last night, 9.30 P.M., I reached home from Washington, to which place I went down the night before. I cannot tell you how the quiet and the war scenes together impressed me—till we meet. Breakfasted with James and Lizzie [Lesley], the boys, Dr. Thompson and Colonel T. A. Scott. Wrote two hours in Scott's room in the War Department, and then surveyed the deserted Potomac from the top of Willard's. The advance of the Army has caused it to disappear from view behind the Virginia hills. The Capitol is infinitely grand. Mills' statue of Jackson looks much better at a second visit. General Cameron was to dine with James, but I could not stay. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Oct.* 7, 1861. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I have but a moment to add a line to the Sonnets I wrote yesterday, and if you like parts of them as much as I do, you can hand them to Estes for the *Atlantic*.

I spent a very long, brilliant evening at Frazer's with M. Pécher of the Patent Office, and as fond as I of Egyptological questions. He is an amiable, accomplished German, fifty yards from whom (strange to say) I lived in Halle in 1844–1845. We had a high time over Halloren gossip.

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* Henry K. Brown the sculptor's "work on the capitol at Columbia, S.C., was never finished or paid for. In April, 1861, the firing on Fort Sumter opened the war, and soon after Mr. and Mrs. Brown came north and were on the last train before the tracks into Washington were torn up. When Sherman arrived before Columbia, some years later, and opened a bombardment on the city, some of the first shells crashed through Mr. Brown's studio, which was beside the old capitol. Everything was destroyed, and a photograph is all there is left of the group showing 'niggers' for the capitol. It was a group tympanum, the central figures were finished in marble, and the rest were in various stages of completion." (*Note by Henry K. Bush-Brown.*)

PHIL'A, *October* 8, 1861.

. . . Now the leaves begin to fall, and the army must soon move. I wish I could see the great review of Cavalry and Artillery to-morrow at Washington.

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 24, 1861. PETER LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . Susan and I have just filled the children's stockings with little acrobats, sugar plums, books, lead-pencils and pennies, and have two large dolls to pile up the agony, still in reserve. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Bond have just come in and say that Chestnut St. is crowded and loud with horns and drums. People in masks and Santa Claus dresses are numerous. This is new in Philadelphia, and shows how the war excitement has affected the public mind, developing other extravagances. We are in a fever of excitement, not knowing what to expect. There are vain conjectures on all hands. No one can predict even the probabilities. England seems to be in a blaze of excitement also. Want and war are foes to sober sense and prudent conduct. If war breaks out with Europe, the extremity of evil will soon be reached. But our hope is that the men at Washington feel so much more in danger than we do here, that they will go even further than we would do in pacifying England. It is no time now for us to stand on dignity. Nor do I think our government will think of such a thing. But this is a Christmas letter, and I meant not to make it a political essay. . . .

In February, 1862, he was invited by Mr. T. E. Blackwell, of Montreal, to go north, to assist him in some geological or topographical work.

TROY, *Feb.* 20, 1862. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Here I sit in the Troy House, which we were talking about the other day, where we spent a night thirteen years ago, on our wedding tour to Amsterdam.

. . . We had a great deal of Seceshish talk in the cars, good-humored enough, but plain to see, the vast preponderance of sentiment is in favor of *readjustment* on the old basis, provided the Southern bluster is stopped. People think only of their own little feelings, and forget (how is it possible!) the immense wrongs of the Slaves and Poor Whites of the South. . . .

RUTLAND, *Feb.* 21, 1862. TO HIS WIFE.

How I wish Mamie and you had been in the cars with me yesterday! After advancing forty miles, we stuck fast on a siding for three hours after dark. For the first half-hour we were silent and a little moody; but then the stiffness was broken by the eccentricities of an old lady who got up and walked to the door several times, and losing patience began to demand that something should be *done;* at least that there should be a consultation to see if nothing could be done about it, for she was open to conviction. Gently rallied at first, she replied with spirit, and soon the fun grew brisk and the wit sparkling. Most of the people in the car were the best kind of New England folks, with plenty of spunk, and hair-riggers every son of a gun among them. We sat and joked and roared and clapped, and discussed the conductor, the brakeman, the old lady's adventure, the possibility of some Secesh being present, and at the bottom of it, the war and the weather at large. I never enjoyed three hours more. . . .

. . . It is delightful to think of the near approach of a victorious peace. I trust in God that a new cohort of strong men will take the power at Washington, and reform all things. It is not too much to hope and pray for. When I stand on these whitened hills of Vermont, and look down the great line of Empires stretching to the gulf, and think that summer already reigns at the far end,—how varied have been the fates! how various are the powers and uses of the United States! how complicated must always be their common political economy! how conservative and calm must be the central governor! I am reminded of the Chariot and horses of the Sun, on St. Mark's Column [cathedral?] at Venice, and on the Arc de la Place du Carrousel at Paris,—a fiery divergent team.—I am struck with the almost religious faith in Lincoln's honesty, energy and wisdom, which has taken hold of men's minds. There is but the one thing said:—No other could have saved the Country! This is extravagant; but worthy of consideration. He must be a worthy man who impresses a whole nation thus.

Here I am among the Taconic hills, and can see nothing. It is vexatious. A geologist in four feet of snow is a somnambulist with eyes open seeing nothing. How I long to map this country properly! I am sure that I could map Vermont in one season, and Massachusetts in another.

. . . I must go now and try to find some geologist in Rutland to talk to, and see, if I can, some of the Taconic fossils.

MONTREAL, *Feb.* 24, '62.

After a morning spent with Sir William [Dawson] (who asked of his own accord in the midst of a geological discussion, after you, and whether you had not come along with me), and Sterry Hunt, over the maps, and documents, and specimens, of the Taconic System, in the great Cabinet; and after a tremendous buffeting walk through a blinding sleety snow-storm back; I sit down between dressing for dinner and the dinner bell at two o'clock to continue the letter which I *failed* to put in the Post-office this morning.

Sunday morning they took me to the Cathedral. . . . The first pew was filled by Sir Fenwick Williams (Hero of Kars), Commander-in-Chief in Canada, a bald-headed, fine-looking man, wrapped in a great-coat; his aid, Captain Grant; another general whom I forget; and Colonel Wetherell. Beauty and wealth filled the church. You never saw such cunning little round caps of fur as the girls wear, with nets for the hair behind, and face or eye veils in front. And the music—I mean the responses, especially from the children in the chancel, was lovely. I enjoyed every moment. On my way back Mr. Gurdwood, Assistant Surgeon in one of the regiments, and young Stevenson, whom you recollect, persuaded me to return to the Cathedral to see the parade of the Fusileers and Guards (parts of two regiments) into the Cathedral, for their own especial service at 1.30 o'clock. I stood beside as they filed into the Church, and saw them with great emotion. They were all apparently picked men, although I have since been told that they were not; tall, stout, firm, steady, plucky men, most of the Guard looking like workingmen, or rather as if they belonged to the class of English footmen; their sergeants, sons of the nobility, and their other officers men of high rank; Lord Fred. Pawlet, of distinguished fame, their brigade major. These Guards are the nobility of the English army, their Captains ranking as high, I believe, as the Colonels of the other regiments (of the line). The Fusileers are a Scotch regiment of the same grand size,—no man accepted under six feet. I saw one man who must have been nearly seven feet. Many of them being Presbyterians, were marching to a meeting-house, while these came to the Cathedral. The Fusileers looked in the face better—I mean as if they were educated—which none of the Guards did. But compare even the Fusileers with a Massachusetts regiment, and you see at once the superiority of the latter, as gentlemen and men of mind. But in physique, and bulldog courage, and dogged resolve to die for the Queen and

their flag,—God save us from an avalanche of these dreadful troops upon our soil! Yet all Canada is now in the same whirl of excitement, in anticipation of a war with us, that we were this time last year, or a little later. They all think war inevitable. Every man is drilling; the whole volunteer force, or rather militia of the Provinces, is under arms; and they accuse us of having sent over surveyors, to map the strategic points along the St. Lawrence, and the Lakes, which has greatly exasperated them. I find a much more quiet feeling toward the North,—much less sympathy with the South, than I anticipated. The victories have done wonders. We must remember, too, that these same terrible Roman-like troops of England followed blindly their blind leaders into the net at Saratoga, and Yorktown, and were repulsed before New Orleans, as before the Redan. By the way, last evening Colonel Conolly took tea with us:—he was in that awful charge of Balaklava, and told us that every twenty-ninth of October (?) the survivors meet in London to dine, and drink only two toasts,—the Queen, and the lost in the charge. Neither he, nor any one else who has been in the charge, will speak of it except in a distant way in connection with other subjects.

MONTREAL, *Feb. 27th*, 1862.

The Bishop's party was last evening, a grand affair (to me). He is Archbishop of the Provinces. I was the last person to leave the room, and talking with him a few minutes, in a little group round some flowers in the upper end of the room, he pulled an English primrose, and gave it to me for you. Here it is; badly crushed, I am sorry to say; but receive it direct from apostolic metropolitan hands. The hall was a trussed-ceiling hall, with the entrance from the narrow staircase hall on the middle of one side, and to the other rooms, and great staircase on the other. A table ran down the middle; library cases occupied the sides, an aquarium and air-tight flora box to one end, and a gorgeous west end window the other. Soon after we arrived, and were announced by name, and received by the Bishop, and his little old wife (without a sign of hoops), the place began to crowd up with young ladies, in vast gauze flounces, and low-neck dresses; ugly and coarse, old and elderly ladies, spruce, good-looking, unintellectual clergy and bar, and a score or two of scarlet uniforms elegantly pointed, barred and edged with gold lace, and in some few cases fronted with decorating. One old general I saw with a row of decorations, beginning with the

Peninsular and Waterloo, and ending with China, Sebastopol and the Mezjid, which dangled forward in a sort of tattered curtain, as he bent to look at the foot of a fly, in the magnificent microscope of Mr. Blackwell, which Mr. King (with whom I drive to see the deflection of the Bridge to-day) exhibited to guests, seeking relief from the press and heat, in a little room opposite the refreshment rooms. Among others who came, there was the fat old Dean, whom I could not seduce into conversation; and the P. M. O. (Principal Medical Officer,—our Brigade Surgeon, or Staff Surgeon I suppose) Taylor, whom I found to my delight an ardent friend of our Side. I had an animated talk with Adj't Gen. Colonel McKenzie, who is just arrived with the fresh troops, to teach us courtesy and submission perhaps to her Majesty the Queen, which conversation is to be shortly renewed under more favorable circumstances, when I will enlighten him further. In fact, I have had excited an ardent desire to give a lecture to these military gentlemen, and may yet do so, when I have completed the great map of the United States, which I commence to-day. You will have few and short letters from me hereafter, I fear, because my only time is before breakfast. All the rest of the day I am talking, or examining documents, or sleighing to some point of interest.

. . . You have *no idea* how I enjoyed last evening. A journey to Vesuvius would not have afforded me more curious pleasure. But I must go further back, for I left off my narrative on Monday. You had (I see) a terrific gale on Saturday and Sunday. It reached us on Monday, with a deadly cold. I spent the morning with Sir William Logan and Hunt in the museum, and the evening with two friends at home, not being able to take the ladies to Miss Lunn's "Blue" or soirée, where a little lecture is part of the programme.

Tuesday morning, we drove in the fierce arctic wind to the shops at St. Charles Point, where the roofs were covered with icicles bent by the wind. There we saw the great twenty-five by fifteen foot map, making, on the floor of the upper room at one end of the great car-shop, by Mr. Plunket.

At dinner-time, Jos. Savage called on me, and at tea Mrs. Dawson came; afterwards Sir William Logan, Hunt and Dr. Dawson himself, and we talked until midnight.

Wednesday, we went to the office on the Main Street in the city to see what room I can occupy, to work in; and wrote long letters to various parties in Washington, on business. Spent the evening as I have described at the Bishop's.

We are just starting for the Victoria Bridge, to study the effect of the sunlight on its sides, and this evening I tea with Dawson and see his collection.

Saturday we have Dr. Muir, and Sir William, and to-morrow perhaps, or next Monday, Lord Pawlet and his aide Captain Seymour.

So it goes. My health is very good. I take long walks in the snow. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Feb.* 28, 1862. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . Mr. Bliss told me that Government have taken since yesterday all the steamers great and small between New York, here and Baltimore. Newspapers are forbidden to publish any War news, and things look like a great time of some sort. Mr. Sumner writes James Furness that our late victories have put back the Anti-slavery cause. Mr. Bliss says if the War comes to an end without advancing Emancipation, the Anti-slavery agitation will be such as the Country never dreamed of, for hundreds and thousands of men like himself who have always kept quiet, will then be worse than the most rabid Abolitionists. How strange are the chances of War! . . .

MONTREAL, *March* 16, 1862. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Things go on as usual here. I am very much worn out with my huge map, although it is beautiful and every one delighted. Of course I see a great many errors and faults in it which others do not suspect. But all these will correct themselves in time. To-morrow I begin to lay on colors. . . .

I am surrounded here with magnificence and luxury; curiosities and rarities, instruments, cabinets; each room a gallery of precious works of art, water-colors and engravings, bronzes and parian statuettes; but—I want none of them; I am satisfied with our future prospects of a single room and our four selves. . . . There may be infinite opportunities, means and desires; but the performance amounts to next to nothing. I have had a glimpse of the English nobility;—it is on the whole no more attractive than the professional, the mercantile, or the mechanic worlds; less so in one important and ruling sense; it is *dolce far niente*—laborious pleasure, accomplishing nothing worthy of remembrance or record. *Inutility* characterizes all that I have seen here. The grand military immigration is a step forward for no purpose but to be taken back again. The Grand Trunk is a "job" to enrich

the over-rich; and could hardly have been a worse planned or worse executed enterprise. But for its right arm, the Portland branch, it would be a dead body. The whole population of English residents here seem to me to be loafers, fed by a sort of aristocratic poor-law system. Young men (*all* of them, whom I have seen) do their work in the most slovenly, awkward, slow and protestant manner,—as if it was a great mistake that *they*, and not others, had been set at the work. *Play* here is as ruling a passion as *work* is in the States. Our military arrangements and undertakings and performances are, I think, far in advance of anything of which England is now capable. Certainly our Civil inventions and executions overwhelm hers with shame—I speak soberly. I used to think English mechanic art supreme; I do not think so now. I go back to the States with my patriotism intensified and enlightened in more than one point.

BROOKLYN, *May* 5, 1862. SUSAN LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . I have read the May *Atlantic* through, and admire the "Hindrance," which I suppose is Mr. Emerson's, and was much pleased with the Slavery article.—Is not that Higginson's? Mr. Hodge brought me to-day a long and very interesting letter to read, from Dana Greene,—First Lieutenant on the Monitor, describing the whole action. . . .

Sunday Evening, May 18, 1862. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I cannot go to sleep without sending you my blessing and my congratulations on the wonderful news of the fall of Norfolk and Portsmouth, the recovery of the Navy Yard, the destruction of the dreaded Merrimac, the victory of Foote's flotilla over the rebel fleet at Fort Wright, and the imminent capitulations of the two rebel armies. How wonderful is this rush of the drama to its finale! It all sounds like a fiction. Wars used to be waged by Commanders for their amusement, or for their private interest. This war is the earnest effort of a nation to save itself. It seems more like the combined effort of the faculties of the human body to conquer and throw off a disease at the crisis—than like anything else in history. McClellan will now indeed be the hero of the day. He will replace Wellington. We must despair of nothing. Let us not croak about the war coming too rapidly to an end. God will know how to complete the work. Let us have a renewed faith in providence. Let us rejoice without cavilling. A generation of strong and honest men have been born to us in

the last year, and in their hands, slavery will find no favor. The whole nation has received eyesight and hearing, and it will be hard for the worn-out Democratic partisan leaders to make their old arts succeed, in the new times on which we enter. The black men may not get all their rights immediately; but let us hope that they will get them as fast as they can find opportunity for exercising them. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *May* 20, 1862. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . The President has repudiated Hunter's proclamation.* And yet how touching are the good man's words! He seems to me like one from another world, so pure and true,—in spite of the ten-acre lot. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *May* 27, 1862. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . The excitement here upon Banks' defeat reminds me of this time last year. The passage of the Confiscation bill, the close vote and defeat of the Emancipation bill, the uncertain condition of all our armies, the coming of the great man, Sigel, to headquarters, the call for 200,000 Volunteers, the mobbing of Secesh men in Maryland, make together a din in which one's soul can't hear itself speak. All business was abandoned yesterday. But I have confidence that order will come out of this confusion. . . .

In June, 1862, he again went north on a surveying trip to the coast of Cape Breton at Glass Bay, and he spent about two months in those bleak solitudes.

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* In May, 1862, General David Hunter, whom Lincoln had recently appointed to command the Department of the South, "issued an order of Military emancipation." . . . This order declared "Slavery and Martial law in a free country are altogether incompatible. The persons in these three States—Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina—heretofore held as slaves are therefore declared forever free."

The President did not receive news of this order for a week. "Lincoln's own judgment of the act was definite and prompt. 'No commanding general shall do such a thing.'"

"Three days later (May 19th, 1862) the President published a proclamation reciting that the Government had no knowledge or part in the issuing of Hunter's orders of emancipation, that neither Hunter nor any other person had been authorized to declare free the slaves of any State, and that his order in that respect was altogether void." . . . (*From Abraham Lincoln, a History*, Nicolay and Hay, vol. vi. pp. 90–96.)

SYDNEY, N.S., *June* 29, 1862. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Our whole voyage has far surpassed my worst expectations. . . . My accommodations for the next three weeks will be no doubt as bad as possible. . . . The ship was *full*, but Estes [Howe] and I had a state-room. At the next table were plenty of raging French exiles from the intolerable despotism of General Butler, at New Orleans. I pitied them, for they said it was the first day since "The Occupation" that they had dared to wag their tongues. . . . At Halifax we had two hours, and went all over the fine fortification on the hill above the parliament building, and round the town. It is a stone citadel of great extent, with lunette forts outside, and commands a great plain back of the city. In the Senate or Council Chamber, I saw portraits of the Georges, and of the Judges—Haliburton, etc.,—and old Winthrop of Massachusetts. The Harbor is magnificent, and seems to me finer than that of New York. But who would live in such a dead-and-alive village, on such an inhospitable coast?

The life at "Little Glass Bay" was hard and bare, with rough lodging and scanty food, but the letters show that my father enjoyed the place and the work. I quote only small portions of these letters.

LITTLE GLASS BAY, NEAR SYDNEY, *July* 9, 1862.
PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . In the morning we attended the Scotch Church . . . A hard-featured congregation remained to hear a second sermon,—in Gaelic, or the native Highland Scotch. I was too tired to stop to listen; in fact, I know but two or three Gaelic words, one of which is *uiske*, which means water. This island of Cape Breton, of which Sydney was the capital, was chiefly settled by the Highland Scotch, and we have in the Company's employ three Roderick Dhus. Two miles south of us lives Donald McDonald; and among the hands may be found various members of the Clans, McPherson, McIntyre, McEachran and McPhail; with here and there a border name, such as Campbell; but not a Graham nor Murray nor Lesley to be heard of, for these belong to the lowlands. The long parallel peninsulas, with fiords or friths between, and islands at their ends; the high mountains and indented shores; the sea fogs and fisheries, all combine to make the Scotch Highlander feel himself at home here; and thus we have another fine illustration of the law according to which species creep along

natural zones of the earth's surface, and plant themselves at a distance, only when all their new circumstances resemble the old.

Last evening I walked in the moonlight along the shore, before going to bed, and never felt so perfectly happy and peaceful in the contemplation of nature. The immense expanse of waters and skies; the never-ceasing waves beating on the shores; the round, bright, silent, cheery, beneficent moon, preceding the tides and magnetizing every vein of life in our planet; the exquisite simple reflection of it in the unstirred bay, and the sparkling trail of light and delicate striation crosswise of the image, when a sigh of wind crept across its face; the tall and silent machinery, brooding, sleeping over the begun work; the silent workshops and forges on the bank; the great half-finished scows on their beds, looking like sick men who have dozed away after long protracted pains, pounded as they are by the caulkers and carpenters all day; the far-off ships at anchor in the roads, waiting for the coal lighters to come again to-morrow; and the backwoods of the inland, a multitudinous race, harboring untold life, of bugs and flies and larger creatures, all asleep. . . .

All other topics and events [except the War] seem insignificant. I can see clearly no end to this history. Europe stands appalled and horror-struck at the desperation, size and ruin of the conflict. All other emotions seem swallowed up in one—a dread amazement. . . .

Saturday, July 18.

More news to-day makes me so sad and anxious, so heart-sick about the country, that I can hardly remain here. . . .

JAMAICA PLAIN, *July* 22, 1862. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . The state of the country at this time keeps all serious persons anxious and earnest. Most thoughtful people have utterly lost faith in McClellan as a General, and the late developments of Mr. Chandler of Michigan in Congress prove him to have been a blunderer and a bungler from the beginning. The President's last address to the border states men is a fine statement of some of *his* difficulties. I have cut it out and send it, thinking you may not see it. The complications of the War grow more and more difficult to meet and solve, and bad as McClellan is, who is there to take his place? . . .

Aug. 12, 1862. TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . We are saddened to-day by news of the fearful attack on Banks' division and the probable loss of so many we know. James Savage left dying on the battlefield, and Cary, Quincy, and so many fine young men of Boston, either wounded or missing. And to think of Port Royal and our young people there,* and the poor negroes who have kept saying so touchingly to their teachers, "Too good to last, Massa, too good to last." Think of their being in danger of attack, and not half protected. God help our beloved country! How dark everything looks! . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Sept.* 3, 1862. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . This morning's news are somewhat better, but brave Kearney is gone. How flat and profitless all the common doings of life seem at such a time! But I believe in the overruling hand; that it will redress our wrongs slowly and surely, and bring order out of confusion and a new and lasting peace out of this wicked war. The excitement on McClellan's behalf was intense on Monday, several men being mobbed and beaten for pronouncing him (what I believe him to be) a traitor. It is dangerous here to say so in the street. The Ingersoll traitors manufacture this "democratic" sentiment in his favor, to thwart the government.

JAMAICA PLAIN, *Sept.* 5, 1862. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . Pray do not consider McClellan a traitor. Think only how much he would lose by being one, and gain nothing. Think too how everything shows simply shiftlessness and incompetency, gross crimes it is true in times like these, but still not treachery. Please don't think that, I beg of you. . . .

Sept. 8, 1862. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . The political news are not discouraging. The rebellion only *seems* to prosper. It is the last blowing and beating of the air of a gladiator bleeding to death. If the Lord send us a few days' rain to swell the Potomac, we will catch them all. In any case, they cannot penetrate far north. The invasion will only rouse the North. We have got rid of McDowell and Pope is sent to St. Louis. Heintzelman and Reno are A No. 1, and Sigel will be the next to try.

* See "Letters from Port Royal, written at the time of the Civil War. Edited by Elizabeth Ware Pearson. Boston: W. B. Clarke Company, 1906."

PHILADELPHIA, *Sept.* 10, 1862. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I heard my friend Harned repeat this morning conversations with Heintzelman, greatly to McClellan's credit, and Pope's disadvantage. He says McDowell would have died to retrieve Bull Run, but followed Pope's orders and so incurred the wrath of the soldiers. Heintzelman avers he saw Pope's own troops march and countermarch twice across the field and refuse to fire a gun, so intensely they hated Pope. They *would* not fight. Four of our chief generals laid their commissions on Stanton's table—unless Pope was dismissed.

Whom can we believe? What is truth? But all will be well in the end. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Sept.* 10, 1862. PETER LESLEY TO MISS C. ROBBINS.

. . . I ought to have put into this letter to you, instead of into one I wrote Susan this morning, what I heard about Heintzelman, Pope and McClellan. It is surprising how *every* assertion of his enemies is point-blank contradicted by his friends, and how entirely satisfied people seem here with McClellan being in supreme command. For my part I have no faith in any one who once belonged to Quitman, and the Lone Star Association. I cannot agree with you in interpreting Heaven,—for the prolongation of the war may be the one thing needful—the dog-day weather to ripen the fruits. . . .

In this night a nation's liberties are being born, and the idea of ideas born again. If the black race receive liberty and education by it, the sorrows of the war will be forgotten. My heart bleeds for the widow and the orphan nevertheless; for my own wife may be a widow, and my children orphans, before the war ends. I wish I could see my way clear. I would start to-morrow for Sharpsburg. Horace Furness is there, making himself very useful. The army officers at last confess they don't know what they would have done without the Sanitary Commission. . . . Then all my professional engineering abilities and experience go for nothing, at a time when they might be useful. Bache says they need very much a military map of the environs of Philadelphia. But I have no means to make one and am so bound by engagements that I can't stir.* . . .

* My father's extreme near-sightedness made it impossible for him to be a soldier

PHILADELPHIA, *Sept.* 18, 1862. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . All the world is moved with joy and grief and horror at the carnage and victories of the last few days. Whatever may be in future our lot, certainly the success of the rebel raid would have been dreadful, and we therefore rejoice that it is stopped. Henry is sorely distressed about his favorite regiment, Col. Gregory's—all cut to pieces. Col. Miles seems to have played the Ball's Bluff game over again, and been shot to escape hanging. Carlyle says, "The American war is the dirtiest chimney that has been on fire for a century." Let it burn itself out; it will purify the atmosphere of the whole world. I wish I could take the cheerful view of the issues of the war, that I took last spring. But let us do our duty as individuals and God will write our history. Our own little terms of life are but very short, and all the future is not to be hurried up at the command of our impatience. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Sept.* 25, 1862. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I have just returned from . . . West Chester. . . . On the roads, we saw poor, weary, returned soldiers, for whom I felt great compassion. I feel a continual shame and desire to take part in the war, much as I shrink from bloody deeds and the violent ways of doing good. The example of good men, and especially of good young men, is very magnetic. Then, the great proclamation which has suddenly come at last, converts the war into what we wished it to be at first, a holy crusade for human liberties. The death of Edward and wounding of Paul Revere* touch me deeply. Poor parents! poor Wife! poor Sisters! How many wives are inconsolable! How many children are adrift for life! Words cannot write the history of such a war. While others suffer, we are safe. I feel as if this ought not to be. Happiness at such a time is almost a crime. I do not know what to think or say about our affairs. I feel unwilling to criticise anybody's character or conduct; except those flagitious wretches whose personal pride, and the ambitious arrogance of whose class, have precipitated us into this maelstrom of woes. I take no interest in the subjects of daily life, when two short months must decide for another year of carnage—or against it. The drums beat all day long under my window; and the loveliest music plays in the centre of the square in the afternoon; but these are the trappings of death. . . .

* A Memorial of Paul Joseph Revere and Edward H. R. Revere. Privately printed. Boston: William Parsons Lunt. 1874.

[MASS. GEN. HOSP.] *Sept.* 26, 1862. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . The poor Reveres are bearing their grief like Christians. Edward did not die as I told you [by a spent ball]; that was the first supposition. He had done all he could for the wounded on the battlefield, had performed several amputations and dressed all the wounds, when some one cried out, "Our men are flagging, Col. Lee has lost all his staff officers."—"Do our men flag?" cried Edward. "Hayward," he said to his assistant surgeon, "I have done all I can do here. Col. Lee must not fail for officers." And he seized the arms of a fallen man, and rushed into the ranks, restoring order by his presence, and cheering on the men. It must have been less than an hour after that that he fell. Shot through the heart. In the confusion that followed his body lay two days on the battlefield, before he was found. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Sept.* 27, 1862. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Your account of Edward Revere excites my admiration. Poor Palmer, Joe's friend and admiration, Colonel of the Anderson troop, is lost—perhaps hung as a spy. Joe was terribly excited yesterday by the telegrams of the railroad disaster. Two other disasters succeeded it the same day. The Convention of Governors had some secret history, which is now to be suppressed, *if possible.* Oh—I hear worlds of things which I can't write—and forget even to repeat. The planets have forsaken their courses. God rules, nevertheless. . . .

Oct. 2, 1862. PETER LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . I have taken two days round with the U.S. Navy Commission to show them the iron elephant. The champagne and lobster salad are sad remembrancers; but otherwise it was pleasant.—The death and desolation of the Civil War is strangely crossed and seamed with these anomalous frolics. When I reflect—I take an interest in nothing personal. Private losses and business troubles are moonshine and shame, to the night of public misery in which we travel. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Nov.* 3, 1862. TO THE SAME.

. . . Yesterday was every way a good day for us, and to-day . . . money unexpectedly comes from London, . . . and I pray the elections in New York may disappoint the rebel hopes and re-enforce the good President's right hand. The rudder clatters

fearfully, and the ship minds the helm badly enough; . . . but in this Country, as a rule, every secret thing is made known sooner or later, and the covert wickedness is punished before it has grown over-powerful. Let us hope on, hope ever. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Day after Thanksgiving* [*Nov.* 20 (?), 1862.]
SUSAN I. LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . The day was fine, and Mr. Furness preached well, and took the most hopeful view of these dark times. He quoted a letter from Washington, written to one of his Generals in the third year of the old war, in which he spoke of Patriotism having died out of the country, and the army, even the very idea of freedom, as also of the persons in high places, whose sole object was some small personal, political and private end. Mr. Furness said we are so in the habit of dwelling on the degeneracy of this war, that it is well to know that the same complaints were made then, in spite of their great and final success, and that the men of those times were not all saints and heroes, more than now. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 5, 1862. SUSAN I. LESLEY
TO HER BROTHER JOSEPH LYMAN.

. . . I was much obliged to you for writing "Some sinking Peter" an encouraging letter on the times. Before he received it, he was considerably set up by McClellan's removal, but, oh, dear, one needs letters from New England, and everything else to keep up hope, that has to live in this benighted region. . . . Philadelphia generally is what I call "in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity." . . .

Feb. 14, 1863. PETER LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . The Country is in a bad way apparently, just now, and unable to cast off its sickness, but it will not be mortal. Depend upon the balance of power being in the end upon the side of right and liberty. Recuperation keeps pace with exhaustion. Like flying neuralgia, the war attacks now one region, now another of the body politic, and will give it constant and terrible pain, but life is tenacious, and the forces of nature infinite and self-productive. The democracy is divided, and the government has the armed organization to guard itself against treason. The South is growing more and more desperate, but more and more exhausted. Above all men, women and children are growing accustomed to the new ideas of the day. These are the forces to rule the

future. Look at the whole and not at details, and you will feel how much better off God is than the devil, in this hand-to-hand conflict. . . .

In a letter from my mother to her brother, Joseph Lyman, of March 8, 1863, is the following sentence:—

Yesterday came an official letter from the Honorable Henry Wilson, naming him [Peter] as one of the corporators of the new National Academy of Sciences, and asking his attendance at the first meeting in New York. This was a very great surprise to Peter, a thing entirely unsought and unsolicited, and gives him pleasure. He says he is quite mortified at himself, that he can be so tickled with a straw. . . .

WALTER BROWN'S, NEW YORK, *April* 23, 1863, *Thursday.*
PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Yesterday I dined here and went down to the eight o'clock evening session, at which we heard and began to vote upon the constitution and by-laws, as reported by the committee of nine appointed in the morning. When it came to the article imposing the fealty oath of the Government upon candidates for membership, we had a most exciting debate, in which I was compelled to join in three or four speeches, against Leidy, St. Alexander, W. B. Rogers, Newberry, and one or two others, while the most stirring and thorough-going little speeches were made by Agassiz, Bache, Gould and Frazer. After repeated protestations from the Copperheads that they were ready to take that or any oath, but unwilling to exclude "repentant" "brethren" "for all time" "who had gone through fire," etc., etc., I urged there were men among [us] who had gone through the same fire and come out pure gold; but those they were providing for had failed to stand the test. This brought Barnard of Mississippi to his feet, who had forsaken all and come North. He spoke as only the Union men in the South can speak. He assured us there was not a man of science in the South who would not *continue* to be a rebel, and spit on our diploma. Leidy threatened to resign. When we passed the resolution, he asked to be recorded against it. Frazer and I immediately called for the ayes and noes; but afterwards it was all hushed up and no record was made, by general consent. Agassiz, like a glorious fellow as he is, led off and gave us courage; Bache, like a cunning old

dog, waited until we had all spoken and then came in, like the ironsides, with one of the most thundering broadsides ever fired. W. B. Rogers, who yesterday came to me and inquired affectionately after you, and told me that Emma was going out to see the black regiment when he came away, was extremely embarrassed and troubled, appealing to his record as an old and consistent anti-slavery man. Robert sat by and said nothing, looking so the picture of consumptive and dismembered despair, that my heart bled whenever I saw him. [Prof.] Henry escaped by being in the chair. Caswell, the Secretary, Gould and other politic ones urged all the while that when the time of penitence and reconciliation should come, the oath should be set aside (!). Some one, I willingly forget who, argued that we would lose government patronage, unless we bid for it with the oath; I suspect it was only an unfortunate way of stating a higher truth, that we are the children of the government, and the Academy is the creation of the government, and owes it an oath of allegiance as its first duty. . . .

ASTOR LIBRARY, NEW YORK, *April* 24, 1863. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . It is Friday afternoon, four o'clock, and we have just adjourned, . . . I have a world of anecdote, to tell you about the long hard three days' meetings, and the splendid success of the organization *as it appears*. Time will show how much reality underlies this show. We have laid down the base of a pyramid *for all ages*. . . .

Early in June, 1863, my father again went north to the Cape Breton country. On the way spent four delightful days among his Boston friends.

BOSTON, *June* 3, 1863. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I can't describe my "*embarras des richesses*" in the way of friends. I have forty miles of houses to call at, and only four days to do it in. Monday A.M. early I take cars to Portland to catch the steamer. I arrived here Wednesday five P.M., having had Runkel for a brilliant companion. He and Wm. B. Rogers have founded the Institute of Technology. . . . Spent the whole afternoon with Chauncey [Wright]. He is fat and "handsome," as —— insists on our saying. Winlock, head of the Nautical Almanac, and member of National Academy, came in, and I saw B. Peirce in the street. . . .

BOSTON, *June* 14, 1863. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . As I walked towards the house last evening, Mr. Green drove by and pulled up and greeted me with great delight. Sent his and Mrs. Green's love to you, etc., etc. I found him again at the cars, with Wendell Phillips, who is boarding there, and who told me that the President assured him last January 1st that he meant to have 100,000 blacks under arms by February, and 200,000 by August. We have now less than 20,000. He now promises to Stearns to grant commissions to the blacks who deserve them.

PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON, *June* 14, 1863. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . At every turn I meet a new and well-loved face. How *many* friends we have! . . .

. . . Went to church. James F. Clarke preached a wonderfully touching and enlightening sermon from "In my Father's house," etc., and a large and living congregation sang divinely some lovely songs. I had a hand-shake from him and his wife, and Mr. Bond, but could not find Cousin Susan to come home with. I dined with them however, and then called on Julia Metcalf, who took me to the splendid new Jesuits' church, to vespers, and afterwards into the college, to introduce me to Father Varsi, a young professor of Natural History, etc., an Italian, with whom she and I and Miss Dana had a delightful talk of half an hour. . . .

AT SEA BETWEEN EASTPORT AND ST. JOHN, *June* 16, 1863. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I blow you a kiss, across wind and wave, and over the land; where the old Puritan fathers lived, and loved, and worked, and died, in faith of an immortal life,—the land of energy and fidelity,—the land of piety and charity,—the blessing of the earth, —from which streams of intelligence and high-mindedness have gone forth to make green the West,—the arsenal of conquests over and salvations for the South, and for distant regions not yet entered on the ledger book of History. I seem to see this workshop and school-house of New England sending out *millions* of mechanic master minds, and prophets, and apostles of knowledge, to show a thousand nations how to be born, and to grow up, between [the Arctic Circle and] the Straits of Magellan. What a destiny! . . .

There are a number of interesting people on board; a lonely girl in a great pea-jacket, coming down to the ground; half a

dozen supercilious English people; wounded soldiers returning, armless and on crutches; lumbermen from the Aroostook region. But I cannot get up any interest in anything. "My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here." If you were by my side how different it would be! Old—old—old—alas for the departed joy of youth! The spring of life is tempered out. The needle slowly answers to the current; its pivot requires new sharpening. The hot heart alone keeps its full life. The Lord's will be done. —The news from the Rappahannock disturbs me. I am afraid Hooker will be worse than McClellan. The Lord's will be done. But I wish I could see how. . . .

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, *June* 18, 1863.
TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I spent the whole evening with Howard, discussing the war and the previous history of Sec. Chase, Lincoln, and other politicians personally known to him. Chase was an obscure and detested Cincinnati lawyer, known only by his resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law, when he was sent to Congress first, by three "liberty men" who held the balance of power between fifty-four Whigs and fifty-four Democrats. The Democrats accepted their nomination of Chase for fear the Whigs would do the same. He was made governor of Ohio by his anti-slavery course and abilities in Congress, and returned to the Senate by acclamation, when selected for the Treasury office.

Here I am again returned to our muttons, instead of serving you up foreign lamb. But the late news, garbled and secesh telegrams as they are, have made me so anxious that I can take little interest in the passing scenes. We left St. John in the cars with a flock of fine-looking and agreeable Methodist preachers, going to attend a Convention, on Prince Edward Island. Some of them are evidently interested for our success. But it was hard to lie in my berth at midnight, when the boat touched land, and hear the sardonic chuckling with which the news was retailed on board, as it came fresh from the telegraph office. They suppose here that the late nomination of Vallandigham by the Copperhead Convention at Columbus was his *election* by the people of Ohio. "Peace in three months," is the cry. "Washington is taken, it is all up with you." . . . Do send me as many papers as you conveniently can. Never mind the expense. If two-thirds miscarry, I must get *our* statements of the news, or these hateful Southern telegrams will drive me mad. . . I felt like turning round and returning, several times. But one can do little

good when hundreds of thousands are wanted. And my duty lies before me.

At Moncton we had a view of the broad bend of the Petitcodiac River, round which comes in the famous bore of the Bay of Fundy tide, sixty feet high, the roar of which can be heard on a still air, for many miles. The rise of the tides here is seventy-five feet. I was strongly tempted to turn aside here, and take the high stage road down the isthmus to Pictou; over the Cobequids, and past the Hillsborough Albert oil coal mine, and other interesting places; perhaps I shall return this way. . . .

Other letters from Charlottetown, Antigonish, etc., *en route* to Sydney, are full of descriptions of the country and towns, great religious conventions, geology, etc.

SYDNEY, *June* 22, 1863. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . The evening of Sunday at Plaister Cove, I got into a fearfully hot and personal discussion with three Irishmen, a doctor educated in Philadelphia, a merchant and a surveyor, who all took the Southern side insultingly. They begged my pardon afterwards; and I then learned that two of them were Catholics, and nursed a grudge against me for my story of the riots of 1844, at the supper table. My companions in the morning were an electioneering member of parliament and his friend, from Saysborough to Arashat, a Nova Scotian sea captain of Yarmouth, going to look after his fine ship just wrecked in Cow Bay; and a great, red, hale, good-hearted pilot from Newfoundland, who had piloted the great steamer from Quebec to the Gut, which the United States had bought at Buffalo and ordered round to New York. Each would make a hero for a novel. The Yarmouth man was very insulting at first, good-humored always, but courteous and extremely friendly at the close. I worked hard to convert the party to the Northern faith, and think I succeeded. Perhaps not. The cold wet night wore round at last, and I fell asleep after daybreak, to find myself at this charming old home of Mrs. Rigby's.

SYDNEY, *June* 28, 1863. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I cannot conceal my admiration for Victor Hugo's picture of the good Bishop of D——. I must confess that Victor Hugo is one of the masters of the craft. He moreover turns its arts to the divinest purposes. Here applies the maxim: "*In*

creatura creator, creaturaque in creatore." The Bishop of D—— is Victor Hugo himself, or part of him. I have conceived a veneration for the exile of Guernsey, and now comprehend his great reputation. You ask me to name for you some improving book for this summer. Such books as "Les Misérables," "The Cloister and the Hearth," and "A Tale of Two Cities" seem to me reading, *par excellence*. What have we to read? three things: history, science, and love; or nature, mankind and the soul. The late novelists give you these together, and Christianized. If you were a girl beginning life, I would know what to recommend—each of these in detail, systematized and exemplified; or the sciences, biography and history, with geography, and metaphysics with religion. But you have matronly habits now, a mother's duties, a brain not so well under command as once. If I recommended "The Cosmos" of Humboldt, you would yawn over it for a month, and reproach me for a year. If I said, read Darwin, or Huxley's last, on species, or Lyell's last on human vestiges in the drift, you would grow cold sitting out in such a wind without sunshine. The other sciences have text-books—dry impossible stuff for you. Shall you read Thiers' 46 Volumes, or Bancroft's 7, or Palfrey's 2? If we could sit together *alone* of evenings, or afternoons under a tree, or in a porch overgrown with honeysuckles, it might succeed. Even then you would forever interrupt with some story of the heart, or allusion to the children, which would be charming none the less. No, read good novels and reflect on what you read. . . .

July 4, 1863. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I will draw you a map of our place and its surroundings, by which you will understand how we have been occupied since Tuesday last in surveying the country between Glace Bay Bar and Schooner Bay; and the Cow Bay Road, which we did not finish; but all that I undertook for identifying the coal beds and enabling me to trace them across B. G. Bay on to the company's lands, was very successfully performed. I have also completed my materials for the continuation of my memoir for the American Philosophical Society.

Ah, bah! why do I talk of all this poverty and barrenness, when the land of fancy and life lies open before us so broadly? Tired with the mechanics of writing, I have just taken up Victor Hugo's divine tragedy at page 78, where he begins an episode suddenly with, "Once upon a time there lived a kind fairy, who created meadows and trees expressly for lovers," and then for-

getting his fairy tale, he flies forward in his career with the words, "Hence comes that eternal school among the groves for lovers, which is always opening, and which will last so long as there are thickets and pupils Hence comes the popularity of spring among thinkers," etc. His thoughts come in the midst of his descriptions, like flashes of lightning along the night tempest; and his philosophies rival themselves like great ubiquitous rollings of thunder. I have already begun to excerpt sentences for you, such as:—"She who would remain virtuous, must have no compassion for her hands," which I read "he" and "his," and thereby re-enforce my respect for laboring men, and my gratitude to the Almighty that I was not born a gentleman. . . . Of Tholomyès de Toulouse he says, "But as his youth died out his gayety increased; he replaced his teeth by jests, his hair by joy, his health by irony, and his sick, weeping eye was always laughing. He was dilapidated but covered with flowers."—His most touching appeal to charity for the French prostitutes and his most brilliant *bonmot* is a mere speck of crimson like one of Turner's on a yellow landscape, ending a long description with the simple ejaculation, "Alas! was the Jungfrau ever hungry?" O genius! how mysterious, godlike and desirable thou art! The poet is above all. One who can feel all joys and woes, describe all situations as if from the finest cliffs, pronounce righteous sentence on every action of high and low life, and still keep the rising suns and coming harvests of time in full mind—is the true poet and the Messias of his generation, unto whom every knee bows and every tongue confesses to the glory of God the Father of All.—I confess it—a new world has been opened to me by this man Victor Hugo. A new style of thinking and speaking has been, if not invented, brought to perfection by him. His genius diffuses itself through both civilizations, that of Europe and that of America, must act like the carbonic vapors which issue from some vast volcano, and spread themselves through the atmosphere of the whole planet, giving a new impulse to vegetation. What infinite joy to be ordained to play such a rôle! But I see clearly that in this case, as in all others, genius is rooted in labor and is watered by time. His one chapter "On the Year 1817" must have cost him six days at least of hard work. Nor can any man deal so deftly with his tools, and toss over such heaps of material to select out what stuff he wants, who has not spent a lifetime in the practical industry of his profession. I wish I knew something of his life in his island exile; I mean, what it *has* been. Is he rich? Is he well bred, well born? Is he soli-

tary, or much visited? Does he write by night, or by day? Does he travel, or always stay at home? These and a hundred other questions one puts while reading "Les Misérables."

I lament the brusque reply I made in my last letter to your sweet request for some book to study. When I said your time for study was passed, I meant to imply no diminution of your intelligence; far from it; but only a change in your limitations of life. Reading for you *now* is rather to keep you from reverie on the one side and gossip on the other than for systematic study. It is so with me also, except when I am "reading up" a particular point or theme. Reading of good books converts reverie into meditation; and gossip into conversation. To perform these two functions, reading must be suggestive, liberal, noble-minded, in other words, be characterized by information, experience and reverence. The best novels are so characterized, for the best novelists have studied science, travelled abroad, read history, and returned to Christianity. In their stories you perceive that they describe others, but are really themselves. Heroes and heroines nowadays must be gentlemen and ladies of the truest types or novel and novelist are together sent by the reading public to Coventry. The only danger is, one that my Susie runs; she reads a novel through at a sitting. This converts the medicine to poison; and makes the wholesomest food an indigestible load on the brain; it shuts out meditation, and prevents the memory storing up for conversation; it surrenders the reader's soul to the story, as helplessly as a wreck rolls on a sea before the winds. The first symptom of fatigue should be to the reader as significant and as imperative, as the first sense of satiety to the eater. This habit of *steady reading*, without intervals of work, silence, walking or conversation, is what enervates and ruins the so-called "novel-reader."

But I ought to have written you, before, my views of the benefit it will be to you, to read elementary books to the children, provided they be not elementary moral and religious books. The most invigorating truths for us are the commonest. It is capital exercise for the head to read to children, their geography, natural history, physics or language lessons. These remind us of those facts and laws and general conclusions to which thinking men have arrived on all subjects proper to their life; and they form the skeleton, muscles and skin of knowledge, the organic machinery of education. To inspire this body, you already have your own genius, your inspirations, your elevated moods, and just instincts, and earnestness, and hope and love. But the

body must not be left unexercised at any age, otherwise decrepitude comes unbidden. In educating your children by reading their school books to them, with explanations when they call for such, you do for your mind, what the happy mother and father do otherwise, when they take a walk into the country with their children. Besides, you acquire the *new* science of the day also and do not fall behind the age and your children, who are part of it. For in their school books you will learn, what they learn, the *latest* knowledge of the day. A mother ought not to allow her children to acquire a contempt for her as *un peu passée*. . . .

[NORTHAMPTON? OR BELLOWS FALLS?], *July* 3, 1863.
MOTHER TO FATHER.

. . . Sunday after tea came Martha, and Mary Ann Cochran, with Wentworth Higginson's Journal of last winter, which they had copied from the time he took command of his regiment of Colored South Carolina Volunteers. Oh, it was splendid, I assure you, just as fine as could be; how I long to have you sit beside me, and listen. She read till darkness came on, and then promised to come up to tea Tuesday, and finish it. Although the whole Journal is written in the highest style of manly enthusiasm, you feel that he has the keenest perception of both the finer and weaker traits in the black character. His descriptions of Camp life, of the evenings under the Live Oaks, the speeches and songs of his men, and all their peculiarities were both thrilling and amusing. His accounts of their celebration of the first of January, and reading of the President's Proclamation, was magnificent.

. . . All this last week we have been having the most exciting news from the neighborhood of Philadelphia: Lee's army so near, Hooker removed, Meade in his place, and no one knowing how anything is to end.

At the Northampton station we heard that Generals Pleasonton and Reynolds were killed. . . . The state of the country too makes us anxious, and I miss your words about the war, which have always been encouraging. The present crisis is a trying one certainly, and every day it appears to me that the North are miserably apathetic, and unaware of the opportunities they are losing. . . . Our companions [on the stage ride from Littleton to Whitefield] were two orthodox ministers who conversed on the end of the world and the general judgment, and the piety of Stonewall Jackson and Beauregard, who always partook of the Sacrament before every battle, while our impious Generals,

Hooker for instance, made only such remarks as that "he had got Lee's army where God Almighty couldn't get him out." Such prayers as the Rebel Generals made, they argued would beat down the very battlements of heaven. . . .

In July my mother's cousin, Paul Revere, was killed at Gettysburg, and she suffered much. She writes sadly to my father:—

DEAR PETER,—It's of no use to try to be happy while this war lasts—we can only be patient, and feel that our country is passing through a great retribution, out of which it may come cleansed and purified, but for which the sacrifice is immense. To think that this poor suffering family is only one of thousands.

July 10. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Captain Parrott has just arrived from Sydney, bringing the news of the fall of Vicksburg and the defeat of Lee; the fall of gold to 130 and of flour in proportion. My heart swelled with gratitude, and a great weight seemed lifted off. The telegram says, the Confederates have lost 11 generals, 33 colonels, and 30,000 troops. I see so much in this event, that I am dumb about it. No words describe a great revolution past; how much less one to come! . . .

SYDNEY, LITTLE GLACE BAY, *July* 12, 1863.
PETER LESLEY TO MISS ROBBINS.

I cannot do better than finish my Sunday with a reply to your kind letter of the 23rd ultimo. Since then we have heard of the fall of Vicksburg and the defeat of Lee's army of invasion. It made a profound impression upon us all. I never doubted of either result; yet the news seemed too good to be true when it came. It bewildered me. How many thoughts these sudden vicissitudes occasion! Surely the events of history are the greatest of all phenomena to thoughtful minds. The same emotions arise so regularly in the heart, that they become habitual. I look out upon the firm land, and the still firmer sea, and wonder that all things are so permanent. There is an equanimity of nature which reflects the equanimity of God. The same sun and moon, the same winds, the same passions and actions of mankind, like moods of society, like changes of history, everlasting basis of nature, ever-working forces of society, perpetual

repetitions of personal experience, endless alternation of work and rest, night and day, fixed aversions, unalterable affections, faith that confirms itself daily, charity that always exacts, hope that finds no rest but in the eternal and infinite,—all things seem to centre in the immutable God. Duty perpetual, time a mighty river hardly conscious of tides, character consolidated like a pyramid, existence still a mystery; nothing saves us from ennui but the conviction that all things *must* continue. Happiness, a wayside flower, sure to bloom in the spring, if we are patient over winter. Good, waiting for us in its season. God, an eternal presence.

Tuesday, July 14th.

My work is so far advanced that it has become monotonous. Ben, with four men, is sinking a second hole in search of the great bed, and if he does not strike it to-day, will commence a third to-morrow. For my part, I stick to my office work, and in the afternoon go over to see how he gets along, and do a little instrumental work in that neighborhood. These afternoon walks along the cliffs are very pleasant. At other times I continue my readings of "Les Misérables." I find it a great, a charming, a wonderful book. It cheers me; it inspires and it enlightens me. I find reflected in it many of my oldest and most cherished thoughts. I find here for the first time a distinct enunciation of my theory of species, in the spiritual world—soul species. But his pictures of goodness are so well sustained, so moderate and considerate, have so much self-respect, are so religious and also philosophical, carry such loads and are so practical and precise, as to mode and subject, that the reading of the book is a perpetual ravishment. . . .

I should hate to be able to write a book which by its popularity would help other books to draw off people's attention from those of Victor Hugo.

GLACE BAY, *July* 14, 1863. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I am delighted to see that the President has at last taken that pestilent scoundrel, Mayor Wood, in hand, and ordering him to appear before him in Washington, has "seriously advised him to back off from his treasonable ways." They say he is completely cowed. Vallandigham's presence *here* in N.S. is making no commotion. He will certainly be forgotten, after all. The news of victory will suppress the new desires of Europe to intervene. A Polish war seems imminent, for all Europe. But no

predictions in history are worth much. I tremble all over with excitement at the accounts of the pursuit. I know the country so well, it all goes on as it were in full view under my eyes. I see the armies separating, pursuing different diverging and converging roads, passing sideways through gaps, ascending the banks of rivers, halting, intrenching, scouting, fighting, flying. I burn with impatience to know if Lee can cross at Williamsport, or has had to go up to Hancock. Has Meade passed through the South Mountain gaps, or crossed at Harper's ferry or at Point of Rocks? We hear that Dix has even reached Culpeper. That *must* be a fiction; but he has certainly surrounded Richmond on the North and Northwest. Rosecrans at Chattanooga; Banks and Grant moving East; Meade at Gordonsville; the rebellion is dead when these three events are realized. Did you ever read such a description as that of Waterloo, in "Cosette"? How terrible! How minute! How perfectly picturesque and comprehensible! It is as perfect a piece of work as the picture of the Convent. . . .

LITTLE GLACE BAY, *July* 16, 1863. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I cannot refrain from announcing our success yesterday, by the Steamer's mail to-day, if I cannot go over to Sydney. At supper-time we were all nine telling stories, when I called on Mr. Lyman for a side dish, at which the Captain was much astonished. Ben came downstairs with a large piece of coal which he had taken that afternoon from the new eight-foot bed, after which we have pursued so long, and which was opened only yesterday, to my inexpressible relief. A weight was taken off my mind, for its discovery could not have been more opportune; the two companies being on the spot consulting, and new operations to be decided on at once. Moreover Ben found the place of the five-foot bed still further down (Ross'), also on their land; and the evening was passed in jollity and shaking up the tea canister full of egg nog. . . .

WAUMBECK HOUSE [JEFFERSON, WHITE MOUNTAINS], *Sunday, July* 19, 1863. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . I felt a little self-condemned by your last most excellent advice, for I had just gobbled up the rest of "Les Misérables," after reading "Fantine" carefully. I shall try to mend my ways in future. I always want to get a novel "off my mind," so as to do my work, and that is the reason I seldom read one. For I

am so weak as to become absorbed in the story. When I first got here, I was worn out with my journey and visit to Northampton, and glad to read. I wish I had now any book that interested me as John Stuart Mill's work on Liberty did last summer. I shall never lose my interest in reading ethics, or biography, and some time I mean to collect a little library of my own, of the books I loved and lived upon years ago. I note what you say of going along with the children's studies—geography, history, etc. It is that, I think, that has kept Meggie's [White] mind so bright. I regret that all these things are so great an effort to me, and that my education was so poor in youth, but I shall struggle against it as best I may.

. . . Have not the Riots in New York and Boston been disgraceful? It is so hard I cannot get newspapers to send you, but I find it impossible here. . . . A letter from Mrs. Rebecca Low of Brooklyn to-day tells me they are terribly excited by the Riot, which is not yet entirely quelled. These Copperheads give us even more anxiety than the Rebels. . . .

SYDNEY, GLACE BAY, *July* 20, 1863. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I never replied to your long letter from Bellows Falls which I read again and to Ben this morning, with renewed interest. There is no better way of getting an adequate idea of the world's populousness, the infinity of interests in Society, the affluence of personal adventure, and providential happiness, enjoyed by mankind. It enlarges my view of life on the planet. We are too apt to overlook the masses of life around us, just as we overlook the grass, on a walk through the fields. People are like grass-blades—flesh is grass in this sense also,—in the sense of number and individuality,—but they are also rooted together like grass-blades,—each waves separately, but is anchored in the common soil. Each also feels the common sunshine, electric currents and rain. Yet each draws what it can of the common manure. The struggles of man with man, child with child, family with family, seaport with seaport, nation with nation, is a grand balance of forces. The philosopher comes back from seeing all this, and some one asks him "well, what do *you* want?" He replies, "nothing." . . .

SYDNEY, *July* 26 (?), 1863. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I have but a few minutes for you, for I foolishly wasted all yesterday in writing a reply to Judge Marshall's attack on Sir Charles Lyell in the *Provincial Wesleyan*, and made myself half

[sick?] by it too. Have [had] an exciting debate all the afternoon with an Englishman and Scotchman about the Alabama, etc., etc. Tired out. . . .

Oh, the iniquities of Earth! Oh that my head were a fountain of tears, to weep for the sorrows of the daughter of my people! But the daily sun and frequent rain preach peace and hope. The laws of God suffer no insurrection among them, their *Union* is everlasting, their *Constitution* is perfect. Let us live under that Constitution and Union, peacefully and hopefully. One generation passeth, and another cometh. Each must be born and die, gather its flowers and fruits, and bear its summer's toil and winter's cold. Why should we make an outcry, when things go forward a little more rapidly than usual? there will be a compensation of slowness for all this haste; peace and war alternate. The evil after all is swallowed up of good, as life will be swallowed up of immortality. Let us train up our little ones, and hold ourselves in readiness for the day when *our* change shall come . . .

Early in August he returned southward, stopping for a day or two to visit my mother in the White Mountains, and then after a short stay in Cambridge he went home.

NORTHUMBERLAND, N.H., *Aug.* 12, 1863. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . A hot and dusty ride of ten miles up the pretty Connecticut brought me to this little depot village of the Grand Trunk R.R. over the Ammonoosuc. Going in to dinner, exclamations were exchanged—Sam Johnson and his party were there, and looked at me as if I had tumbled through the roof. We had a tremendous time for four hours on the balcony. . . . Johnson talked in his old lively, earnest style. Told me all about his Lynn church, now eight or ten years old, and the only independent church he knows of in New England. They intend soon to build a chapel. But I confess I prefer association with liberty, to the liberty of isolation.

He and Longfellow [Samuel] are getting out a new edition of their "Sam Book," omitting old and inserting new hymns; hymns of the day. I don't like that. Let us sing the old and act the new—marry the divine spirit of both times—eat the honey of last year while we tend the hives in the garden of the present. Must we always be made to prefer green cheese? I like Old Stilton for my part; and old port, and old music, and poetry, and

heroism, and old wives' fables too, if the Apostle will pardon me for saying so. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Aug.* 18, 1863. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . The Thermometer this summer has ranged unusually high, 98½° in an exposed place, 93½° an average for two weeks! Twenty cases of sunstroke per day! The soldiers are dying fast in our overcrowded hospitals. Think of our having 70,000 rebel prisoners and they between 15,000 and 20,000 of ours! Think of 13,000 nearly naked, and more than half-starved prisoners on Fort Delaware island alone, working for their living in the broiling sun, unloading the four great transports that perpetually bring them provisions! The common soldiers all say—"only let us get back and we won't fight you any more; we'll let the whole thing slide and go back to our work." But the officers—sons of wealthy planters—say: "you thrashed us severely at Gettysburg; but we will be exchanged soon and we'll give you another trial." The exchange goes slowly on account of the formalities. So does the siege of Charleston. I have no hope of that proving successful for two months, if at all. Sumter is an old fort. The new railroad iron batteries are invulnerable and can be built anywhere. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Aug.* 26, 1863. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . How I wish I were a poet! What a joy it must be to speak what is in the heart of humanity! Poets ought to be drunk with the delights of their divine craft all the while. To think of the luxury of that ability to glorify all we love, to paint halos round the heads of all our saints and angels, to substantiate and perpetuate our praises and blessings, to call an assembly of mankind to admire what we admire, and enjoy what we enjoy, and make music to our dancing, and dance to our music! Shall we not all be reborn into this faculty in another life, although we are born without it here? It is a doubling of the gift of poetry, when the poet is also a musician, and can sing his own verses. Such indeed were the Merlins and Taliessins (?) and Ossians of old; and such was Tom Moore in the last generation. Lever has a charming description of Moore singing his own verses in a scene of "Barrington."

Aug. 26.

To-day the joyful news comes (alas for the love of Christ!) that Fort Sumter is a total ruin, and the bombardment of Charles-

ton has commenced. What astonishing perfection in the art of war, when out of 600 odd shots fired by the siege guns on Morris Island, 400 odd should strike and breach Fort Sumter, at the distance of two miles! I am very much afraid that the three rebel rams will lay Boston or New York under contribution in September; they are nearly ready to sail from Liverpool. I have no doubt that they are destined for New York, and that Gov. Seymour knows it, and has prepared to use them, or rather their attack, for his nefarious purposes.

Joe tells me a most laughable story of Coatesville (where L. S. is to live). Just before the raid, the Pennsylvania R. R. Company sent all their rolling stock from Altoona (at which the rebels were dashing to all appearance) west to Pittsburg, and east to Coatesville. At each place, many miles of siding were filled with locomotives, etc. At Coatesville 30 or 40 men were placed in charge of this stock. One morning at daylight these rascals assembled in the valley, a few miles above (west of C.), and sent in a deputation of 18 on horseback to demand the surrender of the place, stating that they were the advance-guard of an advancing force, and wished to spare blood. The burgesses were dreadfully scared, and assembled hastily and surrendered the place with all the stock of railroad cars, etc. (to the keepers of the same!), and agreed to pay a certain sum of money to save the place from destruction. . . . When the joke came out, the railroad boys who had played the trick didn't dare to show themselves within reach of the enraged burgesses for a week. . . . I think such stories of the war ought to be treasured for history. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Aug.* 31, 1863. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Now, as I never conceal anything from you, even at the risk of giving you anxious hours, I must tell you that I am holding it under advisement (I wish I could say *advice*,—but I can get none) to go to Europe for three months or more, for Mr. Scott. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Sept.* 3, 1863. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I stopped at Lippincotts' and found he had still 225 copies of my Manual. I wished to clear the edition out by taking them to Europe.

He introduced me to a historic character, Judge Trimble of Tennessee, the man who protested in the Senate, and walked out alone. He told me he had entire faith in the vitality of the Nation; that Rosecrans has 50–60,000 men and Burnside

30–40,000 and that they will probably establish themselves in Eastern Tennessee and Georgia.

I heard yesterday that the United States Government had sent an ultimatum to England, making the sailing of the Alexandra a *casus belli*, and that the troops in New York were not only to guard the drafting, but to invade Canada.

Read the President's letter to the Springfield men. It made me sore with laughing. Think of his talking about "Uncle Sam's web feet"! and "making their tracks wherever the land was even a little damp"! I have not had so good a laugh for a long while.

But it comforted my faith. He is so straightforward, and openhearted, and right-minded. Charley F. told me, that Robert Lincoln told him, that his father had written along the secret history of the Cabinet, and meant to publish it at the end of his term of office! What an overturning of etiquette is there, my countrymen! He said his father had aged greatly under the steady pressure. Did I tell you that Meigs and Hammond are removed? . . .

CHAPTER XVIII

Second Voyage to Europe. 1863–1864

In October of 1863 my father made his second trip to Europe. This journey was taken, as Mr. Lyman states in his "Biographical Notice," on the commission of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, for the purpose of examining "into the methods of hardening the surface of rails, and the success of the Bessemer process." In manner of travelling it was in great contrast to his first European trip. Then he went many miles on foot or by slow conveyance, stopping when and where he pleased: now he hurried from point to point by the most rapid trains, and with greatest ease and comfort.

Yet in spite of his haste he found time to visit his old friends, the Bosts, in Southern France and Switzerland, and to "eat his Christmas dinner with Tholuck and Erdmann at Halle."

He visited England, Belgium, Western and Southern France, Switzerland, and Austria, being gone from home about three months.

This was the most socially pleasant of all his foreign trips. His letters are full of the meetings with agreeable and distinguished persons, some of whom he had known before, others with whom he was only acquainted through their scientific work and writings.

In France he enjoyed especially a visit to Abbeville, to see the newly discovered relics of prehistoric man in the gravels of that neighborhood. He had always been deeply interested in this line of investigation, was quite fearless as to deductions to be drawn from any discovery, only interested that the *truth* should be made out as clearly as possible. If the truth so evidenced was inconveniently destructive to established scientific and philosophic theories,

he was entirely ready to readjust these theories to fit the new facts. On the other hand, he would not accept a new theory on insufficient evidence, but was willing to wait until the number of *evidences* collected justified more fully *that theory*.

During this trip, on the few occasions when it was possible for him to explain the true causes and objects of our Civil War to those who were under the common foreign misconceptions of the whole matter, he did so with earnest conviction. His chief opportunity for such explanation was at a dinner of the "Royal Society Club," described slightly in a letter of October 15. I have heard since that he spoke on that occasion with great clearness and force, and gave his hearers their first full understanding of the Northern position in our great struggle.

The company on the steamer was a pleasant one, described in my father's ship letter as follows:—

Oct. 1, 1863.

At the head of our table sits Captain Moody, and by his side Sir Henry Holland, the physician of Queen Victoria, on his return home from what may have been a diplomatic mission to Washington. He is an old man, dressed with scrupulous care in black, and walks about deck in a velvet Scotch cap. He must be a very agreeable person. Mrs. Greenough sits opposite. . . . Mrs. Eliot and Prof. Charles W. Eliot next Sir Henry.

Oct. 4, 1863.

. . . Besides those whom I mentioned in my last letter, is one W. Marcet, a Swiss-born English physiological chemist; a Mr. Roberts, who, with Cobby and Harden, form a trio of men interested in mines of coal; a Mr. Monroe and his young friend Nichols, who has been in the army as surgeon, and now goes to Paris to study. Sir Henry Holland I find a most agreeable companion, and to-day have learned another connection between us in his intimacy with the Harcourts, father and son.

The Archbishop of York married him, he says; and Mr. Harcourt was the Archbishop's son, who wrote upon the Deluge, and started me on my long train of mythological research, which lasted at least ten years, and will bear fruit yet, I hope. *His* son again, young Harcourt, a London lawyer, 38 or 40 years

of age, has written three admirable papers in the *Times*, in favor of the United States, and signed his name Historicus (I think).

Then we have an English captain of the army, who tells amusing stories of Pekin, and the American General Ward, how he rose from nothing to be the leader of fifty bandits in the Chinese service against the Chinese rebels, until he was made grand mandarin, and given a great wife, and made general of 3000 troops, and buried with all the admirals walking behind his hearse.

There is a Spanish painter on board, who tells Mrs. Greenough and me stories of the great pictures at Madrid. . . .

There is a great, strong, intellectual English *littérateur* on board, who knows all the penny-a-liners in London, and can tell the qualities of every writer of the *Westminster Review*, the *Spectator*, and the *Times*. He has an off-hand, fine way with him, denoting power, and he reminds me constantly of Mr. Ripley.

Then we have a broad, straw-hatted individual from California, who, after spending most of his life in hunting and trapping in the Rocky Mountains, settled down near Sacramento City, and was ruined by the great floods five years ago, since when he has dug gold and regained a larger fortune than the waters swept away. This was retributive justice, for he used the very rivers, which had ruined him, for sluicing out his golden sands.

LONDON, *Tuesday*, 11 P.M., *Oct.* 13, '63.

I left Boston Wednesday, the 30th, and arrived at the car in the Mersey Saturday night, October 10th, and went up to Liverpool Sunday morning, October 11th, and to London Monday, 12th. . . . After dining at five P.M., I learned that Henry Ward Beecher was to preach at Great George St. Chapel at six o'clock. I got a seat in a front pew in the gallery, and looked down the immense well upon a vast congregation, arranged so as to lose not the least space. The organ is behind the pulpit; the choir sits below and around the pulpit, and an accordion one side of the pulpit led the most massive and exciting choral or congregational singing I ever heard, in tunes which were evidently as ancient as they were English. Such singing would enchant the angels; none of the dry, senseless, unmodulated commonplace tunes with which we are starved; but the grand impassioned cadences, all fire and life, expressing the sentiments of ages, the feeling of the heart of all mankind. The orator was worthy of the occa-

sion. He spoke of trust in God, the trust we yield to man in love and friendship, in business, politics and morals, and begged us to bestow the same on God. . . .

The audience were evidently puzzled and astonished at the preacher. He captured and commanded them repeatedly, but as often lost his hold of them; but only to recapture them by some new and more astonishing outburst of sentiment, imagination and argument. . . .

LONDON, *Tuesday, Oct.* 13, 1863.

. . . Bidding my companion good-bye at the station, I took a cab to Morley's Hotel, on the Trafalgar Square. I forgot to tell you that I gave Sir Henry [Holland] my preface to the Catalogue to read in the cars, and he smilingly observed, on laying it down, that it sufficed to show him my character. I looked at him, but said nothing. "I see," said he, "that you are learned and imaginative." I smiled and still said nothing. . . . I am always a little too late. It is to be written on my tombstone "Here lies P. L. who, like the little nurse of Moloch, always arrived when the monkey had finished exhibiting." The last time, I left London without seeing Westminster Abbey, or the Zoölogical Gardens, in order to see the Great Paris Exhibition; but by turning aside to see Amiens, arrived in Paris the day after the Exhibition had closed. This time I arrive in London on the day that Lord Lyndhurst—the greatest of men—dies. I am three days also too late for the great Social Science Meeting at Edinburgh; and one day too late to see the great service for the new Greek King in the Greek Church. I have all my life tarried by the way. I write but one volume of any book. My best thoughts, my discoveries, are all anticipated before I can prepare myself to publish them. Well!

Before dining in Morley's Coffee Room, I sent a messenger to Baring Bros. & Co. to ask for Joseph Lyman, and for letters. After dining, I drove to High Holborn and into Wood's Hotel, Furnival Inn. Joseph Lyman and Mr. Weiss had sailed for Boston on the 29th. Prepared as I was for this, I was strangely disappointed and felt utterly lonely. So I went to the theatre; not to Covent Garden, for the Prince and the King of Greece were to be there and there was no chance of a seat; but to the Adelphi, on the Strand, where after a little comedy, the beautiful tragedy of "Leah" was put upon the boards. First, I was captivated by the sweet face and artless manners of Miss Henrietta Simons as Madelena; and then shaken to the centre of my being by the

dénouement of the first act, where Miss Bateman as Leah, pursued by the ferocious villagers, instigated by the concealed apostate Jew, the schoolmaster, is saved by the village magistrate, and the village priest holding the crucifix over her head. . . . It is something fine to see such acting *supported* so by the whole troupe upon the stage. This is what we do not enjoy in America. One must come to such a centre of the world as this. . . .

. . . Then to Baring Bros., 8 Bishopsgate St. Within, and saw Russell Sturgis, who said he ought to know me; did I not marry Susan Lyman? . . . Then I walked round the Bank for No. 20 Tokenhouse yard, and chatted half an hour with Gerard Ralston, who was glad to see me, and made me promise to go with him next Sunday to the fine service in the Temple Church. A black man came in. G. R. is wholly devoted to the blacks; is a good abolitionist, and longs for the redemption of our Israel. I loved the old man, as my father loved his father. . . . My coast is clear. It will take two months to get the patent through. I must *then* return to London to sign it. Meanwhile I go to Brussels and Paris to take out patents there, and perhaps to Madrid. . . .

LONDON, *Wednesday night, October* 14, 1863.

. . . The dream continues. It is a strange mixture of the old and the new, the real and the fanciful, necessity and ease, wealth and service. Last evening I wandered round, with an acquaintance, to three play-houses of the most modern sort; this afternoon I lost myself among the blackened porticos, corridors and courts of the Temple; to-morrow morning I shall breakfast with Sir Henry and Lady Holland in a West End city house; next day I shall go out with Russell Sturgis to his country seat. Meanwhile I roam in and out of the shops of the Fleet, St. Paul's churchyard and the Strand, or cab it up and down Holborn, Skinner and Newgate, looking alternately at the million inventions of modern luxury, and at the solemn and beautiful old church spires, around the towers of which like trees these innumerable dry leaves of art and fashion fall and perish every moment,—as they should. St Dunstan; St. Bride's, with her exquisite pyramid of lanterns; St. Michael's with that wonderful doorway of moulded arches, set with little heads, and six slight red syenite (or porphyry) shafts; Bow Church with an open-work, dome-like lantern around a shaft sustaining another lantern up above, one of the rarest, loveliest products of the fancy; and above all the Temple Church, that home of mystery

and romance! After I had finished all my work to-day—it was after four o'clock—I left my packages in Dollond's shop and entered St. Paul's. A wooden railing led us, penned in from the nave, round under the north aisle, to a chapel at the base of the north tower. Distant sounds like the far-off chantings of angels, came floating through the mighty arches of the nave and under the dome. I followed a scanty crowd, and as we advanced, the music grew and complicated itself in fugued measures, perfectly entrancing to hearken to. Psalm after psalm was chanted, in the most lavish variety of modes. Boys, men and women singers, wove this weird dance of heavenly symphony, like a flock of martens round the eaves of a church where they have built their nests. Often—six or seven times—I walked away along the aisle intending to depart, and as often was brought back by some new device of celestial harmony. . . .Went to the Haymarket Theatre to see the "Rivals" and *real complete* acting for the first time in my life; for every character was well sustained; there was no rant, no fustian, no appeal to the audience, no false sentiment, but all was as quiet and natural as life, exquisitely comical and, in a word, satisfactory beyond criticism. . . .

Oct. 15.

I rose this morning by my alarum at eight o'clock, dressed, and drove to Sir Henry Holland's (25 Brook Street W.), to breakfast at 9.30. He was standing before a fire at the side end of a great room, with a screen across the middle, and a breakfast table. Miss Holland came in, a gentle and pretty girl of eighteen, and then her mother. We had a cordial hour over curry and fish, capital coffee and the voyage, and afterwards I sat in Sydney Smith's easy-chair, playing with Sydney Smith's gold eyeglasses, and chatted about the probability of reaching the North Pole east of Spitzbergen, the voyages across Australia and into Chinese Tartary. Returning to the hotel, I arranged packages for distribution and drove to Jermyn Street Museum of Practical Geology, where Mr. Riggs (?) the librarian treated me well enough, but I could see neither Ramsay, Hunt, Huxley, nor Murchison until Monday. At twenty minutes to two exactly, I kept my appointment at the Athenæum Club, when Sir Henry drove up and took me through the rooms; then to the Reform, Conservative and other clubs near by, some of them splendid palaces, adorned with Roman *atria*, mosaic floors, statues and paintings, and all that the stomach or the soul could wish. The Athenæum Club is very small and select, but has 80,000 volumes in its li-

brary. Then he drove me to the Colonial office in Westminster, and to the Privy Council building, past the Horse Guards, Admiralty, etc., etc., to Burlington Palace, where upstairs we found Major-General Sabine, and I had a long talk with him. He afterwards introduced me to Dr. Sharpey, Secretary of the Royal Society (in whose rooms we stood), and they made me promise to attend the dinner at the Royal Society Club at six o'clock. . . . An hour's rest, and I drove again (through the constant rain) to the St. James Hotel, corner of Barclay and Piccadilly, where every Thursday afternoon the Royal Society has its club dinner. Here in a little room, before a fire, a little table was spread for say twelve people; soon double that number came, and the servants had to enlarge the table and much fun ensued. The president placed me on his left, and Lord Littleton on his right. I was overjoyed to be introduced to Wheatstone, a quiet, quizzical elderly gentleman, opposite to me, and to Tyndall, a young spry person, further down the table.. Dr. Sharpey took the foot of the table, and a black Ceylonese barrister sat on my side of it half-way down. Young Capt. Douglass Galton of the War Office, was put, for want of room at the head of the table, between Genl. Sabine and me,—and on my left was a talkative, anecdote-telling nobleman, who knew everybody and kept our end of the table in the finest humor. I told the story of poor, good meek Mr. Launet, asking an English officer at Malta, "Please, sir, where do you think Paul was shipwrecked?" and receiving the answer, "None of your damned conundrums, sir, here," at which they laughed immensely. After one or two toasts they drew me into politics, and for half an hour I fought them all. The General then asked me to give them an account of the National Academy, which I did, upon which great laughter arose, many questions were put, much discussion ensued and the evening passed away. Making rendezvous with me for future times, and getting a promise that I would be present at their anniversary, November 30th, to dine with them that evening, I was about to go, when Dr. Sharpey and another Fellow captured me on Iron, and so I must go to-morrow to Dr. Sharpey's house, No. 2 Craven Hill, Bayswater. He says he will have his book on iron ready for me on my return in December. He wanted to know when I came in whether I were the Lesley who wrote the great book on iron. . . . The *intense* anxiety they all manifested to catch my lightest expression of opinion about the war was painful to behold; and the *earnest* assurances they continually repeated to me, that I would find no passion among Englishmen,—but a desire

to do exactly right, showed how they desired to influence Americans and ease their own troubled consciences. I spoke always with a smile and half jestingly, *but as plainly as possible*. . . .

MORLEY'S, LONDON, *October* 16, 1863.

. . . One of the first things we learned, to our joy, on arriving, was the fact, that the broad arrow had been put upon the Rams,* according to the promise of the Government that it should be, provided the Lairds could not *prove* that they were meant for other parties than the Confederate States. It was a truly diplomatic way to get the Government out of its embarrassing situation, for it to throw the *onus probandi* upon the Lairds. I pitied a poor fellow with jaunty cap and black mustaches, who kept himself seclusive all the voyage, but let it leak out that he was sent over by the Confederate States to sail the rams to Charleston. Mason is also at the Washington Hotel, on the same business.

MORLEY'S, *Oct. 17th.*

After making up more packets for the mail and parcel delivery, Friday morning (October 16th), I drove to Mrs. Hall's

* In October of 1863 two ironclad rams which the "eminent shipbuilder Laird, at Birkenhead," had constructed for the Confederate States, were ready to sail. Remonstrances concerning these vessels had proceeded for some months previously from Mr. Adams, our minister, to the British government. Finally, on the 4th of September, Mr. Adams "informed the Foreign Office that one of the rams was preparing to leave the port, and on the same day he received a note from Lord Russell, already three days old, giving the discouraging and alarming answer that 'Her Majesty's Government are advised that they cannot interfere in any way with these vessels.' Mr. Adams at once replied, expressing his profound regret at this conclusion, and added in words of solemn warning, which are rarely heard in diplomatic circles except on the eve of actual hostilities, 'It would be superfluous in me to point out to your Lordship that this is war.' But on the 8th of September he received a note, which saved Europe and America from incalculable evils, that instructions had been issued which would prevent the departure of the two iron-clad vessels from Liverpool. The government finally bought them, and they were taken into the royal navy under the names of the *Scorpion* and the *Wyvern*." (*From Abraham Lincoln, a History*, Nicolay and Hay, vol. viii. pp. 258–259.)

Concerning the purchase of these vessels a different and most interesting tale is told in chapter xxv. of "Chittenden's Recollections of President Lincoln and his Administration."

In the "Letters and Recollections of John Murray Forbes, edited by his daughter Sarah Forbes Hughes," is a very interesting account of much of the inside history of this international episode. See vol. ii., chap. xiv., pp. 3–9, 16, 20–27, and chap. xv., pp. 41–49, 55–66.

boarding-house, beyond Regent Place (35 Weymouth St.), to see the Eliots and Mrs. Greenough, but they had flown to Paris. Then to Mr. Adams' house at the corner of R. Place and the Crescent, at the Park Gate, and had ten minutes with him. He does not like to talk; agreed with me that the anxiety of the English to make the impression that they are quite impartial and just, shows a conscience ill at ease; and gave me a hint of the system of speeches to constituents in the vacation, by which the Government ministers give outside information of affairs. Sir Roundley Palmer's speech at Richmond the other day, is less favorable to us in Trent, Alabama, and Steam Ram matters than was expected and hoped from the new Attorney-General; still is a great change for the better from Lord Atherton who was compelled to resign because he was a stick and a muff. English politics, I think, are much easier for an American [to understand], than American politics for the English; because English politics have to do so much with place-holding, personalities, and details of a well-established historical policy; while American politics are always experimental, and transcendental; in fact, are the discussion by *practice* of broad principles.

Then I drove to a station (Euston Street), and dove down two or three stories under the thoroughfare, where I found a dark vaulted railway, so full of sulphuretted hydrogen and azote mixed that I feared a fresh attack of asthma. A train soon came along and whirled me, in the dark, past three stations to a fourth under Paddington. Emerging to-day again, a cab carried me to No. 2 Craven Hill, where Dr. Percy was waiting for me in his study, and at once made me at home, with cheroots and a glass of sherry, over the lithographs and proof-sheets of his second volume, on Iron; the first, on Copper, is already nearly out of print. My own book, the Guide, was lying open on his little desk, and he spoke of it in the kindest manner; asked my opinion of the Thomas Co. Furnaces, which he adopts as the typical anthracite furnace of the world (a great compliment to America); made me promise to write something for him before I left town; showed me curious old anticipations in 1640—and 1750—of the mechanical lamp, and of the malleable iron process; and finally occupied me two hours longer with American politics. I find he coincides with some of my cherished geological views, and in every way proved a most agreeable acquaintance. People have *sent* him gratis £1000 worth of drawings for his book, which will appear in about a month.

Just before I left his house came in the distinguished archæ-

ologist Mr. Faulkner, who has studied the East Indian mythological remains, and we had a most interesting chat over the new commission, headed by Cunningham, for preserving the antiquities, and copying the inscriptions of Hindustan. He begged me to induce Dr. Leidy to cut and analyze Dickenson's human pelvis of Vicksburg, for Lyell has forsaken his old doubts and based his new calculations upon this "so-called" antiquity. . . .

Oct. 20.

. . . Then I went to the Emancipation Society rooms, and bought a stall ticket to H. W. Beecher's great speech in Exeter Hall this evening. Returning home, I drove to Jermyn Street, and had a warm welcome from Ramsay, and a nice little chat with Murchison, who was going out of town, and says we shall see each other more in December. Ramsay invited me to dine at his house, 29 Upper Phillimore Place on Kensington Road, three miles due west of here. . . . Driving to Lyell's, I received the warmest greeting from him and then from Mrs. Lyell, who is more beautiful, sweet and pensive than ever, a perfectly lovely woman; we three had a nice time together in the upper parlor. . . . In the evening after writing awhile for Percy on iron, I felt worn out and drove to Covent Garden Opera house, an immense theatre, beautifully adorned. . . .

Wednesday, October 20th, to-day, I hoped to get more letters, but was disappointed. I drove first to the British Museum, and was cordially received by Owen in his den. His is a charming face, spiritual, vivacious, powerful, sensitive, gentle. He gave me his last brochure on the lizard bird of Solenhofen, and then took me to it where it stood under its glass cover, and showed me where the difficulties lay—in the abnormal look of the head, which Owen thinks is the front jaws of some fish which the bird has eaten, and not at all its own head. He showed me also comparisons of the great pachyderms of Australia with its existing ostriches and marsupials; and how he found by the lachrymal duct, *out*side the orbit, that his great new carnivore was not placental, but marsupial.

I must here tell you one of Sir H. Holland's jokes on Lyell. He saw him running across the street to him one day saying, "have you heard the news?" "No, . . . is Lucknow relieved?" "Oh, I don't know about Lucknow—but haven't you heard that we have just got another new marsupial from the dirt bed at Leyme?" I find Lyell as nervous as ever—more so in fact,—and far more interesting. . . . Then I drove out to Ramsay's, and Mrs. Ram-

say, a sprightly little woman, claimed to have seen us at the Halls' in Albany. At dinner I sat opposite Selwyn, the Australian geologist, beside whom sat Best of the British Ordnance Survey, and opposite him next me Riggs, the chemist in Jermyn Street. Mrs. Ramsay took one end and Ramsay the other end of the table, and we made a merry party until two little girls (six and ten), and a boy between them, came and took seats among us. Adjourning to the parlor, Selwyn showed us his photographs of plants and shells, graptolites and the greatest aërolite ever found, dug up from the gravel in North Holland. . . .

LONDON, *Oct.* 21, 1863, *Wednesday.* TO HIS DAUGHTER MARGARET.

. . . This letter shall be all to *you.* I have not forgotten the lovely letter you wrote to me last summer; and it deserved a reply; this shall be my reply. But first of all you must tell Mamma what a great time there was at Exeter Hall last night; what a great crowd inside, and in the street, of people who could not get in; common folks, and nobility, and gentry; what great enthusiasm prevailed; what cheering and thrice times three given tremendously, all standing, when Mr. Beecher said that Lincoln was an honest man; and how Mr. Beecher was compelled to go on, again and again, for two long hours, until he craved permission to stop; how two other great orators followed him, and resolutions were cheered; how questions were asked him, and answered; and how one fellow who proposed to cheer Jeff. Davis was rolled out of the room. Mamma will hear nothing of all this in the newspapers, for they are furious at such exhibitions of the good will of the English people; and the leader in the *Times* to-day is written in the tone half-impudent, half-scoffing, half-lordly and indignant, and introduces into the report of the speech, as prominent cries, the one or two single "Noes!" etc., which were heard near the door. The discussions also among the crowd were mostly in a decidedly Northern tone, and the whole thing was satisfactory.

And now I must tell you about the Zoölogical Gardens. . . . But now let me tell you about another pretty thing I saw to-day. Coming home, I bought some white kid gloves and put on my party dress and a white cravat, with a gold scarf pin in the bow, and drove off to Harley Street, to little Master Lyell's birthday celebration. There were lots of pretty children round the table in the dining-room, with Sir Charles at the head, and Lady Lyell at the foot of the table (or *vice versa*); so Miss Lyell took me upstairs to the parlor; after which came in the two young

Browns of Sydney (studying in Jermyn Street), Mr. Adams, son of the minister, old Mr. Horner (Mrs. Lyell's father), ex-president of the Geological society, Charles Darwin (*the* Darwin), a gentle shy person of 55 + years of age, and Mrs. Bishop Colenso with her two children (she has five). After we had gone downstairs again and taken our tea, and returned to the parlor, where the children were raising Ned, we formed a circle and played "postman"; and Meggie would have been astonished to see her old father dodging round a blind postman in the centre to exchange seats with Calais, or Vienna, or Balmoral, on the other side, and mortally afraid of being caught by the blind postman, in the act. It was very funny to see sweet Lady Lyell or funny old Sir Charles, with a handkerchief round his head, dancing about to catch us. Afterwards the back room became a dressing-place for charades, and troops of children with soldier caps came in, marching round the room. . . . Sir R. Whittington was Knighted by the King in royal robes, and his cat mewed by his side (a little boy with a shawl tied up for a tail and two great newspaper ears). Then a spectral scene was introduced, the lovely Miss Lyell had her head dressed by Susanna, the Irish maid, in the most extraordinary style and was put to bed on three chairs, snored, and was beset by a dozen terrible spirits, who appeared to her, because, she had eaten some pork pie. . . . Meanwhile I had some charming talks with Mr. Horner, with Lyell, and with Mr. Colenso, who told me they had lost most of their dearest friends, since the publication of *the book*.* The bishop remains at Oxford another year to get out Vol. V. and VI., and then all of them return to Natal. . . .

LONDON, *October* 24. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I have just been regarding with amazement, and deep ponderings, some marvellous scenery at the Drury Lane Theatre whereby Byron's "Manfred" was illustrated, before a large audience; with enchanting views of the Alps, and the Staubbach Fall, Martin's pandemonium and the appearance of the most beautiful spirits, representing his dead Astarte. . . .

Yesterday I went by railroad to Kew, crossed the river bridge and rang at Sir Wm. Hooker's gate. What a lovely place it is! a village green surrounded by quaint old houses, taverns and hot-houses on the riverside, and by lovely ivy and flower-em-

* The Pentateuch. 1st volume published in 1862; 7th and last in 1879.

bowered cottages on the other, with a village church and spire at one end, and the great gates of the palace gardens on the other. . . . Admitted through the hall, I was told I was expected, and Lady Hooker ordered the footman to see me through the cottage garden by a private gate into the grounds. I walked for half an hour in search of Sir William and his son Dr. Hooker, inquiring of every group of laborers and gardeners; but none had seen him pass. At last I got round to the great gates, and no porter being there, I was let out by two ladies who entered with their own key. . . . Returning to Sir William's front gate, I met him crossing the road and he brought me in and took me again through the private garden, and began to show me the many museum buildings, filled with polished specimens of all the various woods known in the whole world, with all the tropical plants, with all the temperate plants, with all the orders of plants, etc., etc. In one of these [buildings] we found the men whom we sought—the two great African travellers, Dr. Kirke (Livingstone's companion and physician, a lovely person) and Dr. Mann, the first explorer of the Gaboon coast, and Camaroon Mountains, and Fernando Po. We all four then went through the vast conservatories, each costing from £25,000 to £50,000, under the domes of which grew groups of tall palm-trees, the dropped fruit of which we ate, and pronounced the little oranges things not bad to take. . . . It was a private palace of Victoria, with seven acres of garden and 700 of park, but she made Sir William Hooker superintendent, and gave the whole to Government for the enjoyment of the people. . . . He has already taken in 380 acres into the gardens, and has 400 more at command. . . . All Baines' collections and paintings in Australia are there. . . . Mann went home, but Kirke and I went with Sir William to the house, and Lady Hooker and we three made a jolly party at lunch for a good hour; she being a good Abolitionist and he very shy of the subject. After pressing me to come again, and sending messages to the Baches, they dismissed Kirke and me to the city. Oh, how *desperately* tired I was! I could hardly drag my legs across Hungerford bridge up to the Strand. But I only had a few minutes' rest, and then had to return across the bridge to the Waterloo Station, where I found Dr. Marcet awaiting me with his brother-in-law, Pasteur. . . .

PARIS, *Oct. 28th.*

. . . I left London Saturday last in the seven o'clock morning train for Dover; in a dense fog. . . . [Having for companion in

the train from Calais to Paris an intelligent young woman going to Pau for her health, he fell into conversation.]

I gave her a complete account of the American rebellion and our English relations, as I understood them, because she was going among 3,000 or 4,000 English people at Pau, who have nothing to do but bathe and talk. It is good missionary ground. . . . Life here is as much *without* as in London it is *within*. The utter externality of sentiment and conduct, the complete externalization of all life, is overwhelmingly ludicrous, terrible, pitiable, to the new-comer. The stage represents the cause of it. In the comedies and melodramas of the French stage you see that the past life of the city has been so drugged and starved alternately, that it has been decrepit, peevish, sensual, selfish, superficial in its knowledge of things and in its estimation of principles, without desire for the quiet depths of home life and virtuous love; or if the desire remains, without the ability to produce these grand phenomena. Home! Love! The French stage has its château and its lover; but the château is the home of appearances, and the love is not eternal. I do not think this harsh judgment can be justly applied to the whole country of France, and yet it was from the country châteaux that the currents of poison, streams of poison, flowed into the city. *All* France partook of the Circean banquet, and all Frenchmen became swine and wolves and other hideous animals. One universal debauch of soul and body reigned for generations. In the midst of it came the Reformation, and a million Protestants were manufactured out of the residue of reason and affection that was left to the unhappy land. But they were persecuted down and persecuted off, that the nobles might continue their debauch and the peasants their agony. At last the Revolution came, and with it a new reformation. It is possible that in coming time the growth of liberal ideas, the preaching of the free church, the reform of the common schools and the republication of American and English books, may gradually deepen the convictions of the French people in all that is inward, permanent and good. I believe that these influences will have their effect. I believe that the forces of spiritual nature resident here will have in the future a more open way. I believe that there is a good deal of genuine home life, truth, love and constancy, worship and benevolence, I mean beneficence, in France. But I cannot believe that France does not need a great reformation, to make her comprehend *our* meaning of the words, *Home* and *Love* and *Virtue*.

But I am giving you sentiments instead of adventures, opinions instead of facts; a mistake which I thought I should avoid. Let me continue then my journal. . . .

The rest of Monday and Tuesday we spent trying to deliver letters and publications of the American Philosophical Society to Élie de Beaumont, De Verneuil, M. Gay, and M. Dr. P. Broca (Secretary Anthropological Soc.). . . Old Mr. Gay was very funny and sociable and admired our visit, especially as I brought him Mr. Durand's box of Rocky Mountain mosses. Bossange was exceedingly amiable and obliging, and pressed me to say how he could oblige me. Broca took us to the rooms of the Anthropological Society and showed us the great cabinet of French skulls, 60 Basque skulls (all but one dolichocephalic!), 33 just got from Orrouy (near Compiègne, N.E. of this, say 30 miles), with great jawbones, and of the stone age (but with one or two bronze articles!), from a cavern in a gentleman's (English) park; a great find, and especially important because 8 of the 33 thigh bones have a hole at the end, like the monkeys and Hottentots and Quanchos, but so rare that of 400 Merovingian French thigh bones, only *one* had the hole. Broca also showed us the MS. report of the Commission on the famous jaw discovered in the Diluvium near Abbeville, in favor of its genuineness, signed by Quatrefages (President of the Anth. Soc.), and the other members of the Commission. Falconer came over first and, returning to England, wrote to the Athenæum that it was undoubtedly genuine. The pressure upon him was so great, that he then reversed his judgement in a letter to the *Times* newspaper. Afterwards others came, and finally the Commission sat upon it, and its "*précis*" will be published in the next number of the Journal of the Society. In England, Lyell it was, I think, who told me the jaw was of course a forgery, and M. Boucher des Perthes a little crazy. Perhaps it was Hooker who told me so; I forget which. M. Boucher des Perthes is over 80 years of age now, and his servant breaks the ice for him in winter, to let him have his morning bath. I shall soon see him. . . .

PARIS, *October* 31, 1863. *Saturday.*

. . . We spent a pleasant hour with Mr. Beckwith and Leonard, yesterday, and I afterwards sat another with Mrs. Beckwith, her daughter, and the younger son; showed them your portrait and the children's; talked of spiritualism. . . . I was most cordially welcomed by M. Sœman (Louis), the great mineralogist, in his cabinet, 45 Rue St André des Arts, and he made me promise to

come to the Geological Society meeting, next Monday night. He gave me some idea of the iron-works; but sent me to Mr. Friedel, Conservateur de la Collection Minéralogique de l'École des Mines (out of town), and M. Gruner, Directeur des Études, on whom Aleck [Lesley] and I called to-day and received every attention; letters to rolling mills and furnaces in the South; instruction how to get across to them; how to get a geology-chart of France; &c. . . .

. . . I make slow headway, and know not how to act with prudence and decision at once, until I see the whole ground, and this costs time. I have now my choice to go to the great iron-works of Liège, or to those of Creuzot, or to those of St. Étienne. The continuation of this letter will tell you how I plan for the ensuing week. . . .

AMIENS, *November* 1, 1863.

. . . It was indeed *all saints' day* to me. And then to wake from the vision, and find myelf sitting to-day in the self-same place and with the same emotions, as twenty years ago, yet with a lifetime of adventure interjected! . . .

ABBEVILLE, *Monday, November* 2, 1863.

I walked across the river through the old city, passed the cathedral as vespers were commencing; but had to go first to the Tête-de-Bœuf tavern, and find a nice bedroom with *petit salon* before it, where I now write all these tedious trivialities to you. . . .

. . . A well-dressed, gentlemanly fellow of 35 perhaps came to meet me, saying he was the Concierge of M. Boucher des Perthes, and would show me his collection. First however I paid my respects to the great archæologue, who looks to be 60, but is 80 at least, and rather lame just now; and then wandered through a *palace* of antiquities, relics of every age, paintings, sculptured tables and buffets, porcelain, wood and stone ware of all times, Roman arms, Celtic stone weapons, and chief of all those spear-heads of reddish dark hue at least 50 in number, which have been discovered at Moulin-Quignon, just outside of the city, at the bottom of the drift, and with them the jaw (*mâchoir humaine*) now in the charge of M. de Quatrefages and the joint Commission. I spent all last evening reading the various reports of Milne Edwards, De Quatrefages, and extracts from writings of De Beaumont, Falconer, and others, to get a complete idea of the "situa-

tion," and this morning I go to see the locality. But I must leave that to my next letter, for the mail must take this to-day to Liverpool if it is to reach you by next steamer. . . .

MELUN, *November* 3, 1863. *Tuesday.*

. . . *Me voilà!* fairly started on my journey! But to begin where I left off Sunday night at Abbeville:

. . . Monday morning at 10 o'clock I posted my letter in a quaint old house opposite the Cathedral, bought a seal on which I ordered my initials cut, climbed into a sort of gig, stopped at the gate of the courtyard of M. Boucher des Perthes and was shown once more over the wonderful cabinet of its master; but, this time, by himself. *Now*, in fact, I comprehended first its marvels. He showed me hundreds on hundreds of objects, fashioned by the antediluvians; flints in the forms of birds, beasts, fish and men; weapons of all kinds; tools for digging, scooping, cutting, scraping, fishing, polishing, sharpening; hatchets of deers' horns, in the ends of which were stuck sharp flints, and through their middle were thrust wooden and horny handles, now decayed; wedges for splitting trees; spearheads, arrowheads, mallets and knives. Many of these had been found at the bottom of the gravel; many more had been found in the innumerable "*tourbières*" or peat bogs, which almost occupy the flat meadows of the Somme, from end to end. Of course, the most interesting of them all, to me, Coheleth the Arkite, were sundry funny adoptions of quaint roots and flints by the infantile fancy of those incipient humanities, in which they no doubt found the same pleasure that our children do, in the same sort of objects. In every case where a root or a flint could be tortured into an animated form, especially where one eye was naturally present, the poor creatures had turned it over and punched or chipped another eye to correspond, and oftentimes they had added a mouth, and now and then rude legs. In a few instances the mouth was capitally well done. Some few human faces would have astonished you. In one single instance a root representing a man had been notched above the face, to represent two horns or Pan's ears! There was no doubt about the object, and the resemblance to the old devil-form was absurdly close. Some of the birds were most laughable types of swimming ducks, and flying storks; there were also strutting men, and even women in long clothes. As to the implements found in the diluvium, the same sort of design was more utilitarian, but equally artistic. You could not grasp a specimen but you found your thumb sink into a nicely chipped cavity on one side, and your

(קוהלת),

forefinger into another cavity on the other side; and the positions of these holes determined the use of the tool, whether for thrusting, striking, cutting or scooping. Some were so arranged that one end was an adze, and the other a chisel; or one end a scoop, and the other a knife. A few were playfully bored into rings; and some of the knuckle-bones were made into "preachers" just like the vertebræ which are sold at our fairs. I laughed heartily at the completeness and absurd pointedness of the evidence, and got the old gentleman quite excited by my sympathy. He gave me lots of books which he had published, and took me to the street to be sure that my *Voiturier* knew how to drive me to the quarries where these objects (and the celebrated jaw) were found.

The drive was a charmingly exciting episode. We passed the old church of St. Gilles, and issued by two gates, through two lines of fortifications, over three fosses with drawbridges and winding military roads, upon the great plain, gently—hardly perceptibly—rising towards a group of windmills, the first of which was the celebrated—the now immortalized—Moulin-Quignon (Quignon being the miller's name), near which some common-looking gravel pits had furnished the human jaw. Samson's jawbone of an ass did not half the execution upon the Philistines, that this jawbone of an antediluvian has brought upon the Ethnologists. I carefully examined the section of soil, gravel of broken flints, and various kinds of bone; and selecting a broken flint, I tried to insert it, in such a way as to deceive an observer; but it was a difficult—I thought an impossible feat. At all events, after the joint Commission had fought over the affair for three days in Paris, and adjourned to Abbeville, they became agreed upon the impossibility of so inserting a jaw as to deceive M. Boucher des Perthes. They agreed that it is a genuine fossil, like the genuine fossil implements; and there is but one of them now, I believe,—so at least M. De Verneuil told me, last night—viz. M. Élie de Beaumont, who does not make the jaw, the implements, and the mastodon, sow, deer, bear and other extinct remains, all of the same age. De Beaumont strangely holds to Cuvier's exploded fancy, that the ground is a *débâcle*, or landslide from above, in which these objects, of different ages, have been entombed together. I see not the slightest trace of a landslide—not even a "creep." It is not on the side of a hill, or sloping wall of a valley, at all; but on an open and almost level plain, and evidently undisturbed. This became still more evident when I rode back and entered the city by the Port de Bois, passed through it lengthwise, and out by another gate, to the quarries

of Menchecourt, which are far more extensive and curious and which have yielded a richer harvest. These quarries I examined carefully, and took sketches of various sections of the drift above and the loam below. The hill is higher here; but the slope is insignificant, and there is *not the slightest* evidence of slip or movement at any subsequent time. . . .

In fact I can prove by the internal structure of the face of the quarry, along its whole extent, that it is an undisturbed deposit. It is therefore now a simple question of chronology, to determine, in fact, at what age, or in what century before Christ, the extinct animals lived, whose remains are here mingled with the productions of human skill, want and fancy. And then there arises this other question, Have we here the primitive race of mankind? Or are these works the rude attempts of a debased and decayed offshoot from the nobler primeval people of some other happier clime, the East for instance? The theologians have still this last door behind them to escape by, and carry off, like Æneas from burning Troy, their dear Anchises, Adam. We will see, if they found another Troy at Rome.

But I weary you with this long story. Let me turn from it to tell you about the quaintest of all suburbs of the quaintest of all old fortified cities, this of Abbeville. . . .

PARIS, *November* [4?].

. . . It was the evening of the meeting of the Geological Society. I was set down by mistake at the gate of the Zoölogical Society in the Rue de Lille, No. 19, and mounting to the second story, all was dark. No one knew where the Geological Society held its reunion. I wandered about in the rain, hopeless. At last a cab went by. I arrested it and drove to Sœman's house. He was expecting me, but we waited for a third, a friend; and then we all three walked, until I was completely lost. We passed the Église de St. Severin (?) and stopped at the far end of the Rue des Fleurs. Upstairs we uncloaked in two little closets, used for a library, and entered a long and narrow room, like our old parlor in Wetherill Street (no larger), where I was introduced to M. Albert Gaudry the president, a young man, who after a long buzz of conversation, all the members standing, called the meeting to order, and made an Eulogium on somebody, I do not know whom. I was introduced also to De Verneuil, who came and sat next to me. Sœman sat before me and gave me information as I asked it. Hebert sat at the other end of the room on the front bench. Near him sat Delesse. Both these

I was made to know afterwards. Mortillet, the friend of Désor, and the upholder (against Désor) of the theory of the scooping out of the *lacs* by glacial action, and principal engineer of the Lombard railroads, sat next to Hébert, and presented a note on his favorite subject. He gave me afterwards a copy. The meeting was very informal; the members talked sitting, and indulged freely in jocose remarks and repartees, "causing great laughter at the time." But I was chiefly amused, and a little astonished, at the side discussions, and positive but good-natured fights got up indiscriminately among them. Hebert was especially pugnacious, but evidently knew what he was talking about. I understood only the general drift of the proceedings and not at all the detailed remarks. The air of the room was asphyxiating, as Verneuil justly remarked, as the old janitor got up on a chair to stop one of the "mechanical lights" from smoking. All France burns oil in this one kind of lamp. The great variety which we see in American lamps is unknown in France. Walking home after some conversation with De Verneuil and Delesse, on Hunt's metamorphosis theories, I left Sœman and Delesse in the street, and caught a cab and drove home, where after an hour's packing, Aleck [Lesley] joined me and about 11.30 we went to bed.

LYONS, *Nov.* 7.

. . . What would I not give to have had your charming society during my last three days' journeying from Paris to Melun, on Tuesday; from Melun to Chagny, Montchanin and Creuzot on Wednesday; from Creuzot by Montchanin and Chagny to Lyons, on Thursday; and all over Lyons with Mr. Viollot and Uncle James [Lesley] yesterday! To-day I am writing letters, walking with Uncle and dining with Mr. Turgot (?) and M. Viollot. To-morrow is Sunday; Monday will send Uncle and me to St. Étienne, and Tuesday back by Rive de Gier to Lyons again. . . .

LYONS, *Sunday, November* 8, 1863.

. . . A tedious ride in the cars in darkness, and an exciting ride in a diligence of five miles further, behind three white horses, in full trot, along an unknown road, brought me to the long steep hillside village of Creuzot, and to a tavern undergoing radical repairs.

. . . My letter to Mr. Blair will have told you the essential results of my visit to these wonderful works, where 6000 men and 300 women are employed, in every form of iron-work, from

coke-burning and ore-smelting to engine-building and rail-rolling. But I would fain describe the views from the terrace of the palatial residence, upon the plain. . . .

. . . We went higher up the valley, to St. Étienne, a city of 100,000 inhabitants, but as mean and dirty as Pottsville. . . . We drove first to the school of mines. . . . M. Lesiure sent me in his carriage to the great *steel-works above Lorette* (five miles up the valley), where M. Bonassier, a jolly little round fellow, who was an evident expert, showed me the utmost kindness, showed me everything, even to the details of the machinery of the *Bessemer* process. . . . At 11.30 I was at the station and had a glorious ride to Lyons where I arrived time enough to hear the band begin at two o'clock, on the Place Bel Court. . . .

. . . Thursday, November 12th, a carriage at the door by nine o'clock took me to the cars and five hours brought me to Geneva. But what a ride! I was all the time like a squirrel in a wheel, flying from one side of the coupé to the other, undecided whether to pay most heed to the ancient villages and castles on the left, or the Rhine and the Alps on the right; in despair at being obliged to consult a diffuse guide book, three maps, and an *indicateur*, while some precious château, viaduct, old tomb, fair view, or remarkable geological exposure might slip by me unobserved. When we entered the gorges of the Jura, where the geology, the civil engineering and the romance of the route seemed to combine for the purpose of overwhelming me, I could not but sometimes throw book and glass away together, and give my spirit up to float with the genii of the place, whithersoever they said. The silence and the solitude of the ride lent it a sort of spiritual perfection. I whistled and sang incessantly, like a bird, keeping time to the rhythm of the swift-moving scenery, and the shifting trains of thought which they produced; the gigantic, unearthly-looking walls of Jurassic limestone against the sky, stretching for miles and miles, on each side of the profound ravines through which we made our way. . . .

Going to the Hôtel Métropole [Geneva], they gave me a third-story window on the lake! I telegraphed to Désor. I dined early, at four. I got a carriage and drove round in vain to find my dear old Cæsar Malan, but he lives an hour's drive away; at Vandœuvres; and I must go to-morrow; I must see Pictet also; but I have no time to waste, and Désor perhaps can help me in my business; so I am in a hurry to get back to Lyons and to go to Alais, whence I go to Bordeaux to the iron-works there, and so to Paris and Liège. I am already becoming impatient

of the daily delays. . . . A telegram this moment from Garnier, saying, "*Désor est en Afrique depuis un mois. Retour pas encore fixé.*" . . .

Nov. 13th.

. . . I wish you could have accompanied me in my ride to-day, to Vandœuvres to see old Cæsar Malan, and then round by Cologny and Molingnou to see Adolph Bost. . . . Amid this beautiful scenery I found my venerable friend in a charming cottage, behind a country church. I was led through a court-yard of two yards' width, in a hall, into a charming little parlor; and presently the old man came down, looking very little older than when I saw him last, but evidently, as he called himself, a good-for-nothing old fellow, that is, entirely broken down, but with age only; for although he complained of his memory and said he did not at all know who I was, yet my words recalled much of the past, and illuminated his spirits, so that the old fire came to his face again. He called me always "dear man" or "my dearest," and would not talk about anything but my past history and present duties and position, insisting on details, and expressing the greatest delight with your portrait and the children's. After half an hour he became tired of talking English and with excitement and made me pray with him, following my prayer with a short one for me and mine. He then dismissed me with a benediction, and many thanks for my goodness in coming to see him. He considered, he said, my position in America a high one, and thereby my responsibilities were much increased—this he said with his old smile and sparkle.

As I rode away, I had a new prospect—a spiritual one added to the marvellous world of beautiful nature spread out around me. Somehow I was dissatisfied, however. My dream of twenty years was substituted by a reality; the old had been annihilated by the new. This always shocks me. But I think now that the new dream is pleasanter even than the old one, and the old one shines through it. . . .

. . . I returned to the hotel, warmed myself, began my letter to you, ate my second breakfast, and drove at one o'clock up through the new boulevards on the destroyed fortifications, into the wilderness of old, quaint, six story streets, about the Hôtel de Ville, the courts and St. Peter's Church, to the palatial residence of the celebrated François J. Pictet-De-la-Rive, the palæontologist. His hall stretched across the whole front of the court and beyond it; in a splendid parlor, I waited for his en-

trance from his chamber on the right; for he was sick with rheumatism in the left arm. He received me well, and we talked in French of many things, and persons, especially of Désor, who was here three months ago, on his way to the Atlas Mountains to return at New Year. . . . He then took me upstairs over the different departments of the Museum—the anatomical room; the rooms of Natural History and the rooms of geology and mineralogy. In the last suite, I had the pleasure of seeing the great classical collection of De Saussure, and over the case hung his Alpenstock with which he made the first ascent ever made of Mont Blanc. Albeit not given to relics, I gazed at it with awe.

Nov. 14.

. . . Once more I descended the covered ways to the hotel, where I wrote and rested until Bost came to me at quarter of four o'clock to go to the *Gare*, where we took first-class places for Lausanne and arrived there at six; took chocolate at a café, and walked to Troyon's.

We knocked at a small door in a stone wall with Troyon's name upon it, and were ushered along a narrow stone passage to a parlor door. In the parlor were sofas and chairs and a centre table, and around the walls from ceiling to floor were glass cabinets, deep enough to have shelves of different depths in three sets of three each. In these cabinets he had arranged 1. the most ancient stone and stag-horn implements of the tumuli and of the pilotis. 2. The bronze relics. 3. The relics of the age of iron. 4. The Merovingian and Roman. 5. Those down to Charlemagne.

I cannot stop to describe the most interesting of these things; but I bring with me his sketch, over which we can talk; especially over the apple-core, chestnut, hemp-seed, scorched wheat, linen twine, cloth and netting, nephrite and serpentine knives set in horn, sharpening blocks, and a *dovetailed* panel door! All these he described to us in French, from which, as my head was too tired to comprehend his involved sentences, Bost would translate into German for me. He then introduced us to his wife, a little older than himself, and two other ladies, who vacated the little drawing-room (a mere entry) (sending a servant back for their old-fashioned foot-stoves) in our behalf, that Troyon might show us all the boxes he had filled with new species from C. in his last exhibition a few weeks ago. The government authorized him to dredge, and he has men at work; and although

he has been to the place forty times already, he told us there must be, in proportion, left for him to get, at least 60,000 more; knives of boar's tusks were especially beautiful.

He lit us to the door (the wee little weazened-faced old antiquary) where our *voiture* stood, and bidding me say many amiable things to one Mr. Franklin Peale of Philadelphia, and offer him a fresh exchange, he said good-night; and we gathered up our things at the café and drove on an hour.

November 15, 1863.

I had told Bost, as we sat sipping some hot drink in the cold stone-floored eating-room, before going to bed, and warming our feet at a little fire, that the most characteristic word of Christ to me, was where it was said of him, for "those whom he loved he loved unto the end," and that I sympathized more with those words than with any others. So after we had got into our beds, he rose on his elbow to blow out the light, and looking over the back of his bed towards me, said, "we part now, perhaps never to meet again; receive therefore as my last words, 'those whom I love I love unto the end'; adieu." To this I said, "adieu," and lay in silence for hours (as you do), too full of thoughts and feelings to sleep. I go to-night at 4.10 to Valence, and to-morrow to Alais Iron Works. . . .

ALAIS, *November* 17, 1863. *Tuesday Night.*

. . . I will continue my narrative. After sending off three letters to you, packing up, signing Uncle's will, and bidding them a cordially affectionate good-bye, I took a five minutes' glance around the inside corridor of the grand Court of the Palais des Beaux Arts, where I saw arkisms enough on Christian and Roman tombs, altars and statues to set me wild. But what have I to do with such things while patenting a railroad bar? I left Lyons in the coupé, over a grand bridge, and went down the valley into the Country of Pontius Pilate, but in a fog (*bruyère*) too dense to see mountains or monuments with any comfort; and it fell dark about 4.30 o'clock, and I sat in a long dream until we arrived at Valence at eight. . . . All these are famous for Protestant sufferings, for the country of the South is the land of the persecuted Camisards, the scene of the dragonades of Louis. . . . Then passing Lorges where Onobarbus defeated the Celts, you approach the wonderful Avignon, with its many noble churches, its long and high and perfect ancient fortifications, its elegant suburbs and, above all, its gigantic palace of

the popes rising like a magic mountain into the air. Let me die in Avignon!*

But why do I tell all this? The eye grows drunken, and charges the memory to make each object immortal. But picture follows picture so rapidly that they obliterate each other, and all the soul remembers is, that it has been,—like Paul, through heaven, and seen wonderful things that it is against the laws of language to relate. . . .

. . . At Nîmes, I peeped in vain down the streets, as we flew past, for some glimpse of the Arena or the Maison Carrée. Changing cars again for Alais, we backed out to a junction and then came up by long steep grades 32 miles, crossing the Gardanne twice, and passing at least two dozen most remarkable-looking towns, all of them fortified, usually with a great square tower in the midst and a church beside. . . .

. . . Now here I am, in two cold rooms, but with a fire, and ready for bed. To-morrow morning I start out to see the iron-works, and learn if I can whether the Dod process is to be our stumbling-stone. France is a *great* country; far greater than the United States; far more advanced, more powerful and more progressive. Restoration, embellishment, establishment, expansion, perfection, stability, liberty, security, instruction, these are French expressions for national life. There is far more *life* in France than in the United States; a more intense and energetic dealing by ideas with things. Improvement is more universal than with us. The immense solidity and perfection of their handy-work perpetually amazes me. They do not put up with shifts as we do. To talk of France exhausting or impoverishing herself by war is absurd. 400,000 young men come of age every year in France! Every railroad cutting is *walled!* They spend thousands of dollars where we spend hundreds. The whole empire is growing a crop of bronze statues! Every town and city in the Kingdom is rebuilding, widening its streets, restoring its edifices, getting a railroad to its gates. And all Europe owns that France is the mistress of Europe. She rules the world. . . .

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* When this letter was received and read aloud at home, my little sister, a child of about six years old, was not supposed to be interested in it at all, but a few days later our old friend Dr. Meigs called to see my mother, and, on his inquiring after my father, little Meg from the corner, where she was playing with a doll, called softly, but with dramatic effect, "Father says, 'Let me die in Avignon!'" This much amused the doctor.

NÎMES, *Thursday, 2 o'clock, Nov.* 19, 1863.

. . . I was afraid to arrive at Bordeaux exhausted by night rides, and so I threw away a day in order to get two good nights' rest,—one here and the other at Carcassonne, where I expect to arrive at 8.30, and whence I shall depart at the same hour tomorrow morning. . . . I ought to mention particularly the great peak de St. Loup to the north in approaching Montpellier, with a wonderful precipice of 1000 feet (?) towards the east; the picturesque approach to Cette, over the long sandy Causeway between the blue Mediterranean and the Salt lagoons, with the port full of steamers to Algeria and the Spanish cities on the left as we approached, and the high hill (600 ft.) behind the city to the right. I was delighted with the tall pillar memorial to Rinaud, the engineer of the great canal, on a pile of rocks, to the right, as we passed over the summit level of the great plain at Segala; and with the set of ridges which died out *en échelon* on the left, explaining to me, what I never understood before, the connection of the Pyrenees with the Cevennes and Jura mountains to the North.

Saturday, November 21, 1863.

. . . When I got supper at Bordeaux, I wandered out to find the consul, and then a Protestant minister. . . . He told me how to find Jackson's iron-works, and John Bost's establishments at Laforce; but I resolved to go first to Pau.

So Saturday morning I was flying over the desolate Landes, past the Bay of Arachon, watching out for shepherds on stilts, and studying the low, flat, tiled roofs of the isolated houses on the sands; past the newly bought possessions of the Emperor, with his new villages, new farms, new churches and new projects for regenerating this great wilderness of the Bay of Biscay Coast. I passed stacks of iron ore, piles of rails; heard of lots of forges to the right and left; swept over the Adour at Dax in view of its castle and great church; past Orthez with its immense town of Moncade (little dreaming of the joys in store for me at its foot), where Gaston Phœbus, Count of Foix, carried his lovely mistress and murdered his own son, and died himself; up the lovely Gare de Pau, and was met at the railroad depot by old Father Bost, to whom I had sent a flying telegram from Monceaux where I déjeunered. The old man was wild with excitement all through our crowded omnibus drive to his house, taking me down to walk around the platform of the terrace of Henri IV., where I got my view of the Pyrenees; but I had been enjoying them for two

hours already in the cars. Oh, what glories! Three masses of Alpine forms, three worlds of rock and snow, three synods of the gods, sitting at once, in celestial dignity, in silence, crowned with clouds! No tongue to tell the magnificence of this scene. It excels the celebrated view of the Bernese Oberland from the Dom Platz at Berne. . . .

This letter describes his visit to his friend John Bost at his Establishments for Incurables:—

MONPOUT, *November* 26, 1863.

. . . Approaching Laforce, we began to descry, on the top of the hillside on the left and far in front, the white houses of the Establishments, and when we came abreast of them, after passing a few houses in a line, and when we were just catching a glimpse of the spires of Bergerac, still 10 Kilometres ahead of us on the grand route, we turned sharp to the left, and reaching the foot of the hills, entered a ravine. In advance of the shay, I walked up the winding road, behind the Establishment above, and along a street of nice, white houses, old and quaint however as all the rest in this country, past the police station, and found my way to the door of a mansion, where John Bost lived until the last two years, in fact the manse or Parsonage. A little elderly soft-spoken gentleman in blue spectacles, whom I learned afterwards to know as pastor (I forget his name), Bost's vicar, lately come, parleyed with me awhile and sent for Mr. Bost. Meanwhile I was ushered through the hall into a large room, with a centre table covered with a few pamphlets, etc., and a fire. Soon a beautiful face came in, evidently beaming with intelligence and goodness and full of business, and took my hand with many questions; first of all f I had received his letter to De Kaseville; and in the same breath told me he had got one that morning from his mother, telling him I was coming. (Think of the energy and thoughtfulness of the old lady, and how anxious she must be to please me!) But still John did not know me. He thought I was an iron merchant, some friend of Timothy's. . . . We walked into the little garden behind the house. The sun was setting; they led me to the edge of a parapetted precipice; and all the world of the Dordorgne and the Garonne Bay stretched before us; one of the great scenes of the world; but without the Pyrenees. Oh, how I longed for you! Then I was taken by John to the front door, and we arranged to have the driver and his

shay stay over night, and take me on to Jackson's iron-works at nine this morning;—after that we walked arm and arm, first to one place then to another, talking together; every now and then meeting some group of children; or some cripple; or some queer old crazy man; or some blind girl; or some "incurable"; to every one of whom John put some pointed, practical question, as to how they were, where they were going, what they had just been doing, where some one else was; or gave some command, to walk, not sit in the damp, to go back home; to take care not to fall; or sent them off. . . .

. . . In other parts of the hill, he showed me other equally large low buildings devoted to miserable boys; to incurable girls; to epileptics, by themselves; and everywhere I found gentle and practical matrons presiding. I knew not how to wonder enough at the skill he displayed in meeting all these creatures—many of them half-restored to soundness by his humanity and skill.

Two years ago the French Academy at Paris awarded him the Prize of Virtue, against several hundred competitors,—to him ignorant of the whole thing,—to him the first Protestant to whom it had ever been awarded. . . .

PARIS, *December* 1, 1863. *Tuesday.*

. . . I have spent all yesterday and to-day in a carriage seeing the Eliots, Beckwiths, Jackson, Delesse, Sœman, Bossange, Rienwald, Gruner, Moigno, photographers,—and Aleck with me constantly. I have got more iron information; but all of the same unsatisfactory kind. I shall go off now to Vienna and return by Liège to London, reaching England in, say, two weeks. . . .

. . . Here leaving my valise (foolishly), I rode alongside of the railroad 15 miles west to St. Leurin, and was permitted to see the steel-works of Jackson, who was away; but I could obtain no interview with Johnstone, his superintendent. Here I found the Bessemer process in full blast.

PARIS, *December* 3, 1863. *Wednesday.*

. . . I am going to-day or to-morrow to Pontoise, and Friday to Wiesbaden; thence direct to Vienna and return to London by Liège. I do this to save time. It would not be right for me to return without studying the German side of the subject, and my friend Heidinger is chief of the Geological Survey of the Austrian Empire, and very anxious to do all he can for me. Tell Joe that a few days in Vienna will teach us the chances of the patent in all southern Germany. If I can find the Krupp Steel

manufacture on the Rhine, I will have no need to go into Silesia. . . .

OFFENBURG ON THE RHINE, *Monday, Dec.* 8, 1863.

. . . Twenty years ago I leaned over the bridge at Kehl, and mused on the rushing waters;—did the river remember me? How destitute of a soul is nature! How brutal are all its forces! And people talk of the religion of nature! and of the love of nature! as if it were not our loves reflected from the pool, the sky, the mountain side, that we so love.

The great plain of France! How vast a platform for a nation it is! I have just gone once more from its centre to its circumference,—from Paris to Saarburg. No wonder that such a people are mighty, with a unity of intelligence and will that is irresistible. There is not a barrier of any kind from the granite hills of Britanny on the west, to the Devonian range of the Côte d'Or and Vosges on the east; from the swamps of the Rhine-mouth to the volcanic plateaus of Auvergne. Paris is the natural centre of this vast field of wealth and population, the boss to this glorious shield, held always flaming in the face of the nations. The valleys of the Rhine and the Rhone are no parts of France. . . .

Tuesday, December 9, 1863.

. . . I have had a most interesting day; although I have neither seen sun nor earth, for a dense fog has hung upon the muddy plain of the Rhine and perhaps over all Europe. . . . But after breakfast at the Black Eagle, I was driven in the omnibus to Mr. Chas. Schinz's house, where he received me, upstairs, in his "bureau" or engineer's rooms, very cordially; read Dr. Genth's letter; and showed me first his glass factory furnaces in course of erection, close by; and afterwards his plans for the application of the generator and regulator to the exactly proper production of carbonic oxide from coal for heating and melting purposes. He has erected one in Belgium, in Würtemberg, in Bavaria, in Russia, two in Switzerland and now is erecting one in Baden. It is a great step in advance in metallurgy. . .

. . . I had many interesting discussions with M. Schinz, who is an honest, thorough, gentle, energetic man, about the difference between the English, Americans, French and Germans and Italians, on the score of work. He dislikes the Germans; he is a Swiss himself; he likes the French; but says the English are still better; and the Americans better than all. One Ameri-

WIEN, *Saturday, December* 12, 1863.

. . . After arriving at the southern side of the outer city, and traversing the wide Boulevards to St. Stephen's central place, in the omnibus, and walking to the Erzherzog Carl Hotel, where I found a letter from Aleck and the good news of Grant's victory over Bragg (alas for the hearts again broken!), I took a carriage out of the city eastward to the Lichtenstein palace, where I expected to find Heidinger, in the geological museum, but I had to drive south to the Elizabeth palace, where he received me with open arms and a merry laugh, and introduced me to his two daughters. . . .

. . . Then I drove to see Lothrop Motley and found him a great enthusiast—not a bit of a diplomat. And with him was a Mr. Ed. D. H——, of Milwaukee, a better sort of western merchant, chuck full of patriotism and common sense, without having been spoiled by a "liberal education." We had a grand jollification together—we three. I drove H. to his hotel, and promised to try to go with him on the road to Trieste Monday. . . .

. . . Then I drove to the L. Palace again (stopping in at St. Stephen's on my way) and had a long talk with Fötterle, Heidinger's right-hand man, who told me all about all the iron-works in Styria, Carinthia, Bohemia and Moravia. Returning to dine at the hotel, F. came for me and I drove him to Heidinger's, where we made a most merry tea-party, with the addition of an Edinburgh medical student, Russell, and another of the gentlemen of the Survey of the Empire, M. Von Hauer. . . .

Austria is the natural home of Catholic Romanism. You descend the Danube towards the east, and the gorgeous mythological radiance from the eastern world grows deeper and stronger as you advance. The enormous palatial monastery of Molk, with its princely cathedral, towering above it out of its midst, is one of the great visions of this mythology which greets the traveller descending the Danube towards Vienna. But right and left, among the mountains are still more celebrated, vast and wealthy shrines. One understands at last why these great religions last from millennium to millennium, indestructible and unchangeable. Hundreds of millions of souls were born into them, and pass through out from them again into the unknown world, every century. Like the giants of the forest, they have charmed lives; and parasitic forms spring into being on their barks and among their boughs, and perish from them, as mere accidents of variety. To change such religions is impossible. Proselytism is mere parasitism. Here one can study the length of traditions.

Venus becomes Mary, but continues Venus still. The orgies of the Druids are repeated in the woods of Marienzell every summer still. Adonis' and Bacchus' songs are sung in Vienna on Sunday, December 13, 1863. I heard them myself to-day at one o'clock in the great Redatta Hall, where 200 or 300 men stood up together between the Imperial Orchestra and a vast audience, singing, to the music of Schubert and Mendelssohn, wine and love songs. The first piece was from the heathen Edda, set to music by Ferd. Hiller. It is an invocation to *All Kraft*, . . . the Pan-Life of Germany, calling on fire to give unity and a happy future to the fatherland. Hear it once, and you will feel the heathenism of the people.

"Men! All together!
Join the choir—in the night!
Crackle, O flames,
Mounting upward—in the night!
Eternal Power, Wodan's fire!
Stream down on us and illuminate us yet more!
Fire is freedom,
Joy and curse—in the night!
Write this trinity
Furthermore in the book—in the night!
Fire runes on the mountains clear,
Fire runes from year to year.
Fire is truth,
It eats up deceit—in the night!
It shines forth in clearness;
That is the curse—in the night!
Cursing the bad, cursing the mean,
Eternal curse through all lands.
Freedom and joy;
Conquering may—in the night!
Ye are both one;
Come hither—in the night!
A resurrection, yes, a resurrection,
Must go through woods and nations!"

No one can fail to feel the intense nationalism of the German fancy. I say *fancy*, for I see no evidence of a deeper penetration of the German nature. It is a hopeless swan-song always. They say themselves: we have no unity, we can accomplish nothing; Little Denmark pulls Germany's great nose with impunity. All

other nations make themselves free—we only sing and dream of liberty.

Poor fellows, they have a half comprehension that the mountains split up Germany, more irresistibly and inexorably than princecraft or priestcraft. There is no unity possible for Germany. *Never* will Germany be a nation, Never. I have been studying to-day in the geological rooms (a magnificent museum), with Fötterle, the marvellous maps they have been making of Bohemia, of Styria, of Hungary, etc. Each is a vast plain, surrounded by Alps. Each has a language, a religion, a history of its own.

Yet they dream of Union and Unity! And call themselves philosophers! Even Hungary can never become free. I believe it now. The Academy at Buda publish altogether in Magyar! There is also an inextinguishable aptitude for Absolutism and Aristocracy here. Democracy is also a dream. It is a vast crowd of flunkies, who sing of the innate nobility—the future-acquired dignity of the independent man,—and thereby of the free nation!

I never so clearly saw the majestic form of American liberty. Her throne—a *new* world; her charter, the sunshine and wind of the forest and the prairie; her guards, the free school, the free church, the free poll; her birthplace the log cabin, her palace the great future. Christ and Columbia are the two names written in the eastern and western heavens.

And yet—God has been always kind to man. I find here, and everywhere else, beauty, happiness, intelligence, industry, and virtue; the fine arts, the mechanic arts, science and poetry. What more will you have? I could live in happiness anywhere. Why are so many anxious and so many inflamed, and so many desponding? Because Excelsior is also in the grammar which God teaches everywhere to man. And this, after all, is the guarantee. To better one's self—is the first law of every man's life.

Sunday, December 13, 1863.

I drove to St. Stephen's on my way to the Geological rooms in the Lichtenstein palace, in the east suburb, where Fötterle led me through all the cold rooms, and finally into the laboratory where Von Hauer was, and his brother came in afterwards. In the collection I saw a magnificent square table slab *just* 1 *Klofter* (6 ft. 2 in.) square; a splendid *Lepidodendron Sternbergii*, that made my eyes water; a splendid flabellaria; splendid rock crystals and felspar crystal with rock crystals projecting; whole cases full

of fossil insects,—of fish—the finest I ever saw; a room side full of coals of all kinds, the best being 60% carbon, 2% ash; but above all glorious maps colored by hand (each worth 80 dollars); the one of Bohemia, 8 feet square looking like an opal. Over or before these maps we discussed the structure of the Alps, and the nature of the double trachyte and basalt ejections. F. says the real backbone of the Alps is underground, and has never been seen; and that trachyte is always older than the basalt, coming up first, because lighter, being an acid lava, while basalt is a *baric* lava. In any given epoch both are emitted, but always the basalt last. It always cuts trachyte; just as porphyry cuts augite. The Alps he showed me to be truly anticlinal; but the two great lines, parallel, through Carinthia and Styria. He showed me that the little Carpaths were the continuation of the Styrian Alps across the Danube at Presburg.

We parted with the understanding that we should meet on my return from the iron-works of Styria. You will be surprised at my resolution to go towards Trieste. But I cannot help it. I must see M. Tunner at Leoben, the head of the school of mines there. The valley of the Mur is like that of the Gere in France. I must see it. The Bessemer process is there begun. I shall take the fast train on Tuesday (there is none to-morrow), and return next day. Thursday I slip off to Prag, Friday to Halle, Saturday to Cöln. I am so late already that I shall be detained in England until Allen [his brother Allen Lesley] arrives on the 4th, when I shall take the first steamer after that home.

On my way back from the Palace I went to hear the Männerchor sing at the great Redoutensaal, in the Imperial Palace (Hofburg), and stood through several songs; but ah, Susie dear, what is man without woman! The music had in itself a sort of perfection; but man's music without the voice of woman is daylight without the sun, mountains without chalets, meadows without water, the night sky without stars, the ocean without ships, science without religion, justice without love. A heroic chorus of soldiers or hunters in an opera is fine, for a moment, but only as grand basis for the chorus of maidens, or the solos and duets and trios, which carry the real story to the heart. . . .

. . . After breakfasting at 3 o'clock, I rode over to call again on Motley, who seemed glad to see me again, and invited me to a family dinner at 5.30 to-morrow. I shall go. He is a little too enthusiastic, and I can see why some one spoke of him with a little contempt; for they think an ambassador ought to be staid and dignified. He reminds me forcibly of George [Wm.] Curtis

of Staten Island, and of Prof. Peirce—if you can imagine such a curious combination. Yet it is just that; and yet I like him.

Returning, I stopped at the Carl Church, a curious, vast, Italian pile, with an enormous *oval* dome, and no nave, with two towers, and two minarets, surrounded with bas-reliefs of the life of Carl Borromeo. As I entered, the organ was playing, and the whole congregation singing *as if to itself* (I cannot otherwise express the strange effect), a sweet vesper hymn. Oh, how sweet it was! Here and there the people had stuck little candles on their pew doors, or had little boys to hold them, so as to see to read the hymn they sang, for the church was quite dark, except the candles at the great altar, and in the shrines. . . .

Monday, December 14, 1863.

. . . After writing the above, I began my day's work, drew 20 pounds from the nice old banker Henrickstein; had a long and pleasant call at St. Stephen's and saw the stock in *Eisen*, the stump of the tree,—the last relic of the primeval forest which once covered the place where Vienna stands, so full of nails driven in for good luck, by apprentices, setting out on their travels, that it is a mass of iron. . . .

. . . After dinner I wrote, and went out to buy charts at Artaria's, with whom (the young man) I had a two hours' discussion of American affairs and guns. He would not let me go. He says Europe will also be free in 10 years. Then to a charmingly pleasant dinner with Motley, his wife and three daughters, with three liveries circulating round the table. Then to the opera with the ladies and so to bed. . . .

PRAG, *December* 18, 1863. *Friday evening.*

. . . At Bruck, where I took a *voiture* (out of a many who fought for my patronage), 10 miles further to Leoben, arriving at 8 o'clock. I sent my card to Mr. Tunner, and took my chocolate and steak at the end of a triple-vaulted restaurant, where a raised table covered with a cloth was prepared for some strolling singers. The landlord directed me then three doors distant, and upstairs to a casino, wherein I found Mr. Tunner at the end of a long table, at which 20 persons were drinking beer and smoking. We were soon deep in the black art and he grew cordial and communicative. I like him exceedingly. He is a practical rather than a theoretical professor, and was picked out by the Archduke Maximilian for that reason. He makes the students

wind up their course by going into the works, and puddling iron with their own arms, until they comprehend it all.

Wednesday morning, December 16th.

My *Kutscher* was ready at quarter to eight, and drove me to the Academy, where Tunner showed me his own cabinet of iron and steel, crystals, etc., Bessemer products and curiously fine wire, etc., for half an hour, until we were both nearly frozen, altho' I had my fur robe on. Then he had his first lesson to give and I had only just time to ride down the beautiful valley of the Mur, back, the ten miles to Bruck, to catch the train from Trieste. We just did it.

Thursday, December 19, 1863.

. . . My journey to Prag was a finisher. It lasted 14 hours and we sat a long time a quarter mile from Prag, because the movement of troops towards Dresden (Schleswig-Holstein) blocked up the depot. I got a good sleep in the bottom of the coupé at starting, and when I sat up I had nothing but the vast plain of Wagram and Austerlitz to look at, until we struck the north border hills at Brünn, the castle and church of which are on two eddy hills in front of the valley of the Zwitta, up which our road lay. How well I shall remember that scene. In that castle lay the Baron Trenck* of my young days, and Silvio Pellico, whose fate has so often touched your heart. . . . The church of St. Peter is a grand object on its pedestal. . . . The appearance of industry about this capital of Moravia gives you a foretaste of what you will notice everywhere from here northward. Its innumerable chimneys and great factories, which make it the Leeds of Austria, are only the beginning of a long line of villages and factories, along the beautiful and often most romantically picturesque valley. . . .

CÖLN, *December* 22, 1863. *Tuesday.*

. . . As I sat in the Dom this morning, one of those broad bursts of illumination enwrapped my spirit, and I understood anew the universal religion, the community of worships, based on the symbolic analysis of the instinct of adoration. Well do the Germans call the science of the history of religions "*Symbolik.*"

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* Baron Franz von der Trenck, born at Reggio, Calabria, January 1, 1711. Died at Brünn, Moravia, October 14, 1749. An Austrian officer and adventurer.

Why then do we condemn idolatry? Because the genius of symbolism is the hunger of the soul for its like, and worship is the feeding of the soul on that by which it grows. If then it feeds on the vile, it becomes vile; if it worships "idols," in the iconoclast sense, it becomes brutal, savage, mean. But is the universal worship of the dear Christ, of the sweet Mary, of the patient cross, of the noble prophets, apostles and martyrs, of the assisting angels, whose images are everywhere in sight in this old world—of that degrading kind? This is then *not* idolatry. It *must* better the souls of these millions, I feel sure. But I can no longer write my thoughts, as formerly, I know not why. It is a great labor. I dream more and talk less. I think more and write less. Good for myself, good for others. Where did I leave off my Journal?

Sunday Morning, Dec. 20th. HALLE.

My journey from Prag, I recounted in my last letter. . . . It was enlivened by pleasant fellow-passengers. On arriving I supped and went to see Prof. Tholuck and his wife and amanuensis, young Unruhe, with whom I took tea. Mrs. Tholuck is very sweet, but 5 years ago was at death's door, and has never recovered from the shock. He is more quiet, but as living as ever. They received me with the utmost cordiality. . . .

. . . Then I went to see Erdman. You would have laughed at his enthusiasm. He danced—he shook hands a dozen times—he made me stay to dinner, see his wife, drink wine, tell stories, and followed me into the street. I was equally enchanted to be with them again, good people, nice people. "No damn nonsense about them." She talks English elegantly and is a real philosopher's wife; how you would get to love her!

At 4 o'clock I went back to walk with Tholuck in his portico at the rear of the garden, looking through on to the promenade and opposite Erdman's house; the new one he has bought, not the old one in which we both lived; Schultz's. Tholuck and I discussed the religious state of Germany, the reaction first against Hegelianism in favor of materialism, in behalf of accurate science (physical); and secondly against pietism in behalf of infidelity, on account of the alliance of pietism with state absolutism. He told me that Bruno Bauer was converted and had become a preacher of conservatism in state and church! He said also that Erdman had lost many scholars. Erdman had told me how the desire for metaphysical enlightenment had become converted into a love of exact science.

I had intended to leave for Cöln by the night train; but was too tired. The ride through Magdeburg, Braunschweig, Hanover, through the Porta, or gate of the Weser, where the river breaks through a ridge like our Sharp or Blue Mountain, and past the coal mines and iron-works, linen factories, zinc-works, etc., of the prosperous country east of the Rhine was very agreeable.

Three most pleasant and enlightened men made the journey shorter, and an adventure I had with a Texan Quartermaster from Matamoras amused us for a long time. He wore blue, and a broad hat. I addressed him, and he immediately proposed a drink, and I as a toast, "Speedy Peace." . . .

Tuesday, December 22.

. . . Ch. Aubel spent from 3 to 5 with me at the Hotel, and went to the railroad station to see me off. His conversation was exceedingly interesting and important to me. He is 28; has built three Rachette furnaces in the Ural; a Bessemer three-ton flask there; a Rachette copper furnace in Bavaria; will finish one for iron here in three weeks and begin one in the Harz. . . . I arrived at Verviers at 8.30, by a lovely, enchanting moonlight ride down the wonderful valley, through tunnels, over bridges, past many great factories and villages, all alight, and was received with open arms by Theophile Bost, his lovely wife and sister. . . .

LONDON, *December 26, 1863.*

. . . My last was written, at Cöln; from which place I went to Verviers, by rail, after 5 o'clock, so that I only caught glimpses of the beautiful valley, full of rocks, bridges, and manufacturing villages. Theophile Bost met me at the depot, and we walked in a sort of snow-storm, through the city, over the bridge, and up broad steps to his house, under the same roof with a nice little church; one of the cosiest, prettiest, little things you ever saw. He has had his own troubles, and half his congregation left him, because he was a little radical, but the conservative *pasteur* who came to take charge of them, treats him with cordiality, and all seems to go on well. When we meet, I can give you an account of the curious movement towards a rationalism like that of the best Unitarians in New England, among the French free church ministers. The gradations and modifications are curious to examine. I have seen the cake in all stages of baking, from not yet risen to done beautifully brown. But more of this anon. . . .

SHEFFIELD, *January* 7, 1864.

. . . Jan. 1, 1864, I spent, as I wrote you, in the shops of Sir Wm. Armstrong at Newcastle, on my return from Glasgow. Capt. Noble was extremely courteous and took the breech-loaders to pieces to exhibit them.

. . . After dinner I pushed on to Crewe, crossing the great coal and iron field of England, through a wonderful succession of factory villages or rather cities, situated like the Belgian, in deep glens, among hills. . . .

Sunday, Jan. 3, 1864.

. . . In London I got letters from Berthoud of Paris, and the picture he made for Lesquereux. I had long talks with Mrs. Blackwell about the maps, and with Trübner about Maury's sailing directions. I sealed the English patent, and paid up Carmichael & Co. Bought some presents for the Whites, and intended to get away Wednesday morning to Sheffield and Durham. But at the geological rooms, Ramsay made me promise to stay to the club dinner of the Geological Society, and to the meeting on Wednesday; which I did. We were seated thus:—

Ramsay	David Forbes	Sir Rod I. Murchison	Selwyn	Sir Charles Lyell	Rupert Jones	Falconer	Hamilton
	Lesley	Lord Enniskellen	John Evans	Capt. Galton	Smyth	Bigsby	

I forget the rest. Ramsay is President of the Society and Hamilton, perpetual Secretary. Smyth is Clerk. Evans is the great Geological Antiquary, and has proved the forgeries at Abbeville, and disproved the jaw. Forbes has been 5 years in South America, and just returned from Sweden. Selwyn is the Australasian geologist. Lord Enniskellen has the finest collection of fossil fish in the world;—I promised him some from America. Falconer is great on Indian fossils, and a fine, great, noble, generous fellow. . . . There was a paper on peat, and remains, at the Society in Somerset House, which elicited speeches. I was so cold that I came away while they were reading one on the coral crag.

I spent an hour with Lyell, and gave him Désor's letters to read, sent me by Berthoud, yesterday.

I spent two hours with Sabine and Mrs. Sabine; full of interest.

. . . To-morrow at quarter of ten I am to see the Bessemer

steel made, and then go to Rotherham to Dodd's, and then to Liverpool. . . .

The following are extracts from my mother's letters during the same period:—

CAMBRIDGE, *Oct.* 8, 1863. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . I enclose for you old Josiah Quincy's letter. What a thing to be able to write like that at ninety-one years old! Our President's Proclamation for the National Thanksgiving, to take place on the same day that the States had appointed, is very fine. What an affection all feel for Abraham! I hear that Sir Henry Holland was enchanted with him. . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *October* 18, 1863.

. . . I have just sent into Boston by Chauncey for a season ticket to the Parker Fraternity Lectures, for Aunt Kitty and myself. So I shall hear Emerson, and Beecher, and all the rest. To-morrow I have promised to assist Mary Howe in making sheets for the Hospitals. There is a loud call from the Sanitary in all the papers, and many thousand must be ready by Friday. Chauncey has just been in and read me a very fine letter that John Forbes received, from the Editor of the *Spectator* in London, expressing deep interest in our cause. . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *October* 20, 1863.

. . . Sunday morning, Chauncey called for me, and Aunt Kitty, Meg and I, all went up to Watertown in the horse-cars, to hear Mr. Weiss preach his first sermon after returning. His tribute to the sea would have met your views exactly. Nothing about it fine, he declared, except the coast line. He considers the ocean a great mistake. Let us hope, he said quaintly, that the rising of the continents in various places is a prophecy of that Millennial period, when there will be no more sea. He had much to say of England, and her position towards us. It seemed to me a very fair statement of the English character as I imagine it, slow, stable and conservative to the last degree, but always able to back out of a false position at precisely the right moment. He described the people as having the forms of men, but the faces of boys. He urged the maintaining of peace with England on account of the *people*, the masses of England, who are all on our side, and who in case of war would necessarily be con-

solidated round the Government, which would be a great misfortune, both to them and to humanity everywhere. Told how universally the London *Daily News* and the *Star* are taken throughout the kingdom, and how splendid the editorials are; that they might any of them have been written by Charles Sumner and Senator Chase, so intelligently do they discuss everything relating to our war. None of these views are new to you. I only tell you what I hear and am interested in. . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *October* 27, 1863.

. . . In spite of the talk against Sumner's address in England, he, Joseph Lyman, thinks it has done great good, and was the real cause of the Rams not being allowed to leave England.

October 30, 1863.

. . . Do you know a funny little panic I had, reading your last letter an hour ago, wherein you mentioned that you were to dine with Sir Henry and Lady Holland. Lest you should forget that Lady Holland is Sydney Smith's daughter, and say something against her father's wit. It is so easy for "Smalphri" like myself to keep the run of people's relations, and so hard for a man who has his head as full as you have.

This was but one of many such panics. My father had no memory for personal names, and seldom connected a bit of gossip with the name to which it belonged. Indeed, he disliked personalities in general. He often said that he could see no difference between Johnson and Tompkins in point of remembering them. Consequently, he was always liable to social mishaps, and we came to recognize a certain look of half-amused apprehension on my mother's face when certain mistakes were on the point of happening—at our social board or on other occasions of friendly gathering. Once I remember her breaking into the midst of a tale which my father was relating to a dinner company, with the emphatic words, "Peter, you *shall not* tell that story!" My father, bewildered, paused, mildly inquiring, "Why not?" But he was effectually suppressed for the time. The story was a good and funny one, but unfortunately it concerned the father of one of the company present, of which fact my father was serenely unconscious.

NEW BEDFORD, *Nov.* 5, 1863. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . After tea Lizzie [Ware] took out her case of Port Royal letters, and read to us, till far into the night, Harriet's and Charley's Journal of the last year. What a contrast to your London letters, this life among the Freedmen at St. Helena and Coffin's Point, and how interesting both! . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *November* 10, 1863.

. . . Saturday . . . we visited Sarah Thayer at her office in the Studio Building, where the Freedmen's Association and Educational League is. She thought you must see William in Paris, that Mr. Bigelow would tell you of his being there. . . . Then to Whipple's, where I got for you these two photos of Lowell and Putnam which I send. The one of Colonel Shaw, I shall enclose in my next. Pray show them, as our representative young men in this war. They all fell martyrs to the Anti-slavery cause, which they espoused intelligently. Sons of our wealthiest and most aristocratic families, with everything on earth to live for, they willingly poured out their heart's blood,—"Greater love hath no man than this." Shaw was but twenty-one, and left his young bride of eighteen. . . . When told that he would lose caste by commanding a colored regiment, he answered, "Not with one soul whose opinion I care a fig for." . . . Putnam was but nineteen, and Chauncey Wright, who was his tutor, speaks of him with enthusiasm, says he had the purest and most heroic soul. James Lowell bore an angelic character; he was Putnam's cousin. All these boys had mothers of the noblest stamp. Lowell died in the hands of the rebels, ten days after his wounds, and rebel officers said to one another, "See how a brave Union Soldier dies." . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *November* 13, 1863.

. . . I found Sam. Longfellow in the cars, and had a most interesting talk with him all the way in. He was greatly interested in hearing about your times, and what you said of the Exeter Hall occasion.

. . . Hear this about Colonel Higginson:—

"There was a young preacher of Worcester
Who could have a command if he'd choose to,
But he said, "each recruit must be blacker than soot,
Or I'll go back and preach where I used to."

CAMBRIDGE, *November* 23, 1863.

[Apropos to a sense of personal consequence]: . . . I don't believe old Abe thinks he is a person of much consequence, yet is he not? I enclose his speech at Gettysburg, so wonderful for its simplicity and pathos. . . .

Nov. 27, 1863. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOSEPH.

. . . How do you think that George S. Hillard's house was used, Thanksgiving Day? Cousin Susan gave a splendid dinner to fourteen fugitive slaves, of every shade of complexion, from jet to pale yellow. Mary Walker was one of the guests, and pronounced it a fine affair.—At the table, Mr. Williams rose and lowered the window-shades, saying, "Since Mrs. Hillard gives us this fine dinner, don't let the white folks that go by, see her parlor all filled up with black people." . . .

Dec. 1, 1863. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . Sunday I did not go to church. . . . Joseph read us Henry Ward Beecher's speech in New York telling what he said to the English when there. It was wonderfully fine. I wish I could send it to you. The Sunday papers brought news of our great victory at Chattanooga. I send you the account of General Meigs. We are all longing to have Richmond taken, on account of the poor Union prisoners, whose sufferings are frightful, and who are daily dying of want and starvation. The rebels have broken faith with our Government, and used the stores we have sent, and clothing also, for their own army. People whose sons and husbands are prisoners at [Libby?] suffer agonies in their behalf. But our cause is gaining ground, the Lord is on our side, and the thought that we shall be a truly free and regenerate people, fills all loyal hearts with a glow. . . .

December 4, 1863.

. . . Tuesday evening I went in to Mr. Emerson's lecture. I could not state the subject, but he did say a great many funny and true things about England and the English. What a thorough Yankee he is! . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *December* 11, 1863.

. . . Wednesday, James Barnard sent me a two-dollar ticket to hear Beecher in the evening, proceeds to go to the Sanitary. So I got another for Aunt Kitty. . . . Beecher was more Beechery than ever, the audience very enthusiastic, old Mr. Quincy sat

by him on the platform, and he paid him high honors. . . . He told what he had said to the English. How he answered their questions, etc., and begged us to be *magnanimous* to the English. He said he heard Lord Brougham, what was left of him, in addressing the people, speak of our Country as being governed by a mob. It was his (Beecher's) privilege to tell the English people that no country in the world had so few mobs, and those we had were all imported. There were no end of good things, of strong common sense, American ideas, and enlarged benevolence, all united to such justice for our neighbors on the other side, such kindliness and *bonhomie*, that he leaves behind no sting anywhere. I enjoyed hearing him talk through his nose, and could fancy he would not care a bit if all England were down on his nasal twang.

Yesterday was Thursday, and Lois took me to Medford to call on the Stearnses. George is just home from Nashville for two weeks, but is going back for the winter, and doing finely in raising Colored Regiments. The President's Proclamation just come is fine as ever. No backing down in Abraham; the "Gospel of Peace" * belied him, when it said that his foot continued not down in the right place. He is something more than Abraham the well meaning. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Feb.* 18, 1864. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER AUNT CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . The Hoppers . . . invited us to tea on Sunday, and took me to the Freedmen's Association on Tuesday eve, where Phillips Brooks spoke very finely; also Dr. Furness, and Bishop Simpson, and Mr. McKim, who had just come from Tennessee and told very interesting stories of the state of things there. How this great interest unites all sorts of people. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *March* 20, 1864. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO SAME.

. . . I have read about the whole of Theodore Parker's life. There are about twelve pages I wish could have been left out. I do not sympathize at all with his views of our Saviour, his speculations on future Christs, and especially that view of humanity, which sees a future angel in the lowest and most debauched criminal. I would not limit the power of God or the recuperative power of the soul in some future state of being, under more favorable conditions; still I think it is a wrong use of terms and a very

* Anonymous. Ascribed to Richard Grant White.

harmful one, to speak of persons in brothels as on their way to glory. . . . Whatever future chance God may give them, they are certainly not *now on their way* to any good thing.

With these exceptions, I think there is a great deal to enjoy in the book, and that it has been much too severely criticised. He gives me the impression of a truly conscientious man, one of the hardest workers for God and man, and a person of a much more affectionate nature than is generally supposed. Do you not consider some of his letters to statesmen as truly prophetic of the present crisis? I thought his letter to Dr. John Ware, on Mr. Henry Ware, a very fine one. . . .

CHAPTER XIX

Last Year of the Civil War. 1864–1865

The spring and summer of 1864 were unusually full of professional work for my father, and he was frequently away from home on short trips, and evidently too busy to write many letters.

In April he received a letter from John Amory Lowell concerning a future course of lectures before the Lowell Institute in Boston. To this request he replied that he "should be much pleased to deliver a course of lectures before Lowell Institute; that is, after the summer of 1865." Mr. Lowell then replied, May 13, 1864, "I will consider you as engaged for the season of 1865–1866. I did not expect you to treat a professional subject, but rather some topic connected with geology. When you shall have selected it, let us know, for my government in arranging other courses." To which my father suggested in a letter of May 20, as a title, "The Unsolved Problems of Geology." But later he decided on a more general scientific theme for his course, which was called "Man's Origin and Destiny, sketched from the Platform of the Physical Sciences."

Philadelphia, *July* 1, 1864. Peter Lesley to Joseph Lyman.

. . . I sent you last week . . . the two photographs you wished me to get you in Paris, St. Augustine and his Mother. There is something touchingly fine in their faces, although the attitudes are too listless and enervated. In a day like this we grow impatient of any exhibition of life which does not embody strength. The slow passionless progress of nature,—the endless, issueless, unpointed dreaming of the soul in trance metaphysics, —pictorial art,—even love, which at other times is an end unto itself and its own excuse for being,—all these and like things, belonging to the immutable and eternal, grow somewhat tedious and impertinent,—seeing that Richmond is to be taken, or gold will go up to 300.

In spite of that, I have set once more to work on Lyell in the

morning and Renan at night; both books are first-rate. Lyell's nervous temperament has been admirably kept under control in this calm well-balanced statement. Renan's analysis, or rather picture of Jesus' life, is the first ever made; but now and then it strikes one as shockingly false; as if you were counting witch gold, and saw it turn to leaves and rags. You *were* studying God in human form—but who is this common Jew boy? An uncommon Jew boy, replies Rénan, with a sneer. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *July* 2, 1864. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE IN PRINCETON, MASS.

. . . Gold dashed up to 280, and down again before night to 235, on news of Fessenden being appointed to take Chase's place. Hope he will, for he is a perfect despot, and will rule that ill-assorted Cabinet with a rod of iron. He is a giant in intellect. I hope he will smash the Blairs, and kick Wells in a parabolic curve from Washington to Connecticut. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *July* 3, 1864. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Last evening Henderson walked up from the Library with me, took tea and talked till 8.30; when I tried to find Winsor and went to the [Union] League. There I saw Mr. James, H. C. Carey, Mr. Brown, Geo. Brown, and Rosengarten, and Frazer. We had also a Mr. St. Claire from England, with documents to prove the state of feeling there, the efforts of Bright and Cobden, etc., and the list of a committee to organize systematic emigration to this Country. . . .

I wish I could work! Oh, I have such lots to do, and no heart to take up anything. The few geological things that remain undone, haunt me and I dread them, and am not sure, if they were out of the way, that I could get at any future work; my catalogue lies in wait for me like a rattlesnake, down town, and my Lowell Lectures and *North American Review* like two Copperheads up town. How blessed a condition when one need not work for money! My dream is to bury myself a month in Princeton [Mass.] in August; but I know I cannot; and if I could, I would not *work* there. I should, if I could, spend a month in Brush Hill piazza, with you. But that is out of the question. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *July* 7, 1864. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I spent yesterday in a lively manner; with printers and artists in the morning, men of iron and J. D. Whitney talking

over the great California discoveries of Trias and Lias, Mr. Ord, etc, etc.; and the afternoon, after preparing to get off tomorrow, I spent several hours with Whitney, took tea with him at the League House, spent the evening with A. and the V.'s at the Lapierre House, . . . read Charles the Bold until midnight, and am just ready now to depart for Harrisburg. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Sunday, July* 10, 1864. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . After a day or two of considerable adventure, here I am again, as the clown says. I spent the first night at Harrisburg, the second at Newville, "in the midst of alarms"; the third at Patterson, also in the midst of alarms, of another sort, for the freight trains shrieked and roared under my windows every twenty minutes, all night long. . . .

But you would have been amused, indignant and sorry by turns, if you had sat with me in Jones' porch, to see the fugitives.* They came in droves, and by scores, on horseback, on foot, in wagons of all kinds and sizes, from a dog-cart up to the gigantic fossil Conestoga wagon, ship-shaped, and drawn by never less than six horses. At the depot, the ground and platform and doorsteps and lumber were black with blacks, men, women and children, who had skedaddled from Maryland and York, Adams and Franklin Cos., Pennsylvania. But the main stream of white refugees poured from over the bridge up the main street and on towards Lebanon. They were coming in droves at 8 o'clock in the evening, and they had been coming since 6 o'clock in the morning. I was astonished at the number of horses and mules, some fine ones, others not worth stealing, and almost man for horse, throughout, and *such* men! No wonder they ran away from a rumor; for they did not seem to have soul enough in them to keep their clothes from falling off their backs. A poor miserable race, cowardly, ignorant, slow, the real white trash of the north. But the whole scene was eminently picturesque.

Thursday, no, Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, we were in a large two-horse carriage, making across the bridges for the seat of war. As we passed the far toll-house, through the Union guard,

* This must have been just before a raid into Pennsylvania in July, sent by General Early. "He sent his cavalry forward under John McCansland to ransom or destroy other towns near the border of that State [Maryland] and Pennsylvania. The town of Chambersburg was the first selected for this barbarous treatment."

This place was burned July 30, 1864.

(See "Abraham Lincoln, by Nicolay and Hay," vol. iv. pp 175–177.)

under the guns of the fort, and saw the crowd of fugitives commencing for the day, and the soldiers examining each horse to see if it had been stolen from the United States Government, I began to realize the gravity of the situation. All day we were beset by eager and anxious groups, at the taverns, where we waited, to learn the latest news of the rebels. Were they here? Were they there? Was it true they had burnt Hagerstown? Had they taken Frederick? Had Grant sent up two corps from Petersburg? Turning off from the great pike and taking the road southwest, through Shepherdstown, into York County, we found every half-mile or so picturesque encampments on the roadside, and about the farm-houses, of wagons filled with all sorts of plunder, but chiefly with hay and grain for the horses. Women and children had all been left at home. The rebels were after the stock, and the farmers were resolved, the stock they should not have, if they themselves had to paddock them all between Lebanon and Reading. To all inquiries we replied: good news: stay where you are: time enough to cross the river, when you receive orders so to do. The day was glorious, the country a paradise. We stopped to see some old ore banks, but pushed on and over the Yellow Breeches, where the first ore bank was which our party owned. . . .

. . . But whom do you think I have upstairs? A poor old farmer of Mercer County, whom I found in the cars at Harrisburg. They told him that the rebels were about to cut the North Central at York, and he must reach Washington via Philadelphia. He had been riding all night, and was after a son dangerously wounded in the Elliott Hospital at Washington. So I gave him $10 for his Harrisburg, Baltimore check, and after considering the subject, invited him to spend the rest of the day with me, for he can't get on to Baltimore until 10.30 this evening, and his head is sorely addled with sorrow, and anxiety, and the noise and motion and confusion and strangeness of everything, and I knew you would have done just so, if you had been along. I shall take him out to dine now, and then to Covenanter's Church, and give him a cup of tea, and take him to the Baltimore depot this evening. . . .

July 11, 1864. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . At last the drum beats to arms. Troops marched through all last night. We hope the City will be put under martial law, and every one of us conscripted. We are such a law-and-order people, that it takes weeks to move us; but when once moved, we go with awful momentum.

. . . If I am compelled by circumstances to take arms with the rest, remember that I am in the very best health and spirits, . . . and *not* a non-resistant.

It looks now as if the whole Country is about to rise; but no one knows certainly what is going on, and Governor Curtin is a *baby*, and Mayor Henry a *gentleman*, both bad things in a civil war. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Tuesday, July* 12, 1864. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I have just seen my "entertained angel unawares" off in a train for Elmira. Poor man! *there* is trouble! Sick incurably himself, lame, his left leg shrivelled up, his son lying at the point of death in Washington, the rebels barring his progress, afraid to return to his wife on account of her tears; poor, because inflexibly honest, and straining every nerve to pay off mortgages on his little farm, I could not help contrasting his lot with mine. I left him after tea, to mail two letters for him, and found myself at the League House, in the garden, among a hundred excited members, as much at a loss to know what to do in the crisis as if they had been babies. I learned that the military committee had resolved to be responsible for raising one regiment; that the Corn Exchange, the Merchants' Exchange, and the Coal Exchange were each raising one regiment. I told them what I knew of the Cumberland Valley; and suggested the necessity of ignoring the Mayor and establishing a Vigilance Committee; I found a ready response from a few, chiefly old men. At last young Scovill came over from Camden, and a Captain Calhoun was introduced to us, and spoke for half an hour, on his Kentucky birth, and Libby experience, which exceeded tenfold my worst imaginations. Scovill began to propose action and I seconded him, and kept pushing propositions, always a little ahead of what had been last proposed, hoping to have the iron struck when hot. At last we resolved to march up in a body to Mayor Henry's house and demand a town meeting to-morrow. We were then informed that he lived in Frankford, and was not in town (at such a time!). So we had a call to the people written (rather too high-falutin for my taste), by Scovill, and we all signed it, and I send it to you in the *Enquirer*.

Last evening bad news poured in awfully. Maj.-Gen. Franklin taken (no great loss); five trains robbed and burnt; Gunpowder Bridge (a vast work) burnt; 2,500 cavalry on the Susquehanna ready for a dash on Lancaster; the Florida, at Cape May, burning all vessels entering or leaving, by the Capes

—our only remaining road to Washington; Governor Seymour resolutely withholding New York troops. No Pennsylvania organization, the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal threatened, no news from Hunter! Phew! I came home at 10.30 red-hot, and cooled off on Charles the Bold.

I feel as if I should like now to go into these affairs, and play some efficient part in them. I think I should keep a cool head, and act with vigor. *Mais c'est le premier pas qui coûte.* I kept in the background last evening, but supported those who would speak and act, which made me feel like a conspirator. I could not help all the time remembering the Girondists. It is bad stuff, this city gentry, neither good enough to ignore all personal consideration, nor bad enough recklessly to dash forward to an end. Always looking at both sides, just to all interests, never blinded like the mob by the passion of the moment, such a body of men can have no momentum. They push heavily, but cannot strike irresistibly. It was in strange contrast with that young fiery Kentucky Captain; damning the rebels *to hell*, and shouting for *vengeance*, standing on his crutches. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Thursday, July* 14, 1864. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Before I turn to my writing for to-morrow's meeting, I must tell you how excited the people were yesterday and how relieved to-day. I never thought the raid serious; but I felt seriously anxious to know how the *civilians* at Washington would behave. All now seems well; and better; and prophesying a still better future. This is not the *last* dying spasm of the rebellion; but it is one of them.

PRINCETON [MASS.], *July* 12, 1864. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . How I wish you were here to tell me about the war! things look disheartening to me. William Forbes was taken prisoner on Saturday, and will fare badly, being Lieutenant of Colored Cavalry. Colonel Russell was severely wounded three weeks ago, so the Forbes family are again in heavy trouble. Poor John! no wonder he is old and worn. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *July* 23, 1864. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I shall probably have to pay $500 for a substitute, as the draft occurs September 5th, and I am 45 not until September 17th. And even if I be exempted on account of my sight, I should feel bound to provide a substitute. . . .

Poor Greeley has fallen into the trap. Those scoundrels have caught both him and old Abe, and made fools of them both. But thank God, simplicity is wisest in the long run. . . .

July 31, 1864. To his Wife.

. . . This morning Chambersburg was laid in ashes by the rebels. To-day the state is all in commotion again.

I still suppose that I can finish my business, . . . attend to Society matters, provide myself with a substitute for the draft, and perhaps vote on Tuesday; all in time to take the cars on Tuesday for New Haven. [To attend the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.] . . .

Jamaica Plain, *Aug.* 17, 1864. To his Wife.

. . . Ten days of idleness at Princeton with you . . . was very demoralizing to your humdrum. . . . He can scarcely "effectuate" his penmanship, or take up his old thread in the labyrinth of life. But I have nice hours since then. Let me tell. . . . I have just written a long letter to Dana, embodying Désor's latest discoveries in the Piloti lakes. He wishes to have Dana visit him. . . .

You will rejoice with me in the appearance of a new and more successful attempt by Grant upon Richmond, from the side of Malvern Hill and Fort Darling; although the news of the partial capture of Ft. Darling must be an entire mistake, inasmuch as it stands on the West or South side of the James River, and the new movement is wholly on the East and North side. . . .

Philadelphia, *Aug.* 20, 1864. To his Wife.

. . . The substitute scheme is a failure. Rosengarten has sent back my check of $400, saying it was of no use; and Henry tells me that no volunteering is going on, because the draft is inevitable, and substitutes who could get $1,000 to-day will get $2,000 next month, and they hang back therefore with good reason.

I sent you yesterday Lesquereux's charming letter, in which he foolishly gives me all the thanks for his election to the Academy vacancy. I shall tell him that he may thank his own genius, and goodness, and diligence, alone. . . .

Philadelphia, *Aug.* 23, 1864. To his Wife.

. . . How overwhelming is the work of life! How can one poor mortal face and fight the host of demands upon his

me, his sympathies, his brains? I was discouraged to-day, —I felt so weak and lonely and distracted with divers plans and duties. So many things I ought to do, so many I wish to do, so many I feel that I could do, if—; and the *if* was so unconquerable!

I could not drink my tea. I walked down to see Pliny [Earle Chase], and took him to the precinct, to vote for delegates at the primary election. Then we found James and Charles Furness at home, and spent the evening comparing notes. He also was as much impressed with and astonished at the New England despondency as I. When everything is going so well, it is sad to see the stanch old Puritan land cast down. But the decimation of its promising youth accounts for it.

They have learned that Will Forbes is at Macon in prison. Eliot Furness is at Morganza [Penn.] on the White River, with a large force concentrated there. I cannot find out whether I am enrolled or not. James Furness could not learn yesterday whether Charley was enrolled or not. I don't comprehend the matter at all. Le Conte advises me to advertise in the newspapers. But I think I shall quietly wait for the fifth of September, and be governed by circumstances then. It is very unsettling; and nobody seems able to give any advice or get any information. It is supposed by many that the draft will not be enforced; I am perfectly sure that it will be, and it will be a great shame if it is not. If 50,000 of us were sent to each of the three armies, the whole history would wind up.

PHILADELPHIA, *Aug.* 29, 1864. FATHER TO MOTHER.

. . . What is my patriotism worth, if it doesn't bear fruits! And what devilish crab-apples are the fruits it bears—murders, arsons, and all the vices of the Camp, and maimed and ruined lives besides. How can I pay another to go to a hell which I will not myself name without a shudder! Yet how can peace be won, except by the sword! You see that Fort Morgan is ours, and that a Commissioner from the State of Georgia has arrived at Washington to treat separately for peace; two very important events; the latter, if true, infinitely important. I pray God it may be so. It looks as if McClellan will be nominated at Chicago. If so, it will argue a complete fusion of the adverse elements of the Democratic party and a dangerous political campaign. . . .

wide range and many-sided culture, the *harmony* of the sciences, and was inaccurate in details. He was a great worker, but wasted half his energies in nonsensical ballad writing, and extracting all sorts of trash knowledge into his note books, keeping no journals beyond the most cabalistical jottings and datings of persons and places, names, etc. But he kept his soul alive by frequent walks and voyages, for the collection of plants, and the dredging of sea animals, and by a conviviality in which entire groups of friends and fellows were constructed or crystallized about him. Here, his would be the loudest laugh and his the funniest caricature. He was a boy to the end of his earthly days, loved and respected by everybody. Think of him growling, roaring, and lashing his coat-tails from side to side among the "Red Lions," to express approbation, dissent, or disgust, at what was said at the meeting, and getting that sort of thing established as the rule of the club! Blessed privilege of genius, to play the fool, while angels stand, hats off, grinning from ear to ear! I have suffered abominably with neuralgia all over, and feared, at one time yesterday, that perhaps an attack of inflammatory rheumatism might be impending, but I reckon not. My cerebellum is just like one of those lumps of 90 per cent. tin, 10 per cent. lead dredged up lately in the Thames, marked SYAG RIUS ; I can't hold it up all day long, it is so heavy. I seem to see it in front of me in the form of Mary's hair net. I tried yesterday to write on my report of Warwick Furnace; but after plotting out a few miniature ownerships on the map, and inserting half a dozen elevations, I gave it up as no good.

To-day I take the cars to Brush Hill and shall finish the tour of Milton before I return, according to your programme.

Think! Mrs. Hale told me the girls had heard the most magnificent sermon from Dr. Hedge, that morning, and that if I had been there, I might also have been introduced to Goldwin Smith, who was brought to church by Charles Head, his companion in the steamer.

Think also! James Freeman Clarke really did preach in Boston Sunday morning after all!

I spent Sunday evening, after the others went to bed, reading the whole report of proceedings of Presbytery against Coquerel, *fils* (friend of Scherer and Company), Paris.

JAMAICA PLAIN, *Sept.* 9, 1864. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Wednesday morning . . . saw Mr. Whitcomb and got him to janitor me about the Lowell Institute, and show me the artist who does the illustrations; sat a few minutes with G. S. Hillard; had a nice half-hour with Wm. Ware and Cabot, and fifteen minutes with Sarah Thayer;—an hour in the music hall (12–1) listening to Dr. Thayer on the wonderful great organ. . . .

A complete nervous breakdown followed this Eastern trip, and my father was unable for some weeks to do any work at all; but in October he was again actively engaged in surveying, etc.

[*Autumn, October*, 1864.] SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER AUNT CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . This week will decide our fate as a nation; God save the country, and defeat McClellan! Mr. Furness preached an admirable sermon to-day on the coming election; he spoke beautifully of Lincoln, said we ought to be thankful in times like these that we had a man who, amidst the confusion of voices, listened for the voice of the people, and followed it. He was not born for a leader or a guide, and as he was not, it is a special Mercy that he does not pretend to guide. He said it would have been far easier for us to have been able to shift the heavy burden of private anxiety and responsibility, on to the shoulders of a heavy leader, but it would not have been half so good for us as a people, or for our fate as a nation. I confess I was much struck with his view of it. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Nov.* 5, 1864. PETER LESLEY TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . Yesterday . . . Susie and I took them [the children] to see the forty thieves burnt alive by Miss Morgiana, each in his separate olive jar. . . .

But what are theatricals of the reddest fire stamp compared with the drama enacting in real life now! The city resounds with the tramp of regiments returning to vote; and the shouts of crowds at mass meetings in the Music Hall, the National Hall, the Concert Hall, the Musical Fund Hall and in Independence Square. Old people especially are excited to the last pitch of endurance. When the strain is taken off next week, we will all feel the reaction. I am confident that the Republic will be saved; but what if it were not! I shudder at the possibility of some great catastrophe.

All accounts from the south are encouraging, especially the news from North Carolina. But surely in no spirit of cant, and with no undue straining of the doctrine of divine providence and of superintendence, I say, that we lie in the hands of the Almighty disposer of events, and the turner of hearts as He will. I feel the possibility of the exercise of some mysterious and general influence upon the minds and hearts of men, by which God may protect us at the polls, so as no appointment of Butlers and Hookers, no sending home of regiments, no scrutiny of the ballot boxes, no speaking by night or devising by day, no court-martials and provost martials could do it. Let us pray for such an influence—prompt as the Sirocco to make the glaciers disappear, and as invisibly exerted.

We may be wrong in considering the future of the world dependent upon the struggle. God may see quite another future. But so far as men are good and true, they are all ranging themselves on this side, and taking this view.

WASHINGTON, *Jan.* 4, 1865. (?). TO HIS WIFE.

Yesterday the Academy met and elected officers, etc. . . . Then came papers; a time measurer for gun practice by Hilgard, which measures to the 10000th part of a second. Then a magnificent discovery of Agassiz in the homologous relationships existing between shell fish, the argonauta forming an outer shell, the nautilus an inner, and the ammonite both; and between the mantle of the gasteropods and the tentacle arms of the cuttle-fish, etc.

Then a fine paper of Baird's on the distribution of birds over America. Le Conte and Agassiz had something to say about it, and we broke up and rode home to dinner at five, bringing Whitney with us, who had just made his appearance, having assisted at a horrid accident in Jersey City. The locomotive exploded blowing off a third story from a house, etc., etc.

The magnificence of the Capitol* surpasses description. It is a fairy tale in marble. No building the world ever saw can

* The Capitol at Washington, D.C. "The first Capitol was erected on the same site, the corner-stone laid by George Washington, Sept. 18, 1793. Before its completion the building was destroyed in 1814. The present central structure dates from 1818 (completed 1827), and the extension or wings from 1851. The corner-stone of the Capitol extension was laid in 1851, and the Hall of Representatives . . . was first occupied in 1857, and the Senate Chamber in 1859. The work was continuously prosecuted during the civil war, until the Statue of Liberty crowned the Summit on Dec. 12, 1863." (*From the Universal Cyclopedia*, vol. xii.)

have compared with it. Inside it is as beautiful as outside, it is sublime. The dome is a dream of majesty. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *Feb.* 2, 1865. PETER LESLEY TO MISS ROBBINS.

. . . I send this only to assure you of my affectionate remembrance, and to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 12th of last month; but especially to congratulate your heart, faithful to liberty and the cause of righteousness, on the grandeur of the event* which occurred day before yesterday in the House of Representatives at Washington. It was *there* recognized as the greatest moment of our history since July 4, 1776, to which it was the supplement. The Senate does not represent the popular will, except so far as that happens to be fixed in the cunning of aged politicians. In the House of Representatives the people are represented, and the pronouncement of liberty by the Constitutional Amendment is a ratification of the last vote at the polls. There is no possibility that the states will not ratify the vote of the House, because in this country and in these times things never go backward, and common sense is the prime characteristic of the people. We may conclude therefore that what was prompted by interest and confirmed by principle, will be completed by pride. The pride of the American has been increased by the war, and will feel itself pledged to universal liberty. The great hand of God is visibly working out the times, and we may all look with satisfaction into the future. . . . Your remarks upon Chauncey's metaphysical speculations seem to me very just. I have no liking for fog, when I am to live in it; but I like to see fogs rolling up mountain sides at noonday, or descending to lake-like levels at sundown; or reflecting the rising sun in the morning. Such are the charms of metaphysical discussions. In others they are beautiful,—in my own soul, chilling, obscure, and causing to err from the plain way. I love the old soil and common daylight, the wholesome sunshine of the old faiths, and the homestead of common sense. I am now and then overwhelmed by the wonders of the universe, but only as I am blown from my equilibrium, now and then, by powerful winds on a mountain top. No one but an owl can live in a perpetual gaping admiration. We must be content with *matter*, in the main, and let *forces* attend to their own affairs; and *spirits* the same. . . .

* This was the Thirteenth Amendment. For an excellent account of the history of this Amendment see "Abraham Lincoln, by Nicolay and Hay," vol. x. pp. 71–90.

PITTSBURG, *March* 5, 1865. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Living without a separation from you all the fall and all the winter, made it very hard to begin again my travels.

I amused myself this morning with studying a very beautiful memoir in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, on the necessity for drawing down, by 24 or 25 years, Archbishop Usher's chronology of the Kings of Israel and Assyria; and in brooding over a grand scheme of associating our geologists and young men who wish to study geology, so as to form a working school, self-supporting, to which all professional work would be forced to come, sharing the proceeds among the members of the Sodality, and employing all the time not devoted to orders, in strictly scientific work, in field and office, so as to accomplish a complete survey of the State in the end. I really think the plan is feasible in a business point of view, as it involves no extravagant dependence upon perfections in human nature, and no essential changes in the business habits of the men to whose interests it would appeal.

. . . I am sorry to learn that the oil mania has forestalled my designs upon the Gap. A well is going down in the spot I had chosen for L. The whole range from Dunkard's creek past Uniontown and Connellsville towards Greensburg has been leased or bought up, or is held tightly by its owners for their own oil purposes. I expect to hear of hundreds of derricks building or built all along the west foot of Chestnut ridge. But do not accuse me of the folly of regretting that I have held aloof from leasing, boring or investing in wells, for no man can serve two masters—faithfully. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *March* 9, 1865. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . Yesterday came a note from Lamborn, informing you that you were made a member of the Steel and Iron Association in consideration of your past services. . . .

A sentence in a letter of March 16, 1865, shows the amount of work my father now had in hand:—

I am carrying studding-sails in a gale, and every spar creaks; but my health is good and I bar out every thought not in the line of my business. I have three separate reports to make at Brady's Bend, Sarah Furnace and Red Bank. The men whom Hall sent here have gone off offended because I did not wait to

"confer" with them another day. So, for Hall's sake, I must write the Layton Station report. Then comes the Slippery Rock (just postponed by the telegraph until the 28th), and then my Kentucky journey, which I dread. A man here wishes my report on 5000 acres as I come back down the Sandy; and another report on West Virginia, after my return.

He used to utilize his journeys also for work. Many a report or other article for publication was written on the train. He was also often occupied with sketching or map making at his hotel, after a long day's work in the field. When he was well, there seemed no limit to his capacity for work. And, even when ill and suffering, he accomplished a great deal. Often, when tired with *productive* brain work, he would turn to some piece of drudgery, from writing a report to making a catalogue or index, which was more purely mechanical; or from the accurate plotting of a map to the fine shading of some portion of the same. He must have found this a relief to his brain, although to the looker-on it seemed equally hard work. Then he always had at hand some reading quite alien to his business life; and he had certain linguistic and archæological hobbies which served him in good stead throughout life, to rest his overstrained brain.

PITTSBURG, *March* 17, 1865. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . The tremendous fall in the price of gold; the panic in New York; the decline of the iron trade here; the strike of a 100-barrel well yesterday near the Virginia line, on Dunkard's Creek (Ross's) at 350 feet depth; the irresistible, glacier-like movement of Sherman's different corps towards Richmond by way of Raleigh; the new military league for future operations in Mexico;—these are the topics of general discourse. . . .

CINCINNATI, *March* 21, 1865.

. . . This afternoon . . . I take boat to Catlettsburg, . . . river steamer for Louisa, . . . and another to Paintsville, where our headquarters will be made. . . .

I take the taste of the world out of my mouth, now and then, with a chapter of Dickens. His last is better than his first.

Here is a typical week of geological campaigning:—

LOUISA, KY., *March* 29, 1865.

. . . March 20th: We embarked on the Telegraph at Cincinnati and were compelled to lay up, the Tuesday night following at Portsmouth, by a great storm, which overturned the Marietta steamboat, loaded with passengers; but all were saved.

March 23rd: We took the Victress up Sandy to Louisa, and attempted to take the little river there, for Paintsville; but the storm continued, blew us ashore, and obliged us to spend the night in this rattletrap. We walked up to the fort, and had a merry party.

March 24th, Friday, we started on the River. I wish you could have seen us! and were all day getting up to Buffalo shoals, upsetting on our way a small boat full of people, and a dead man in a coffin, creating a great excitement. After dark we formed a procession of fifty men and two women with lanterns, and walked waded, climbed and stumbled over to Paintsville three miles.

March 25, Saturday: We could get no horses and I spent the day talking oil and studying my reports, and notes of Owen, Lyon, and Joe's, and got my first night's sleep.

March 26, Sunday: Five of the party started on foot up Paint Creek, and Ogden Lewell and I, on horses, into the most tremendous land of crags, ravines, cascades, oil springs, forests and guerillas, and reached Wash Webb's, to sleep in a cabin, while an old woman with a pipe studied curiously our mode of undressing. Before retiring we had a guerilla fright; not a pleasant episode. We rode cavalry horses, by the by.

Monday, 27th: Having opened communication with the foot party (who got lost among the precipices), we continued up three miles to Lyon's well, got specimens of oil rock, waded the creek forty times, found the XI iron ore, and joined them five miles up Little (Oil) Fork of Paint, where we ate a chicken, filled our bottles with tar, smoked the pipe of peace, discussed plans for the future, and the best mode of cutting up the 100,000 acres. Back three miles across the bend to Williams' (where the footmen had spent the night) and left them there unable to proceed. I got Carlisle to ride with me back to Paintsville, where we arrived nearly dead with fatigue. I had been very sick in the night with a sort of inflammation of the lungs, and asthma in the morning, which has stuck to me ever since.

Tuesday, 28th: Lucky in finding the Red Brick (a scow with

a locomotive on board) descending to Louisa, at daybreak. Unlucky in not taking the Rover when we passed her lower down. Were arrested by the military post at Louisa, who wanted the boat, and obliged to spend last night there (here).

Wednesday, 29th: Desperate finding the Red Brick impressed, and no certainty of the Victress, Mason or Clarke getting up, because the waters have fallen. If they do, I shall be in Catlettsburg to-night, and try to reach Pittsburg by Saturday, April 1st, a precious fool for ever embarking on such an expedition. . . .

Of course the great events of the early spring of 1865, the taking of Richmond and the assassination of Lincoln, affected my father and mother deeply, as they did all earnest people. Even the children of the household felt the heavy pall which fell over society with the latter event, and which did not lift for many a week.

April 24, 1865. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . The Wares came on Monday. . . . They describe the Secession element in Baltimore as very rampant, and their brother John's church is the only Union church, with the exception of a small Baptist one. The ministers there have taken such violent Secession ground since the President's death, that General Lew Wallace has had to order them to be quiet, or he would close their churches. I suppose you are as much pleased as I am that Booth was taken dead. I am thankful that the public will be cheated out of a trial and a hanging, which are so demoralizing, and never fail to create a morbid sympathy for the criminal in certain minds. . . .

PITTSBURG, *April* 28, 1865. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Were you not glad that the assassin of the President was shot? I have dreaded his protracted trial and execution, demoralizing the brutal part of the national mind. Better so. The reign of terror looks to me advancing—begun. God knows to what pitch it may be carried. . . .

This view of the situation was very characteristic of both my father and mother. Revenge, public or private, was abhorrent to them. I well remember that we children were never allowed to sing the words, "We'll hang Jeff Davis

on a sour apple-tree," when that song was one of the popular melcdies of the day and those words were habitually sung by most children with a special emphasis.

PHILADELPHIA, *May*, 1865. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOSEPH LYMAN.

. . . When he [Peter] has finished his present engagements, I am going to insist on his quitting his present overstrained life for the summer. I shall pretend that it is important to my own health, that he devotes himself to me. . . .

How quiet it seems, and how the news of surrender and peace fall on our ears without realization, since the good President has gone! . . .

SPRINGFIELD, *June* 19, 1865. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER AUNT CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . Do you not anticipate many sorrows and many wrongs to this present generation of Freedmen? This question of Reconstruction seems to require divine wisdom to deal with. I consider these times quite as anxious and perplexing as any during the war, except that the bloodshed is ended. . . .

The summer of 1865 was spent by the family in New England, where my father joined us in July.

He found time during his busy days to write every now and then a long, delightful letter to one or other of his children. Here is one of them to his eight-year-old daughter which I think worth printing, because of the time and the occasion of which it tells:—

PHILADELPHIA, *Sunday, June* 25, 1865. PETER LESLEY TO HIS DAUGHTER MARGARET.

. . . I must write you a letter now. And I have something beautiful to write about,—something that will please you. How I wished you were with me yesterday in the Academy of Music, to see the whole house filled with people who had come together to arrange a home for the poor wounded soldiers and sailors, who are now coming home, without feet to walk with, nor hands to work with, nor eyes to see with, and all because they fought to keep us safe from the rebels, and to win liberty for the negroes!

The great broad deep place they call the stage, which is nearly as large itself as a common-sized church, was entirely full of

girls, dressed in white, and rows of boys between them, to keep them quiet; I mean, that the boys would not have been quiet had they not been distributed about among the girls.

And every boy and girl had a flag!

And there were six hundred of them!

How sweetly they sang, I cannot pretend to describe; the tears blinded me so that I could not see, and the words choked my heart so that I could not hear. I felt as if I were floating on a cloud of music up to heaven.

And when General Grant came and took the big chair, what a stamping! and a shouting! and a hurrahing! and how they kept it up, and never *would* stop! How they began over and over, shouting and waving their 600 flags all about him on the stage, and the audience standing up, waving their handkerchiefs and hats,—1000 handkerchiefs and 500 hats! And all screaming at the tops of their voices, and going on as if they were all mad; but to look in their faces and see how happy and eager they all were to get a good look at the great, silent hero, who stood and looked shyly back at them and said nothing, while they overwhelmed him with a tempest of hurrahs and a cataract of nosegays; and some laughing, and some smiling, with all their might, and some crying, and all hurrahing—oh, it was a fine sight I assure you and I wish you had been there.

But you shall see General Grant some day, for he is a Philadelphian now. The people have given him a fine house in Chestnut Street and he will live among us.

The songs the children sang were all lively, quick tunes in the new style—I don't know where it comes from—but very inspiring, and all about Jesus, and the Church, and Jerusalem, and the Christian's struggle to be good, and the Victory, the Victory at last.

They opened with a wonderfully fine hymn called "Glory to God on High." Whoo! it made one's hair stand on end to hear them sing it so.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained praise, said David," said Bishop Simpson who made a little speech to us between two hymns. . . .

BROOKLINE, *July* 26, 1865. SUSAN I. LESLEY [AT THE HALES'] TO MISS CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . Peter hates to leave here, and I don't wonder. He has got into quite a regular way of life, and I think he is much better this week than he was last. He retires to the unoccupied parlor

every morning to write his lectures, and no one disturbs him till dinner. Then the family conversation is very resting and diverting to him. In the afternoon he takes me to ride, or plays croquet which he has become very fond of, or walks over to Joseph's [Lyman, at Jamaica Plain]. He finished his first Lecture yesterday, and I read it aloud to Lucretia [Hale] for criticism. It is upon the Classification of the Sciences, and we thought it very interesting. I had a feeling last year that I would much rather he should give a Geological course, as that would be more likely to interest such an audience; still, I can see that for himself, it is quite desirable to get away from the subject he is so perpetually occupied with, and I hope he can make this course tolerably instructive, if not popular. I can give you no idea how much he enjoyed Commemoration Day. He had never once thought of going, and was seated at his writing as usual, when Edward Hale, who was driving Miss Rotch over to Cambridge, stopped and left three tickets for the family at the door. So Nathan and Mr. Lesley and Susie got a carryall, and drove over. They were too late for the first part in the church, but heard and saw all the best, and then went to the dinner, which was very fine. Peter said it was altogether a most splendid occasion, and he would not have missed it on any account. He thought it was very emotional as well as brilliant, the music, poems, all, truly touching. He thought Judge Loring presided better than he ever saw any one. He saw and spoke to many old friends, and said he really wished he had been educated at Cambridge, to have the feeling of belonging there that they all seem to enjoy so much. John S. Dwight's poem was the best I have seen. . . .They all say that Lowell's was the finest, but that has not been printed, so that I have not seen it. Peter sat with Nathan's [Hale] class at the dinner, so he was in very good company. All said that the arrangements were as perfect as possible. . . .

BEVERLY, *Aug.* 7, 1865. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER AUNT CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . Saturday . . . he [Peter] went to Joseph's at Jamaica Plain, and remained till to-day. He wrote the whole of his third lecture while there, on "The Antiquity of Man," which I am sure he could not have done here. He is now going to rest, and roam the rocks with the children for a day or two, and then he will go up again and write his fourth lecture, either at Joseph's or at the Hales'. . . .

Aug. 13, 1865. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . This morning I lay on the grass, and read the third volume through—of "Sir Charles Grandison." I wish I had known this admirable book in early life. It would have saved me many a heartache, and other people many a piece of ill-bred impertinence from me. But it is never too late to mend. I shall make some improvements yet.

It may be as well to say here that my father continued enthusiastically to peruse "Sir Charles Grandison" to the very end of the ninth volume, and ever after declared it a noble work.

JAMAICA PLAIN, *Aug.* 22, 1865. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I cannot write on my fifth lecture to-day, as I intended to do. My sick feelings of the last three days have destroyed or driven off all my thoughts; and it is a difficult lecture to begin.

. . . I often query what it is that makes us so fond of expressing ourselves. The fool has the prompting, like the wise man. The birds and beasts share it also. Utterance—the going out of ourselves, as a tree pushes forth its life in leaves and buds and fruit. God seems not above the sentiment which he has bestowed upon all his creatures.

But if we could restrain the faculty or passion—to its legitimate indulgence! Only speak what is good and true—and when we have something good and true, or useful, or beautiful, to say! . . .

On the 24th he is in Northampton at the meeting of the American Association for Advancement of Science.

. . . The meeting began with thirteen, but has improved steadily. To-day we will have twenty. But we miss Bache, Henry, Agassiz,* Gray, Wyman, Hall, the Rogerses, old Silliman, dear old Hitchcock, old Dr. Hare, and all the ancient worthies whose eloquent speeches and sallies, and quarrels lent life to the A. A. A. S.

Dalton and Rood were sworn in. They do not look like giants, but are no doubt first-class men. To-day we meet 10–1; dine; go to Amherst under Whitney's escort; and business at 7.30. . . .

* Absent merely.

NORTHAMPTON, *Aug.* 26, 1865. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I accept your enthusiastic admiration of my poor lectures in good faith and with much pleasure. . . . But your praises of the first four lectures make it all the harder to look forward to a successful handling of the remaining eight. I have not been able to touch the fifth yet. Every hour of every day has been occupied either in sleeping, or eating, or croqueting with these lovely girls, or council meetings, or business meetings, or general meetings, or rides to Amherst, or talks with Whitney, Newberry, Pumpelly and Ben [Lyman]—that I could do nothing—not even write to you. Everybody is kind. Hitchcock (Charles I mean) slept here last night, and won our hearts. Sterry Hunt dined with us, and his mother and sisters spent two hours here also. Lots of nice geology! The meeting, twenty-three strong, perfectly harmonious! All sorts of clever papers! Brother Sam and the girls entoozimoozy! At six this afternoon, all was at an end. I have just declined a party at the Bakers', and seen all the girls and old folks off, and had an hour with Mrs. Thayer, and must take tea with her to-morrow night. Amiable uncle! Lovely nieces! are become quite household terms among us. Monday morning I go to Springfield to spend the day and night. Now I must go to bed. Adieu. . . .

Poor Lesquereux has been down with inflammation of the lungs, and even couldn't complete his paper for me to read. Hall has gone to Maryland this week.

I am delighted with Thoreau's letters. Some of his sentences are superb, and ennobling to the reader rather than to the writer. I was deeply impressed with his chapters on love—chastity—etc. He says it is not enough to be truthful; we must have worthy thoughts and high designs, to be truthful about.—He says the imagination and the heart are equally expressed in love; if one be insulted, the other is estranged, and the imagination is the most sensitive. I have long felt this, but never knew before how to translate it into words. How indebted we are to these souls of genius!

In October he went again to the mouth of the St. Lawrence and to Montreal, returning in November much benefited by the change. My mother writes to her brother, "He has written the greater part of three lectures in his absence, and says he feels quite easy in his mind now, and will do no more field work until spring."

PHILADELPHIA, *Nov.*, 1865. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER AUNT CATHERINE ROBBINS.

. . . Peter has been driving away at his Lectures, at the table near me, and every now and then coming to read me a few pages, and get my opinion. He is now writing the eleventh and it semes to me, he has kept up the interest remarkably well. Don't you think I am very presumptuous? I have given him the subject for his twelfth Lecture, and he has promised to write on it, and to take my heads to enlarge upon. I want him to give a sort of résumé of the whole, and then state just how much and how little the exact Sciences can do for the human mind; how they enlarge, by giving a grand picture of all created things; and how they belittle, by confining the attention to details; how they materialize the mind and nature, by the habit of looking into causes; and how they *may spiritualize*, by taking us behind the curtain and giving us a grand view of the Divine Hand, in the very act of creation. This lecture, I thought out, one night when I was lying awake, and was highly pleased to find that it was suggestive to him. And if you are able to go and hear any, I wish you would hear this, and tell me how you like it. . . .

But the twelfth lecture was never written. My father says in the preface to the lectures published in 1868: "Not much more than half of each lecture was read, except in the case of the last two, which occupied four evenings; the course being courteously extended to that purpose. The twelfth lecture was, therefore, never written out, and is committed for the present to the imagination of the reader, with the suggestion that it would better justify one portion of the title chosen for the book* than anything actually to be found between its covers."

* Man's Origin and Destiny.

CHAPTER XX

Lowell Lectures. 1865–1866

My father went to Boston to deliver his course of lectures before the Lowell Institute the latter part of December, 1865, and spent the next six or eight weeks there, enjoying greatly meeting old friends, and, as he expressed it, "the having but one thing to attend to."

The title of his course was "Man's Origin and Destiny, Sketched from the Platform of the Sciences";* and the titles of the respective lectures were:—

1. On the Classification of the Sciences.
2. On the Genius of the Physical Sciences, Ancient and Modern.
3. The Geological Antiquity of Man.
4. On the Dignity of Mankind.
5. On the Unity of Mankind.
6. On the Early Social Life of Man.
7. On Language, as a Test of Race.
8. The Origin of Architecture.
9. The Growth of the Alphabet.
10. The Four Types of Religious Worship.
11. On Arkite Symbolism.
12. (Never written.)

He must have enjoyed greatly writing these lectures, for they embodied not only results of his serious occupations, but the fruits of his fancy and imagination. Ethnology and Archæology, History, Philosophy, and Religion had occupied his more leisure hours since youth; and he drew from his knowledge of these, as much as from his geological and

* "Man's Origin and Destiny" was published in London in 1868 by N. Trübner & Co.

A second edition, enlarged, was published by Geo. H. Ellis, Boston, in 1881.

evening, at my story of the poor woman who sent me her horoscope to make, I came very near crying right in their faces; it struck me as so very piteous.

I think a little rest and leisure and happy intercourse with friends would restore me to my youthful amiability. I shall try what six weeks will do towards it, at any rate.

They are quite disappointed at not seeing you here. . . .

I am reading a nice book. Dr. Newman's "Apologia pro vita sua"; against the Reverend C. Kingsley. It is remarkable for style,—clear, forcible, not at all stilted or scholastic,—and for animus, bold, polite, frank, but with a suppressed passion, and, I cannot help thinking, secretly chafing pride, and animosity, struggling to express themselves. His logic is trenchant. His credulity unbounded; he believes firmly in the blood of St. January! His autobiography is very naïf.

We have all sorts of talk, on all sorts of subjects. The newspapers; the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* Carlyle's "Frederick II."; Désor's pamphlets; "Roba di Roma"; Whately's "Vestiges of the Natural History of the Creation"; things old and new. . . .

BOSTON, *Jan.* 3, 1866. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I have had a splendid time. Yesterday I came in early and drew a diagram in the cold rooms, and then got a nice dinner down town; took the cars and spent the P.M. with Chauncey Wright discussing the absolute and the conditional until six o'clock, when we made a call on Aunt Kitty; and then passed on to the Eliots' house. We took a little side-table tea together, we three, in the library behind the parlor. . . . He [Charles W. Eliot] is fully engrossed with his Technological Institute Chair of Chemistry, and I happened to know some things of interest to him specially at the moment. We had a nice time, until Frank Storer dropped in; then Cooke, the University Chemist; and they continued to come all along for an hour,—C. E. Norton, Alex. Agassiz, Jeffries Wyman, Lovering, Asa Gray, Prof. Child, Atkinson of the Technological, and Watson, their Professor of Civil Engineering. Chauncey came along also, but Gurney sent an excuse. We had a jolly evening, and I had a good talk with every one of them. Discussed Academy with half a dozen, and got authority from Lovering, the Secretary, to say that the American Association would certainly be called to meet next August. . . .

A charming little breakfast,—only people keep me talking, talking, and I can't get enough to satisfy my hunger. I am getting to feel well, and enjoy society extremely. While Agassiz

is very good; and extracts from Colani's Sermons* very touching. So is the sweet hymn by Faber on page 41, "The true Shepherd." Lucretia tells me that she is commencing the translation of Colani's three volumes of printed sermons, to be published by Mr. Low, Chairman of the Unitarian Association. . . .

JAMAICA PLAIN, *January* 4. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I ought to have told you that I cut out all the sentences and paragraphs which I thought you would be sorry to have me recite, and made my statements of the oppositions of Science and Religion as mild as possible. Dr. Gould gave me some kind advice about it, and I remembered Hesiod's verse, "the fool knows that half is more than all." I think I am past the breakers now. But in spite of my pruning-hook, I found the end of the hour at hand, as I arrived at the "Stop here" mark; which I had arranged to pass unnoticed and finish. What can I do? Shall I let the whole series push forward like one of Pharaoh's snakes? Or shall I chop the heads and tails of all the lectures off? . . .

It is a great blessing to both of us, to all of us, that you are disposed to make the most of what you have about you, and not murmur at Providence. For myself, never mortal had a happier lot, a richer portion. Such a wife! such children! such friends! such lots of them! such a training for life-work! such a nice science to work in and for! such an age to be born in! such a Country to call one's own!

Yesterday I walked over, after dinner [from Brookline]; the Pond open still; but this morning the thermometer read at 8.30 o'clock 4 degrees below zero, and the warmer water was steaming like an overdriven horse. It was a curious spectacle. I shall stop in the house all day and copy a lecture on the origin of writing, that has been just found among Theo. Parker's MSS., written when 25 years of age, before he had ever had a day's schooling. I read it last evening before bed-time, when left alone in the parlor. All the afternoon and evening Joseph [Lyman] and I kept up a conversation on all subjects. He is now in the parlor, hard at it over Sam Haldeman's "Affixes and Prefixes," which he greatly admires. I told him Sam's history yesterday. How funny to see the intense genealogical tendency of the Robbins blood! . . .

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* Timothée Colani, théologian et publiciste protestant, né en 1824; mort en 1888.

PHILADELPHIA, *Jan.* 4, 1866. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . I have read when my head would let me some fine articles in the *Littell*. What witch-work in Jamaica! How can the English ever twit us again? Lucy Chase's letter gives a most lamentable picture of the state of feeling towards both Yankees and negroes in both South Carolina and Georgia, says that she and Sarah were treated grossly in Charleston, and heard the same talk everywhere, arrogance and brutality, and universal talk of the negro as merely an animal. I must say, I see little hope for this generation.

Ben has been in this evening, and has read me the Prospectus of the Social Science organization in Boston. And I should think that that association would be the place for you some day to ventilate your Land Reform ideas. . . .

I remember my father's saying once that he thought land should have been made free, as the waters and air are free,—only available to be borrowed and held for actual uses, and not for private property. Probably he held in theory somewhat the view which Henry George later advocated.

JAMAICA PLAIN, *Jan.* 7, 1866. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Lecture IV. ought to have come off last night. But Lecture III. was not quite finished, so I had to read six more pages; then explain the diagrams on the walls; and then begin Lecture IV., which of course I could only get 20 pages into, leaving the other 30 for next Wednesday night. You see the consequence: I shall have no XIIth lecture; no man of the future to write,—which is a blessing,—nor to read,—which I am sorry for. . . .

BOSTON, *Jan.* 7, 1866. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . It is very encouraging, I confess, to get *hearty* commendations from competent judges; and yet I can't help entertaining and acting upon the conviction that no one is so good a judge of one's mistakes and one's leanness as one's own self. I am extremely dissatisfied with these performances. They treat the subjects concerned with an appearance of profundity, but real superficiality. They are the result of years of reading and reflection; yet are after all mere outline sketches. I see my mistake now. Had I taken but *one* subject (say the Unity of Mankind),

and said *all* that could be said, and given all the illustrations in full, and then permitted the parts of the theme to stimulate my fancy and draw out my experiences—I should have done something to live and last. But we must live and learn. . . .

JAMAICA PLAIN, *Jan.* 8, 1866. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I foresee great trouble in the South; but not of a public or general kind. It will be personal abuse, such as Lucy Chase speaks of. Think that it was from 1780, when the war [of the Revolution] really stopped, until 1789 before a good working Constitution could be got up. It will be some years before we settle down in our old, humdrum, money-making ways again. Think too how long the Tory sentiments burned and made themselves obnoxious in speech. It was 1812 — 1782 = 30 years before war broke out again with England; and that with a steadily growing antagonism. But the course of years will be all on the side of knitting together the North and South.

As for your suggestion of ventilating my land views before the Social Congress,—had you seen the absurd display it made!—Thank you; no! . . .

Jan. 8, 1866. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I believe Miss Clapp sent you a flaming notice of my Wednesday lecture, by Mr. Whipple in his paper, the *Transcript.* Mr. Dyke's enthusiasm is worth something, for it is all pure love; but Mrs. Dall's and Mr. Whipple's and G. S. Hillard's, etc., etc., comes out of the head; and I don't think as much of Yankee heads as I do of Yankee hearts.

Phineas Dyke was an old friend of my Lesley grandparents, had rocked my father in his cradle, and was absolutely devoted to the whole family. My father, when he became librarian of the American Philosophical Society, had made him his assistant, with a tiny salary; and, although he could hardly serve in any capacity in a modern library, he did very well then as the devoted attendant at that quaint and charming old establishment. Perhaps his mental powers were not great, but he had a heart of gold.

PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON, *Thursday, Jan.* 11, 1866. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . How can I describe to you the excitement which has followed the *ennui* of those bitter cold days of Saturday and Sunday

and Monday? When the warmth returned, I came in town Tuesday to see Rist[ori].* That evening I took tea with Dr. A. A. Gould, and walked with him to Theodore Lyman's, in Beacon Street, where the American Academy were assembling. But mistaking the number, etc., we walked far down Beacon Street into the Back Bay part, and got back to find about 40 members seated in the magnificent parlor in front of tables covered with *virtù*, and strips covered with diagrams. It was an uncommonly rich evening. Five members read papers. Lyman himself was describing his vases when we entered. I was led through to a seat between Pickering, Wyman and Gould. Chauncey was secretary in the far corner, and Gray presided next him in an arm-chair. Gould pressed me to follow up Lyman's remarks, but I declined. Then Wyman gave us a fine paper on the *normal irregularity* of the honey-bee's comb. Chauncey followed with a fine statement that the economy of the bee was rational, but not sensible, and the absurdity of the old saying that the bee builded more accurately than the mathematicians calculated. He had not spoken before in the American Academy for five years! I was in luck. Eliot followed, describing a power measurer or dynamometer [sketch].

I cannot describe it for you on paper, but it is one of a splendid series of happy inventions by Mr. Ruggles, who invented the press of his name, and the Boston Blind Alphabet. Finally, Cook gave us an extraordinary paper on his discovery of the enormous effect excessively moist atmospheres (high dew points) have on the spectrum, multiplying and strengthening the dark lines in the yellow and red part of it.

Adjourning downstairs, to the oysters and ice-cream, F. Storer introduced me to Dr. Warren (Petroleum chemist). Edward Hale did the same to Mr. Marsh, the new palæontologist of New Haven (just from three years in Europe). His collection of Trias and St. Cassian (upper Keuper) beds is the best in America. I was introduced to Dr. Bigelow; Clarke, Agassiz's enemy; Rufus Ellis' brother and Geo. B. Emerson both introduced themselves to me, to inquire after you. Pickering, Alex. Agassiz, and others had talks with me. Finally, Theo. Lyman got me to agree that, as he intended to carry his vases to the Warren party Thursday evening, I would say something.

Chauncey stuck to me when Dr. A. A. Gould left me, smoked and talked metaphysics in my room before the fire, until two

* *Rist* in MS. probably means Ristori, as she was in America in 1866.

o'clock in the morning. Of course I couldn't sleep, so I read up for Thursday evening until four o'clock. . . .

Wednesday, I spent three hours with Pickering over his strange MSS. He is Coptic mad. Thinks Coptic the Mother tongue; thinks its letters (Egyptian hieroglyphics) represent life, marriage, birth, childhood, school days, business, etc., in a regular order. Many of his special discoveries are beautiful. But his whole system seems to me to be the merest dream. It is not supported by more than a few scattered coincidences, which can be otherwise accounted for. He gave me some important light however on Egyptological matters, and I thank my stars I went to see him when I did. He was evidently delighted to find anybody to take an interest in it, and said I must stay to dinner and see three times as much which remained over. His great comparative Flora, based on the Egyptian Expedition was printed 500 pages before the war and then stopped; 500 still remain unprinted.

After dining at the Parker House, I called on Mrs. Henshaw, who was glad to hear about you; and walked round the new city of palaces; round the skating pond (a fine sight), to the Providence Depot, and reached Joseph's house at three. Got my lecture and a change of clothes, returned at four, and wrote until seven; hastily teaed, and lectured to the same audience as before. I saw Gray, Cotter, C. Wright, Estes Howe, Mayor Quincy, John A. Lowell, Mrs. Sohier, and lots of others;—Whipple again, Nathan Hale and Lucretia and Dr. Hedge. . . . You would hear a pin drop from the beginning to the end. One lady fainted from heat, and was taken out; but otherwise all is as still as death. I have recovered command of my throat and chest muscles, and speak very slowly and distinctly. Hillard and Susan were there again; and after lecture I walked up and sat an hour with them. I see nothing of them, nor of any friends. I am in the hands of a new set. Aunt Kitty came in, but did not see me. Ben Gould has sent me a note begging me to fix a dining day with him. I am to dine to-day at three, with Mr. and Mrs. Quincy, 4 Park Street. I shall go to see Mrs. Sohier, 5 Park Place. This evening I take tea with Dr. Gould, and go to the Warren party. Sunday, I spend with Estes Howe. Monday at three I go out to the Wares'.

You can't imagine what amusement my flat-footed advocacy of the monkey origin of man occasioned. There was no end to the jokes. I couldn't get such an audience anywhere else in the United States. . . .

dritic silver, from the Cliff mine, Michigan, and explained that there were no "fused" metals found there; but all were electrotyped. . . . Then Dr. C. T. Jackson described some fine specimens of *glazed*, scratched or grooved rocks, which he brought in from California, and objected to the formation of the grooves by ice, because he found them *between* all the upturned slabs. The glazing, however, was only on the outside slab; and he objected to Blake's account of the glazing by wind-driven sand, and thought it was a fire glazing, or a hot-water glazing. . . . Then Wm. B. Rogers made a fine little speech on Humboldt's harmonic note-detecting glass ear tubes, and described the way the *quality* of different instrumental tones is made out by the variety and pitch of the harmonic notes, grouped about or involved in the keynote.

Then we went down to oysters, croquettes, ice-cream and fine brown sherry, and fair champagne. At eleven I walked home with Dr. Gould, and sat talking until midnight, when I went to Parker House, and slept until eight this morning very well. But I feel jaded and shall stop this rush next week. I found Whipple at the party—he seems to fancy my lectures greatly, and sticks to me at other times. He wrote the sketch Miss Clapp sent you.

My mother having suggested that this course of lectures should be given in Philadelphia, he expresses entire willingness, but adds:—

But I assure you, my love, we can't get up an audience for them in Philadelphia which will hold together six nights. There never was got together in Philadelphia such an audience as I had last Wednesday evening here in Boston. The Warren Club has impressed upon the educated merchants' class of Boston a love for such things, and for Science, not as means, but as end, such as none of our machinery in Philadelphia is capable of stamping. . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *Jan.* 14 [1866?]. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . How well I know what you mean by your Apostrophe to Solitude! No soul can grow without its benign blessing; nor stay in health. We lose heart in a crowd. The perpetual dropping of water will wear away the rock.

. . . My sixth evening and fifth lecture was as well attended

JAMAICA PLAIN, *Jan.* 20, 1866. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . After my long egotistical letter of yesterday, I am ashamed to write again. But I hear so many nice stories, and see so many nice friends of yours, that I should like to keep on gossiping to you all the livelong time.

Lots of things you would have enjoyed, were said at table, and my poor memory has let them all slip. How I long for you to go about with me among these dear good people, to whom my soul is being knit fast every day!

What an ocean of life breaks on these rocks of Boston Society!

At eight, Edward and I walked off together, he to a German lesson, I to Mrs. Revere's and Josiah Quincy's. . . .

Miss Phillips, the prima donna, was there, and sang opera music and "Auld Robin Gray" in superb stage style. Rather too strongly spiced *beef à la mode* for my delicate taste. But she is a good girl, handsome, in spite of her coiffure, and in abounding health and spirits, gloriously in love with stage life, and beloved and respected by all her friends.

Dr. Guillamette sang also several times, and played his own accompaniment, a thundering sweet basso. His *pièce de résistance* was the "Wandering Jew."

I talked with Hillard, who came alone; Rev. Bulfinch; Edmund Quincy, and Miss Quincy the elder, whom I like more and more, and shall go to see. As I shall also the Miss Inches.

Mrs. Revere promised to make my excuses, and I slipped away to escape the small talk, quavered *sostenuto* notes, and ice-cream, at ten and sat in the Depot, and walked the platforms, and watched the inroad of passengers, until 11.10, and took a carriage from the Jamaica Plain Station to Joseph's house, and sat up until two o'clock reading "Nicholas Nickleby." I feel dreadfully used up to-day. . . .

JAMAICA PLAIN, *Friday, Jan.* 24, 1866. TO HIS WIFE.

The VIII lecture (9th evening) was admirably well received. . . . Lucretia and Nathan were there as usual, and said it was "splendid." Aunt Kitty, and Mrs. Fisher, and George, who is studying law, came into the little room. So did Chauncey, to bring me Norton's invitation. Abby Bent and her husband came in also, and Sam Johnson who had come up from Salem to attend the Anti-slavery Meeting, and take part in the great fight between Ajax and Achilles. I see by this morning's paper

that Wendell Phillips has won the day, and Wm. Lloyd Garrison was whipped out of his boots. By a large and indignant female majority the vote was to continue the Organization, to uphold the ark, never to lower the banner, always to hurrah for Wendell, to make a *finance* committee of four women! and to conduct the Society on as offensive, digressive, demonstrative and impracticable a system as possible. . . . But although I make fun of Wendell, I must confess my admiration for these Amazons and Knights Errant, who are resolved to fight it out to the bitter end, and never give up the field while there are any "faces of the damned old Gods" to be covered up left.

Yesterday and to-day the snow-storm lasted. I painted and wrote and slept and wished myself dead, and probably will continue to live on in that amiable mood until to-morrow night when I shall exchange the sentiment for a wish to kill somebody else. I have now and then a slight desire to see you once more before I die. Perhaps you will oblige me by coming on next week. Why don't you write to me oftener? I have never received from you more than two letters a day except once or twice when I got three, one by each mail. I forgot to tell you I bored holes in the big boots, screwed into them Joseph's skates, and cut up high Dutch on the pond with Eva, until I dropped with exhaustion. Couldn't I swear a little, without God hearing it now and then? I think I must try it pretty soon.

PHILADELPHIA, *Jan.* 25, 1866. SUSAN I. LESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

. . . I believe I told you that I should not go to the Parlor Concert,* last evening, but when evening came Mrs. Towne kindly sent her carriage to take the girls [Fanny and Mary] and me, so I felt I could go. The music was exquisite, Beethoven, Mozart, and a most perfect "Invention and Gigue," by Bach. Poor Miss Jackson played in agony, having fallen on the ice three days ago, and strained a nerve in her hand and arm. But no one knew it. . . . I have been reading aloud, yesterday and to-day, a little volume of Ruskin's that Alex lent us, called "Sesame and

* These parlor concerts, organized by Miss Anna Jackson, were most delightful occasions. Miss Jackson took the piano parts, and had two or three stringed instruments besides, and the music was of the very best of the Classic School. At first they were held in the largest parlors to be found among the homes of her pupils. But later, as people began to know of them, and she had a larger assured following, they were held in Natatorium Hall, which seated 400 or 500 persons, and they were well attended by an intelligent and enthusiastic audience.

Lilies," two lectures delivered at Manchester, which are perfectly charming. I don't know when I ever enjoyed anything more. Indeed I must read them again with you.

JAMAICA PLAIN, *Jan.* 28, 1866. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Yesterday I went early in town, and painted a dozen diagrams, on my hands and knees, on the floor, dining at three o'clock with Mrs. and Mr. Revere, and returning to paint again until dark. I then went to Mrs. Parker's to tea. . . .

My lecture on the Alphabet went off finely. . . .

I was very much fatigued with the lecture. . . . I slept very little all night, but woke up quite well, and have been talking with Joseph and the rest all day; hearing him read the *Edinburgh*, and reading myself Mrs. Gaskell's "North and South." Last evening, alone, I read the *Radical* containing R. W. Emerson's superb lecture to the divinity students, which gave him his first fame. . . .

BOSTON, *Thursday, Feb.* 1, 1866. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I should have written to you yesterday, and feel guilty at not making more effort; but you will see how difficult it was by what I shall tell you.

After drawing my diagrams and writing to you on Tuesday, I rode out to spend a happy hour and take tea with Aunt Kitty.

My bones were full of rheumatism, but after tea I walked down to Chauncey's, found his door locked, and had to pilot myself, out past Estes Howe's and Charles Eliot's house along the Norton Avenue back to the old mansion, in the snow. What a grand old place it is! What a splendid library parlor it is! Books from ceiling to floor from X to Y. [Sketch.] At R. on a small table stood a recent painting of Ruskin's; a great boulder of the Alps, painted to show how much history there is in a stone, magnificent bit of drawing and coloring. C. E. Norton received me cordially and introduced me to his mother and wife, and two lovely sisters. Soon came Dr. Palfrey, Longfellow, Gray, Lovering, Jeffries Wyman, C. Eliot, C. Wright, and somebody else who knew me very well, but I couldn't make him out. My evening was charming in every respect. It began with a long talk with Norton, then with his wife, then with his elder sister, and others afterwards, ending after oysters and hock and ice-cream, with a charming *tête-à-tête* over sherry and cigars between Norton, Dr. Palfrey, Wyman and me, about bindings, with all sorts of anecdotes. I had always wished to see Dr. Palfrey. He was

full of life and humor and old stories. Said he did not remember you, but spoke with affection and respect of your father and spoke of his connection with "Jo" in the *Commonwealth* paper in 1843–1844.

They pressed me to stay. I wish I had; . . . but I had to go back to town, so as to get down to Salem. We formed a procession over the grounds, Gray and I walking together, and one and another dropped off, Wyman last, leaving Chauncey and me to reach the cars together.

I reached the Parker House after midnight; lay awake a good deal; and was roused early by bad pains in my upper chest. I could imagine nothing better than pleurisy, or pneumonia, and the hospital, and felt very forlorn. I rose however at 8.30, and breakfasted slowly, and then crawled to the Institute, hardly able to catch a good breath. Feeling better, I painted all the morning, got all my diagrams mounted on the curtains; dined; talked with Converse, and then went with Hubbard to talk with Bartlett, of Little and Brown, about printing.

I went to see Miss Whitney in a charming studio. Her boy Lotus Eater, or "Sehnsucht," stood in the back room on a turntable, finished in marble, after many dangerous adventures. It is beautiful, original, native, modern, with a touch of the ancient spirit. [Sketch.] At X, was a little plaster group of babies, one with wings. At Y, a great recumbency hid with a sheet. We talked a half-hour.

Lying down for an hour in my room, my distress came back so strongly, that I dressed and got over to Mrs. Parker's, to see if Joseph and Miss Clapp had got home. They were there, cosily reading the papers. I told them how ill I was, and that I was going to Dr. Gould, which I did. He laid me down for an auscultation, and then his daughter spread a mustard plaster for my breast. We chatted until it burned; then coffee upstairs with the ladies; then a half-hour with the Cottings, Lucretia and Nathan, and others in the waiting-room; then an extemporary lecture, finishing up the Alphabet; voice loud, clear and easy; then lots of friends, General Gordon and wife (tea Monday night), Duncan Lamb, Kitty Ireland, etc. . . . Walked with Aunt Kitty on my way to the Academy Meeting, where I heard three memoirs and saw Gray, C. T. Jackson, Warren, Oliver, Chauncey Wright, a splendid new bust of Lyell, etc. Dr. Gould prescribed for me Dover's powder, calomel, whiskey punch, which I took, and slept well. This morning I have spent with Aunt Kitty at the Reveres, and with Uncle James, and Aunt Mary. Joseph was

angry with me yesterday for going round instead of going to bed. But I know best how to treat myself. . . .

JAMAICA PLAIN, *Feb.* 2, 1866. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . We had a jolly evening, Joseph in the highest spirits, reading all sorts of things to us, in alternate basso, alto, squeako, and nasalo. Nelly brought him his new Webster illustrated dictionary, over which he pored long and enthusiastically. He read me to sleep before dinner on the sofa, by translating for me a French essay on Parker by Michel. After dinner, he translated for me a lithograph letter and section of the lakes and mountains of Neuchâtel, by Désor, just arrived by mail.

We are all rejoicing at the passage of the second great constitutional amendment—apportioning representation to the suffrage classes. We agree that President Johnson must succumb to Congress. . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *Feb.* 5, 1866. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . I must tell you how busy a time I have had since my last letter written,—on Saturday morning, I think it was. I spent all the rest of the day (after my very bad night's rest) lounging, and reading a novel of Mrs. Gaskell's. After dinner, Joseph and I marched off to the cars and across the Common, he to Mrs. Parker's to get Miss Clapp, and I to the Institute to hang up two or three more little pieces, which I had already made to hand. My lecture was given with great effort, John A. Lowell and Nathan Hale being the only persons who came in to talk with me beforehand. But afterwards there came a crowd —Miss Shepherd, Hon. J. Williams, Abby and Susan Bent, and several others. Aunt Kitty and Chauncey walked with me to the cars, and I found Estes at home ready to welcome me. Whipple and his wife, I forgot—Whipple said it was the most audacious thing he had ever heard in his life—but splendid. John A. Lowell remarked that the last sentence saved the lecture. Chauncey said the same to me yesterday, when in our afternoon conversation in his room he proposed another classification—into Superstitious and Religious—and agreed to my proposal to subdivide thus all four of my grand types.

Sunday morning called on Aunt Kitty. . . . Then to Mrs. Higginson's, where Martha Cochran was all ready to show me a sweet picture of Fuller's. Fuller has married Alice Higginson, and is farming at Deerfield, but is painting again this winter,

providence in the removal of our upright and good Abraham Lincoln, which seems so clear to many minds. It was always an unmitigated affliction to me. I don't doubt in the least that God will effect His own good purposes in spite of that terrible loss, but that his death was not quite untimely and quite contrary to the will of providence, I never shall believe. Wordsworth tells about "the years that bring the philosophic mind"; surely we need it more and more as time goes on.

RIDGEWAY, *June* 23, 1866. PETER LESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

. . . It has been a long time since I had the satisfaction of sitting down after breakfast, in a tolerably quiet place, with the feeling that I could spend the whole morning, if I chose to do so, in writing out my thoughts to you. I cannot satisfy my judgment that it was intended for man to live at the railroad pace which we pursue in our country,—to pile occupation upon occupation, until we lose our soul's best life beneath the heaps,—to undertake so much that all is done in haste and nothing well,—to feel the spur in the side even where the road is shady, and the prospect beautiful,—to forget there was a past, and that there is to be a future, in the noise and hurry of the present moment. Surely we have departed many thousand years and miles away from the patriarchal life. How hard it is to imagine an Abram sitting at the door of his tent and receiving angels, to wait upon them! Yet surely a part of every one's existence should be thus spent. But cities are the antipodes of the plains of Mamre, quite as much as the Père-la-Chaise is the contrast of the cave of Machpelah. You would be horrified at the hostility of this wild life to the ideal—the *beau idéal*—how beautiful it is!—which haunts the poet's soul and makes the blessedness of the saintly life. Idleness with[out] leisure, leisure without cultivation, activity without fine monuments, energy displayed for mean purposes, hurry and bustle, brutality intensified and made more malicious and self-destructive by civilization, such are one's surroundings in a country like this. I write in what ought to be a comfortable inn, in what ought to be a lovely village. The streets are broad and well kept, the houses good and large, the gardens cleared of weeds, the sidewalks and little bridges all in order, a church and Court House and unoffending plain walled jail at the top of a slope, behind which rises a grandly wooded hill, from the top of which spreads back for miles the densest forest in the state. No doubt if I could get within the charmed circle of the family in these houses, I would find good people; but the trade of the

What is good and pretty of this village, is the result of a New England influence, which has entered this state from Western New York, and is slowly taking possession of the ground Southward. Every footstep of this New England genius touches my emotions, like the footprint on the sands of a desert island. But it awakens such a longing for the land where it is at home. Surely the time must come when this homesickness will be cured by my going home. There are plenty of villages in New York, in which we could live, if we could not in New England. . . .

[PHILADELPHIA], *July* 9, 1866. TO HIS WIFE.

. . . Yesterday I devoted to the "Ecce Homo." It filled me with wonder. It is the greatest of religious books. I shall read it over and over again. I shall read every word of it in your presence. After taking tea with Pliny [Earle Chase], and going with him to sit in the cool League Garden, and being driven home again by a thunder gust, I read aloud to him two chapters. No wonder the whole English world accepts the book. It is infinitely satisfying.

This morning I began Renan's "Apostles"; and am more pleased with it than with his "Jésus." What he says in self-vindication in Chapter one is finer than I thought the man could say. He repudiates miracles distinctly, but praises the church. He anticipates the drawing together of the Christian Protestant, Christian Catholic, and Jewish churches, while they will always remain separate. He predicts a split in each, between the bigots and the liberals.

Tuesday, July 10, 1866.

Yesterday I did an immense day's work from ten to five, and finished the topography of the whole map. I forgot my dinner, and then as I could not get it at home, had to wait until 5.30 at the League, when it nearly killed me; and after waiting until eight o'clock to see General Sherman, I was seized with melancholy, and walked to hear the music in Vine Street; but it did me no good and I returned home to read that great chapter of "Ecce Homo" which completes the first part, and sets forth the distinction between philosophy and Christianity, Socrates and Christ. I here find all my secret thoughts (of the last two years) openly, clearly, tersely, and with demonstration expressed. It is the decline of love that dates the decline of goodness. It is the withdrawal which science makes of its votary from active benevolence. that antagonizes so successfully his piety. The

tagonistic lines of research, and would seem also to justify the final paragraphs in my father's address:—

"Such was Edward Hitchcock, one of the Fathers of American Geology, and one who continued to the close of a long life to be an original investigator. A man of ardent fancy, impulsive, curious and credulous, docile and teachable beyond any adult man of science I ever knew; modest to a marvel; yet with all this, a man of sufficient self-reliance and determination for the most important practices of life, patient of difficulties, persevering and industrious for final success in any undertaking, sound in judgment and disciplined in temper, a friend to all and the friend of all; *his whole career laid claim to eminence, which would have been pre-eminence in American Theology, had it not been for the interference of his Science; or in American Science, had it not been for his devotion to the ecclesiastical and financial interests of the College which he saved from premature decay, and refounded upon the deliberate sacrifice of his own ambition.*" [Taken from a letter-press copy of the address.]

It was this last sentence (which I have italicized) that made the commotion, and of which my mother in a letter of August 23d writes:—

Such a tempest in a teapot as the last lines of your eulogy have made! Dr. Hall of the Edwards church preached upon it last Sunday, and was invited by the Young Men's Christian Association to repeat it next Sunday evening, which he is going to do. The Northampton Editor proposes that Dr. Eddy's and Dr. Hall's sermons should both be printed along with your eulogy—making one volume.—It makes one laugh. How much more folks must think of Theology than Religion, after all!

[illegible]